

OCTOBER, 1907

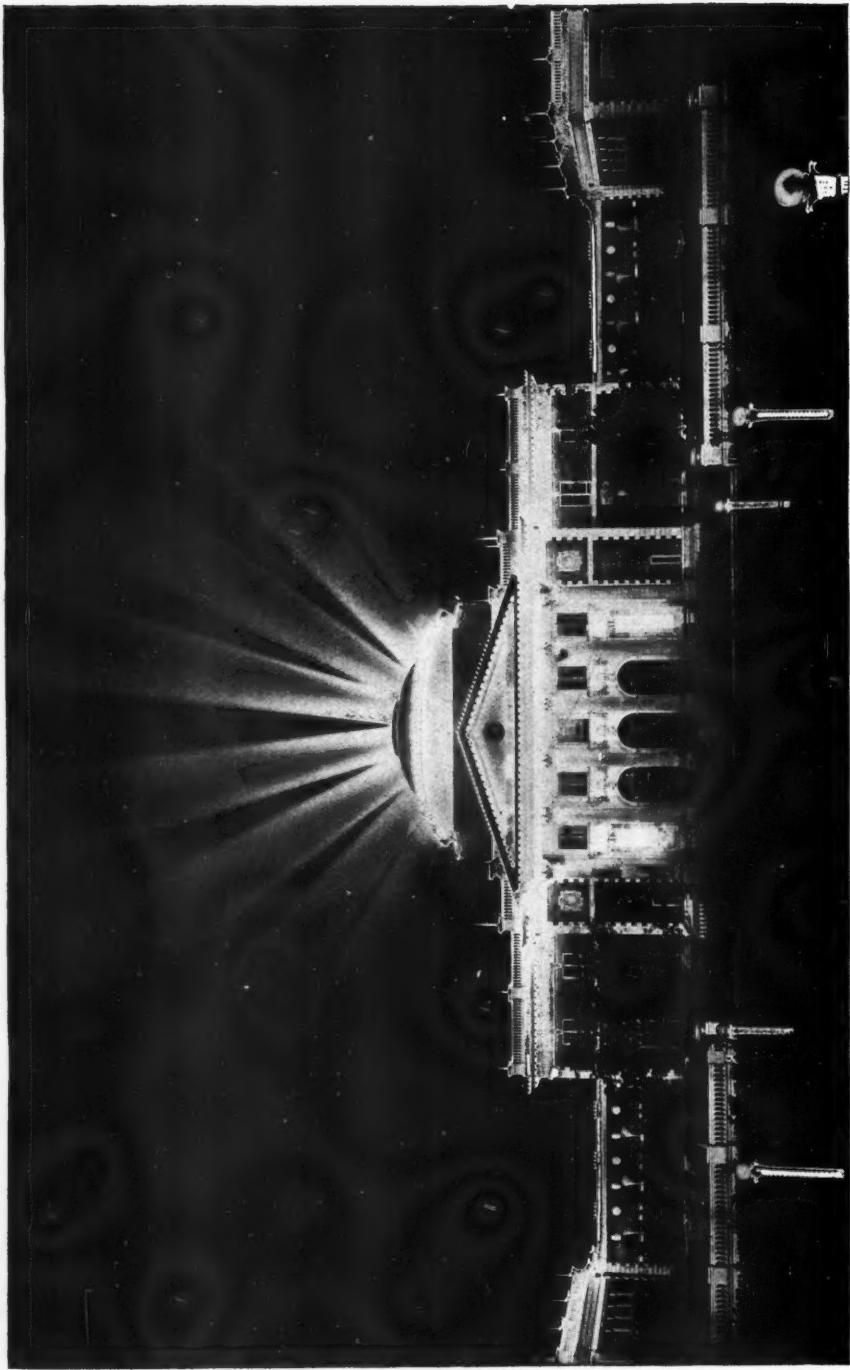
FIFTEEN CENTS

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



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CROWNED WITH AN AURORA OF ELECTRIC SEARCHLIGHTS THE DOME OF THE AUDITORIUM FLASHES OUT AT NIGHT LIKE A VAST  
PIERCE OF JEWELS

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVII

OCTOBER, 1907

NUMBER ONE



## *Affairs at Washington*

*By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

DURING the mellow days of October the three co-ordinate branches of government return to Washington with a full head of steam after a summer's play. The President was firmly seated in the executive chair. Supreme Court judges doff their golf suits for the somber silken robes, and legislators, both congressional and senatorial, engage in that most wearing function of a session of Congress—preparing apartments for their winter's work.

Amid autumnal foliage of variegated hue, the red glare of gorgeous cannae and scarlet

salvias in the White House grounds and about the public buildings, Washington seems content with itself, serenely awaiting the opening overture of the Sixtieth Congress—wherein many strong minds and prospective leaders of statecraft will play their part.

Armed with a free-burning cigar which flared like a campaign torch, I started up the Avenue on one of the solitary rambles that always makes me feel a concrete part of the great United States government, and part-owner of the great estate which Uncle Sam has built on the banks of the Potomac.



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, AS SEEN FROM THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1814

In the spacious grounds about the Capitol are many walks not frequented by the pedestrian. The square stones have lain there for years, warped by drought and frost; and in the cracks which time has widened the delicate mosses have woven their broidery of velvety greens and yellows. These deserted walks suggested that perhaps it was in just



SENATOR CHESTER I. LONG, MEDICINE LODGE, KANSAS

such solitary shades that Plato walked, discussing wisely in the golden days of old Athens.

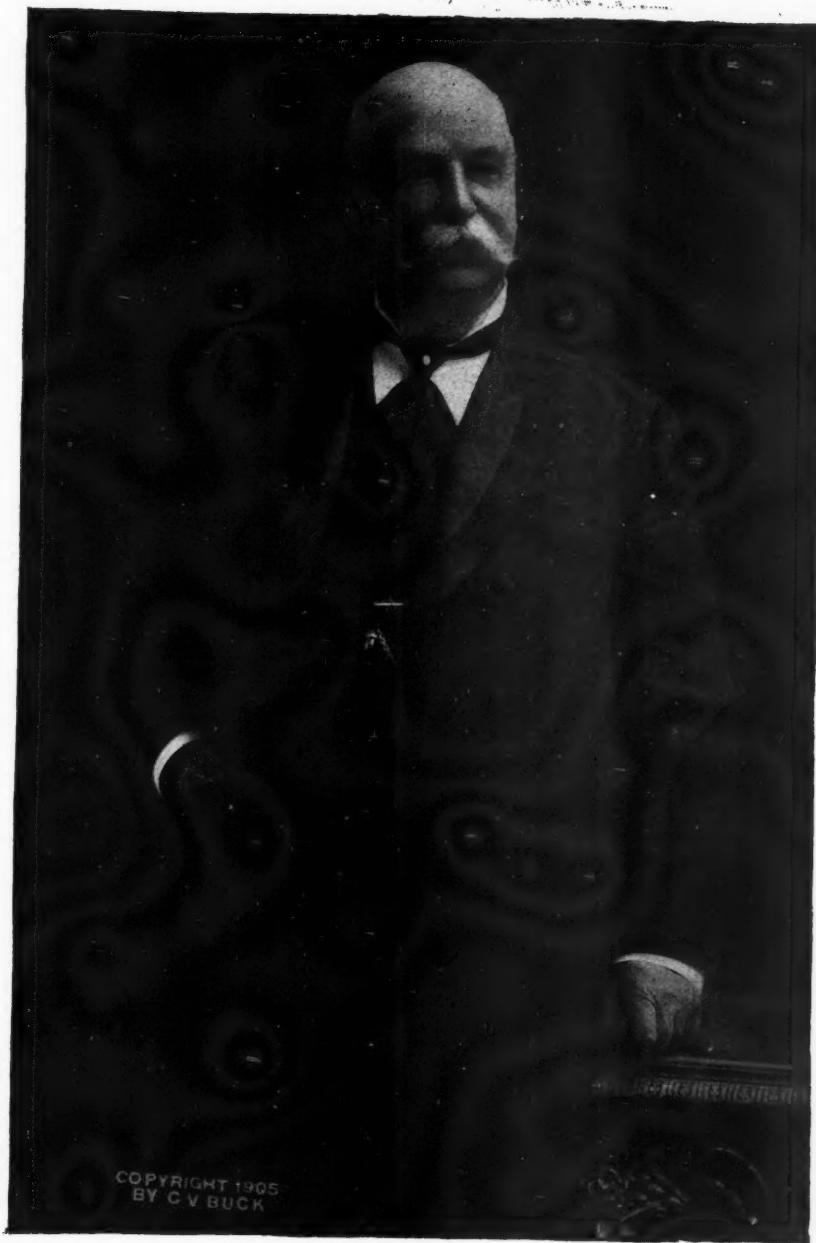
No philosophers did I discover in the classic shadows of these deserted walks—only a stray negro, asleep on a bench, and a child. The good-humored policeman insisted that no other footsteps except mine have been heard in that granite by-way leading to the Capitol in the years that he has passed on that beat.

OFTEN have I been impressed, after introducing some friend who was visiting Washington, to some public man, with the not unusual remark made with considerable emphasis: "Why, he is entirely different from what I have always supposed him to be after reading about him in the papers."

It is always desirable, and often delightful, to see the "other side" of a man; for even the senators who have been most viciously attacked are often just the men who are most delightful people to meet, and of whom the public have the most erroneous impression. This is especially true of Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island. I have never met anyone who knew him personally who could be made to yield one jot or tittle of their admiration for the quiet, forceful senator from Rhode Island, who has so long kept his hand on the throttle of important national legislative movements. There is something in the calm way in which he goes about his work that commands admiration from all those who actually see him and understand what his influence means to the nation. On entering his committee room, one always meets with a quiet, deferential, polite reception, followed now and then by just a nervous twitch of his mouth, or a pull at his heavy gray moustache, while his brown eyes sparkle with interest and animation that presage the power and strength of one who possesses the dynamic force of leadership.

Beginning life as a grocery clerk, his career of over a quarter-century in the Senate is a record of energetic effort and progress; and the history of Rhode Island will not reveal men of wider national influence and power or of greater ability than Senator Nelson Wilmot Aldrich. When he goes about the Senate chamber, it may be to have a conference with Senator Tillman, or a word with some other member on the democratic side; or in consultation with his confreres in his own

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON



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BY C V BUCK

SENATOR GALLINGER OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

party, there is always a courteous deference in the bearing of the listener; and in action and word a strong personal confidence is manifested when Senator Aldrich speaks on any subject, in private or public.

\* \* \*

THIS reminds me that several congressmen have written me that they have

of sixty-five of the townships of his district. He says:

"Joe, you don't know what fine people we have out our way. I want you to come and take a trip with me, because I believe we have the most intelligent and attractive people in our district that can be found in the whole country. Come to visit me, and I will

prove it. You would be surprised to learn how little the wild eddies of hysteria and passion affect the rural districts. They think out things to a logical conclusion, and abide by their sane decisions.

"I never realized what a splendid constituency I had when meeting them in the campaign of my first term; but now, when I get over the fence and talk with the farmers and the farmer's wives; when I sit on the shady porch and drink buttermilk, I begin to understand the force that has made the prosperity of this beloved country more than a merely economic question.

"I am going, right now, to attend a pioneer picnic—come out, and I will give you a chance to speak—no Chautauqua prices here."

\* \* \*

UNCLE SAM'S income keeps on steadily increasing. Assistant Secretary Reynolds won his wager in regard to an increase which he prophesied in imports, but the most gratifying phase of the trade situation for the past year has been the tremendous increase in domestic manufactures.

Nearly 1,400 establishments in this country, with 150,000 wage-earners, are making boots and shoes, and the increase in this trade during the past twenty years has been tremendous. While the manufacture has been largely confined to New England and the North, Central and Middle Atlantic States, the absolute increase of twenty-five per cent. in the value of the products is a most gratifying showing. New York comes next to

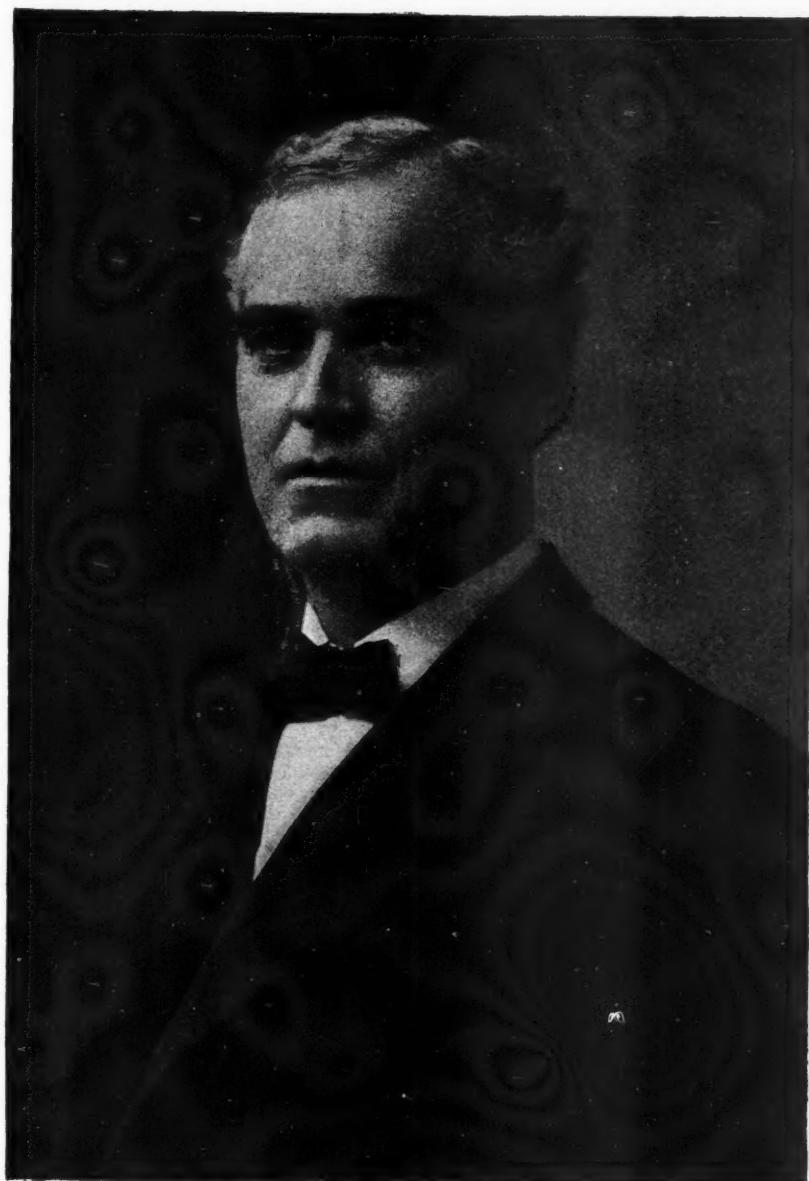


MRS. NEEDHAM, WIFE OF REPRESENTATIVE J. W. NEEDHAM,  
OF MODESTA, CALIFORNIA

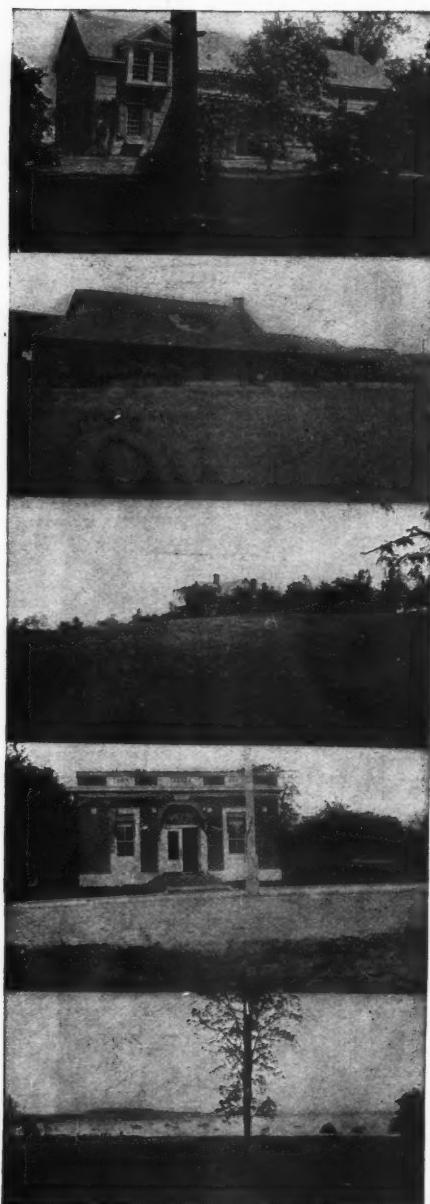
had a jolly good time this summer, getting acquainted with the folks at home. They have not put off the opportunity for seeing their constituents until just before the campaign opens, when they want to pass them the "glad hand" and receive in return a favorable ballot. A congressman, in order to know his constituents needs, must keep in close touch with them. One legislator has written me that he has visited fifty-eight out

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

7



SENATOR CHARLES A. CULBERSON OF DALLAS, TEXAS



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S BOYHOOD HOME

RAILROAD STATION AT OYSTER BAY

THE PRESIDENT'S NEW SUMMER HOME

THE TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE

A GLIMPSE OF OYSTER BAY

Massachusetts in the amount produced, with Ohio, Missouri, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Maine, Illinois, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, in the order named, following hard after. Sixty cities produce four-fifths of the total value. The exports have also increased nearly seven-fold in the last ten years, and the last figures available give an export value of over \$8,000,000 in boots and shoes.

The market all through Europe and Central and South America, Australia, South Africa and China reveals the fact that the United States leads all nations in this line of manufacture.

In leather gloves and mittens, over 10,000 wage-earners turn out over \$17,000,000 worth annually, but most of the women's and children's handwear is imported, because of the scarcity of suitable skins and leather for this purpose in this country. The total value of kid and leather gloves imported in 1905 was \$43,000,000, three-fifths of which came from France and Germany, which was a decrease of thirty-two per cent. in importation, owing to the fact that knit and cloth gloves have been more in vogue of late years.

Another wonderful extension in American manufacture is emphatically indicated in textiles, which are third in the group of industries in value of product, and far ahead of any other group in number of wage-earners. Over 45,000 establishments are turning out approximately \$280,000,000 a year; a striking item in the wonderful story of industrial development. The United States today ranks second in the world in cotton manufactures as measured by spindles, third in woolen manufactures, and second in silk. Nearly \$50,000,000 of the total product was exported.

In hosiery and knit goods, the value of the product was nearly \$150,000,000, and wool manufactures are driving production up toward the \$400,000,000 mark, with Massachusetts at the front in total value of all lines; Pennsylvania ranking first in carpets and rugs, and New York content with the belt for felt goods and wool hats. Over \$8,400,000 of shoddy was used in these manufactures. That word "shoddy" has a bad sound, but it is an important basic factor in the manufacture of clothing.

Fashion's changes have much to do with the variations of figures and the success or failure of specialties. Long ago, the tall

beaver hat ranked high in production; now it has fallen to almost infinitesimal proportions. The tremendous increase in wage-

HAVE I made my annual pilgrimage to Oyster Bay? Yes; certainly. It was evident at the close of the last session of



*From stereograph copyright 1907 by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT AND THEIR FAMILY, TAKEN AT SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY, AUGUST 15, 1907

earning power has effectively maintained very strong local markets for the immensely-enlarged output of American manufactures.

Congress that the President had made up his mind to rest just as decidedly as he had worked, for very few visitors have been re-

ceived at Sagamore Hill. The President has keenly enjoyed his quietude and relaxation, and will return to Washington in the mellow October days refreshed and strengthened for the battles.

Over Moore's grocery the executive offices are in full swing; plain and simple as they were last season, and with not even a carpet on the hall floor: plain, ordinary offices, such as any man might arrange for temporary convenience. In the corner alcove stands Secretary Loeb's desk, and he is busy looking

Mayflower lies at anchor; just returned from Provincetown, where the famous "Laodicean" speech aroused the long-dormant New England spirit with its arraignment of men who have lost all enthusiasm, and are "neither hot nor cold." It is an ideal day—sunny, warm, calm, comfortable; and the land and the ocean, the waves and the clouds, speak of beauty and peace. Just at the turn of the road looms up a portentous sign—not an ugly word—just four letters, but they suggest to me the lesson of the hour. All



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND SECRETARY LOEB

over his mail and keeping in close touch with his ceaseless press of correspondence. On the wall is a picture of President Roosevelt, taken at the unveiling of the Lawton statue. The newspaper boys are at hand, ready to take note of anything new, but enjoying a practical *dolce far niente*. Diagonally across the way a new business block is being built. Prosperity has not overlooked Oyster Bay.

As we drive out to the hill, along the shores of the bay, improvement and progress are very noticeable, for until Roosevelt is no longer a name to conjure with, ancient "Iseter Bay" will have a vogue. In the harbor, the

around and about the bend, at the entrances to the Sagamore Hill estate, those same four letters spell the sententious "SLOW." These signs are commented on sarcastically by some of the visitors from "Noo Yo'k," who wonder if the President has ever read the signs, and if they indicate that he is intending to go "slow" with that big stick of his when he meets up with the bad trusts.

The tennis court is deserted today, and the secret service men are yawning at their posts. There is an air of quiet restfulness about the house on the hill that always brings to mind the thought that, even while on a vacation,



MRS. P. J. McCOMBER, WIFE OF UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

the President is just a man in the full, unmeasured sense of the word.

When the President is seen dashing over the fields, or a glimpse is obtained of him in the hay field or the hip-roofed barn painted a modest gray, caring for his new-mown hay without any more poetic comment on Maud Muller than is implied in burying his pitchfork in the fragrant dried grass and tossing it about in the direction it ought to go—well, one glimpse of the President with that pitchfork suggests that it might be well for Senator Tillman, if he purposed to encounter him, to choose some other weapon.

There are no "nature fakirs" around; but a squirrel dashes up a tree, and if I dare say so, I would suggest that the little, fury creature winks at me as he switches his tail in the air—a streak of ruddy, vibrant, living flame. Still, I may be mistaken, and that wink

may be nothing more than the shadow of his tail.

The livery horse, when he reaches the bottom of the hill, certainly seems to have a gleam of intelligence in his eye as he turns his head to look at us; as if inquiring if we cannot go back instead of on up the hill.

"You might as well go on a level road as up a hill," say his big brown eyes.

How many times I have visited Oyster Bay; and yet there is always a charm about it; and doubtless in the illuminated pages of future national song and story that will yet deal with the decade of 1901-1910, there will be many references to events at Sagamore Hill, and allusions to the legends that cluster around Oyster Bay when it was practically the temporary capital of a great nation, and even Oyster Bay has its tradition that here President Washington once spent a night, and the Swedish Prince



JOHN BARRETT, DIRECTOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLICS



PHOTO SHOWING REAR VIEW OF BUILDING OF THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS, LOCATED ON JACKSON SQUARE

Wilhem was entertained without the serious social eruptions that occurred at other places. The Prince insisted he had a "bully time," and the President was pleased.

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UNDER a composite flag representing the colors of twenty-one American republics, I found Mr. John Barrett, director of the International Bureau of American Republics, the busiest man in Washington. The present offices are located on Jackson Square, diagonally across from the White House, and immediately across the street from the State Department. It was a hot day, and the doors swung open in a sort of welcoming way. The brass plate was shining, and there was a characteristic air of American business methods in these

temporary apartments which was formerly an aristocratic Washington residence.

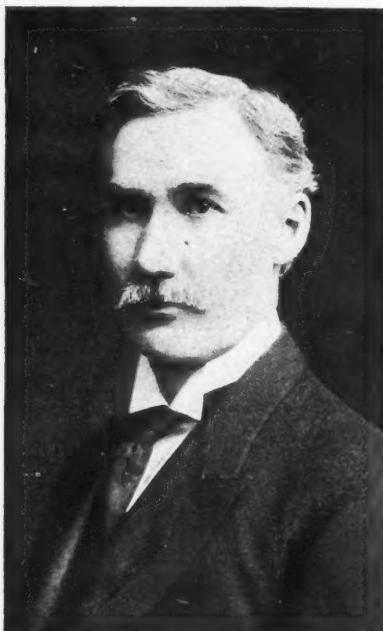
The callers were pouring in, and Director Barrett was equal to the rush.

"Your Excellency" was the way he addressed a minister of a South American republic, and then drifted into scurrilous Spanish. No wonder John Barrett talked and has practically settled the knotty problems at Bogata. There is something fetching in the manner of the big bold Oregonian, born in Vermont. There were also present that day young men who were starting for Argentine, Mexico and other South American countries, obtaining final clearance instructions from Mr. Barrett. They were to exploit American manufactures. One automobile concern is to spend \$50,000 in soliciting trade to the South. There were requests there from Argentine for data to



MRS. RACHEL BELDEN FREASE (GREENE)

establish a Department of Commerce and Labor similar to the one at Washington. Two mail bags of material were despatched. There were college presidents looking up instructors in Spanish, and it is estimated that



GEORGE E. ROBERTS, PRESIDENT COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK, CHICAGO. FORMER DIRECTOR OF THE MINT

over 1,000 new students begun lessons in September in Spanish. These are incidents in the very energetic and enthusiastic work of Mr. Barrett. In his room are pictures of Columbus and Bolivar (pronounced Bo-le-var). On the wall was also a photographic and allegorical adorned representation of the members of the Hague conference two years ago.

The work on the handsome new building of the Bureau has commenced, and the generosity of Mr. Carnegie in adding \$750,000 to the regular appropriation will equip a handsome home. Each of the twenty-one countries are represented in the board of directors by the representatives in Washington from the various countries, and equal representation is given every nation in the affairs of the Bureau, while the expense is apportioned according to population. While

Uncle Sam pays a large per centage of the cost—the representation is the same as the smaller republics. Since Secretary Root's visit to South America, and Director Barrett took charge, there has been a keen awakening in the project, which was one of the great dreams of James G. Blaine. It has now become an international clearing house in which the business genius of the times holds and welds the economic and social relations of the American republics. It has begun an educative campaign which cannot fail to produce good results to every nation that is represented. The map of the Western Hemisphere will look different to the American people as the work of the Bureau progresses and the completion of the Panama Canal approaches. Farmers, merchants and manufacturers—especially the aggressive spirits of young America—find here the machinery for true expansion.



HON. F. A. MC LAIN, GLOSTER, MISSISSIPPI

Mr. Barrett tried his Spanish on me—and when I found myself groping hopelessly for a meaning, I made up my mind that, of all the foreign languages that will be of

most utilitarian use for the next half-century, that of old Castile will be in the lead.

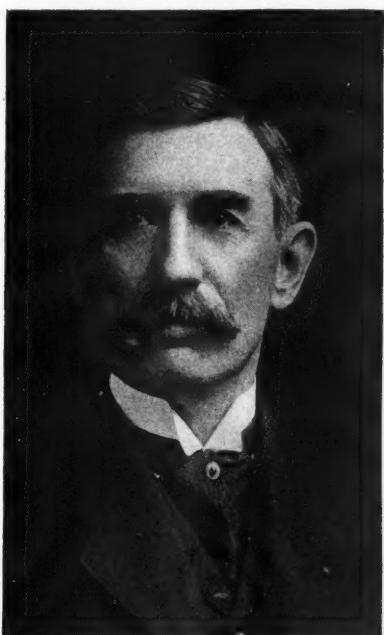
"*Adios, Señor,*" saith I to Mr. Barrett.

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**T**RULY, this is an age of accumulation. It has been stated that there has been more accumulation of wealth and useful property in the world in the last fifty years than in any previous era of civilization. Long ago, men lived in an age of appropriation. The strong man "came and saw and conquered." He saw something in the possession of the weak man that he thought he could use, and he calmly grabbed it, regardless of the feelings of the former possessor. This is conquest; but it is passing away and giving place to honest accumulation.

In the old days it was the practice with almost everyone to live from hand to mouth, so to speak. Often, it was necessary, for

lazy and careless—just as there are today—who never wished to make provision for the future. By and by people began to listen to the voice of Burns and other poets and philosophers who had drank deeply of na-



L. A. NADEAU, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE ALASKA-YUKON EXPOSITION



CONGRESSMAN JAMES FRANCES BURKE, PITTSBURGH, PA.

the working man could barely earn a living wage—there was no "margin of profit" for him to set aside, however honest and hard-working he might be. Then there were the

ture as they turned up the sod with the shining ploughshare, or pursued their daily toil in other walks of life, slowly working out the conviction that economy is best.

Self-respect grew, and with it came the desire to accumulate. If you want to know how the tendency toward accumulation is advancing by strides and bounds, go to the census office in Washington. It is an exhaustless store of information, and bristles with facts that are collected day by day, and that are an education in themselves.

As I looked over the figures concerning the printing and publishing business, I felt that after all, the National Magazine was a very infinitesimal part of the whole; for here was an estimate, for the year 1905, of 26,422 printing establishments, with a capital of about \$385,000,000; double that of 1890. The value of the products reached nearly

a half-billion dollars, an increase of almost \$150,000,000 in ten years. The printing and publishing business ranks seventh in industries, having a value in products exceeding that of other manufacturers, which might be supposed to eclipse book-making of any kind. The total is \$320,000,000 ahead of the cotton, woolen and boot and shoe manufactures.

The product of 100,000 acres of timber



MRS. LOUD, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN GEORGE A. LOUD  
OF MICHIGAN

are transferred into the reading matter of the nation, and it may be truly said that "trees have tongues."

It is gratifying, of course, to read how monthly publications have made the largest increase, and outstripped in the race the weekly and every other class of printed matter, reaching nearly 65,306,000 per issue, almost half the total circulation issue of all classes of publications in the United States.

**W**Ashington will have a "Fourth of July" street, if the present movement, which is supported by quite a number, is successful. It seems that in Paris they have a "Fourteenth of July" Avenue, which commemorates the fall of the Bastile, and there are those who think that a "Fourth of July" street for Washington would be both patriotic and distinctive. The candidate suggested for carrying this honor is Sixteenth Street—Fourth of July would be much more distinguished. This street is lined with beautiful residences, and has seen many improvements during the past year. The French Embassy will occupy the new structure which is being erected by Mrs. John B. Henderson at the corner of Kalorama Avenue, and just above the new embassy is the new residence leased by Secretary Strauss, one of the most beautiful homes in Washington. In fact, Sixteenth Street feels that a more distinguished name than simply that of a numeral will now fit its honors

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**T**HE Swedish minister is a man of considerable wealth, holding enormous interests in iron and steel properties in his home country. He has been called the "Carnegie of Sweden." He was kept on a merry round of social as well as official duties as a result of the visit of Prince William of Sweden. With Mme. de Lagercrantz, his wife, he was with Prince William at Jamestown, Newport, Boston, and other cities. The minister as a result met more people both in an official and social way than he would otherwise have met in several years of the regular routine of diplomatic service. The minister and Mme. de Lagercrantz and family spent their summer on the shores of Lake George, with which they were delighted. The scenery there, a combination of mountains, forests, high cliffs and crystal water, is so much like the beauties of the country in the northern part of Sweden that they felt very much at home. Although only a few months since he arrived at Washington to represent Sweden, the minister will begin his winter's work there with a wide social acquaintanceship. He has an interesting family of seven children, and their pleasure in the summer spent at Lake George was so pronounced that he has decided to build a large summer home there.

WITH bumper crops to her credit, it is no wonder that the citizens of Kansas feel well satisfied with the record of 1907; and in this general satisfaction no one participates more heartily than United States Senator Chester I. Long. A harder worker than Mr. Long cannot be found in the Senate. Born in Pennsylvania in 1860, he was admitted to the bar in Kansas in 1885; became a member of the State senate in 1889, and was elected to Congress four years later

only two women were found encroaching upon the rights, titles and dignity of street car motormen, and but five women were employed as steamboat pilots, and ten as baggagemen. Thirty-one women were acting as brakemen, and seven as conductors; forty-five as engineers and firemen, and twenty-six as switchmen, yardmen and flagmen. Forty-three were carriage and hack drivers, while the surprising number of 185 were found to be blacksmiths and 508 machinists, and thirty-



A NIGHT PICTURE OF THE PALACE OF MANUFACTURES AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

in 1873. He served continuously until just before the fifty-eighth Congress. He was chosen to succeed Hon. William A. Harris in the Senate to serve out the balance of the "long term," ending March 3, 1909.

\* \* \*

IN analyzing the masculine outcry made in regard to women crowding the men out of trades and professions, the census report shows that many means of earning a livelihood are still practically the sole possession of the sterner sex. In the entire United States

one were charcoal, coke and lime burners. These figures have little sociological significance, except as they indicate that there are few kinds of work in the United States from which the female sex is absolutely debarred by law or custom.

Despite the many trades open to women, it was found that one-fourth of the workers were engaged as domestic servants, and it will surprise many to learn that next in regard to numbers, come farm workers, of whom there are almost a half-million, though the greater proportion of these are reported from

the Southern states. Over 338,144 women are employed as dressmakers, and the other avocations approximating this number are teachers, laundresses and farmers, while a large number are employed as textile workers. These figures will compel us to revise our ideas as to women workers and bread-winners.

\* \* \*

**A**MONG democratic people, few Southerners are more popular than Senator Culberson of Texas. His splendid record in the Senate and his strength in the Lone Star State have long since suggested him as one of the representative men of the South for the presidential contest. The feeling is



LOOKING UP THE HUDSON

quite prevalent throughout the South that in 1908 they ought to have a nominee. The state of Texas has shown wonderful growth in the last few years, and its statistics give only a faint idea of its development. The state constitution provides that it may, at any time, divided itself into four parts without any action on the part of Congress. If such a course were followed it would mean a multiplication of representation in the Senate which would add much to the strength of Southern senatorships. However, homogeneity and state pride appear to be strong in Texas, and there is no suggestion of division at this time, and with the support of the solid South, Senator Culberson would be a formidable nominee to other candidates.

**O**NE of the congressmen of Mississippi whom it is a pleasure to meet is F. A. McLain, who is never too busy to look after the wants of his constituents, and yet gives close attention to pressing work in committee.

His connection with the affairs of the District of Columbia entails a great deal of careful and oftentimes vexatious work, dealing as it does with both municipal and national interests, which are not always reconciled without difficulty. On the Committee on Pensions his work has been creditable.

\* \* \*

**T**HREE is one congressman whose name it would not be kind to mention, who is noted for the gloomy aspect with which he meets every event—whether it be of yesterday, today or tomorrow—if he ever sees any sunshine it is reflected from the far remote past.

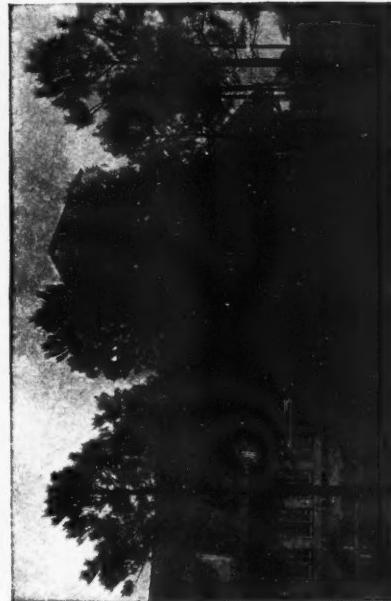
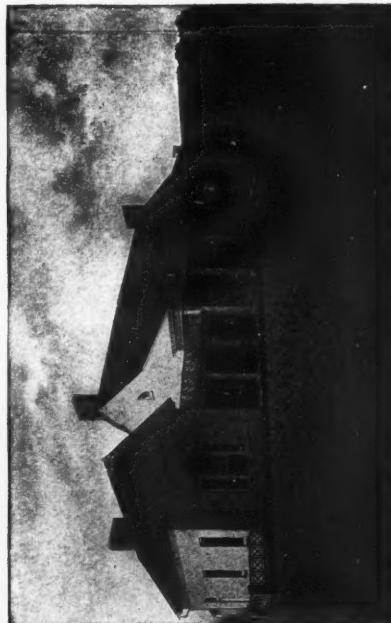
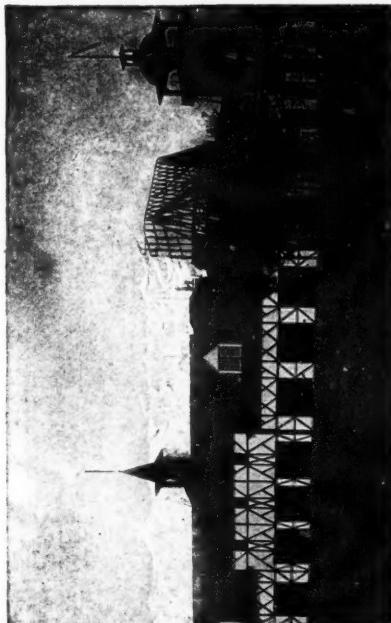
It is related that he is noted as a regular and persevering reader of the good book, a fact which attracted the attention of some of his colleagues, who remarked that he did not seem to get much pleasure out of his religion, and they wondered what good it did him. However, the secret of his persevering reading was revealed when some one happened to go to his rooms and find the copy of the Old Testament which engaged the attention of this legislator.

The sad-faced congressman had discovered a man more in need of sympathy than himself, for the pages of Jeremiah and the Lamentations were evidently more read than any other part of the book. His colleague looked over the leaves, noting that the gloomiest passages were marked in pencil, but in bold handwriting, at the end of the book, stood out the words:

"Jeremiah, cheer up old boy!"

\* \* \*

**T**HE Treasury Department has been a first-class training school for young men now prominent in commercial and industrial life. The latest recruit is Mr. George E. Roberts, who for many years served as director of the United States mint. He comes



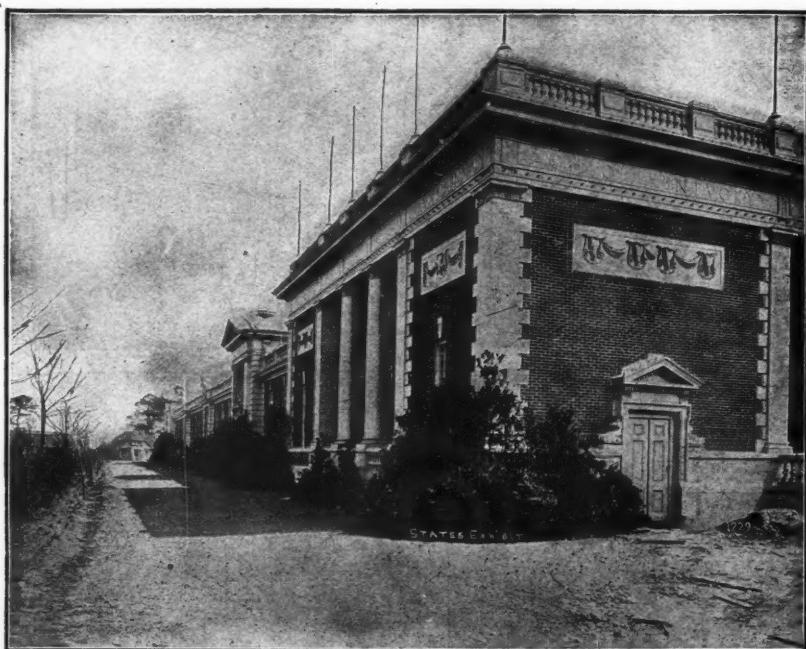
THE SWISS VILLAGE  
SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' BUILDINGS  
ARTS AND CRAFTS VILLAGE  
PALACE OF COMMERCE  
SCENES AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION, NOW AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS BEAUTY AND INTEREST

from the state of Iowa, and has served his apprenticeship as a newspaper man, gradually climbing successfully into one position after another, each more responsible than the last. Though still a young man, he has had an eventful career. He is now president of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago, having succeeded James C. Eckles, former comptroller of the currency.

Business conditions have undergone a revolution in the past decade, such as re-

has thrown down the gauntlet to Mayor Tom L. Johnson, and the dust has begun to fly. These men have been pitted against each other heretofore, in which contests the congressman has always been victorious.

Mr. Burton has been a devoted congressman, and has now acceded to the wish of the people of Cleveland to become a candidate for the mayoralty. The campaign promises to be one of the most vigorous and important that has occurred for a year past. If Con-



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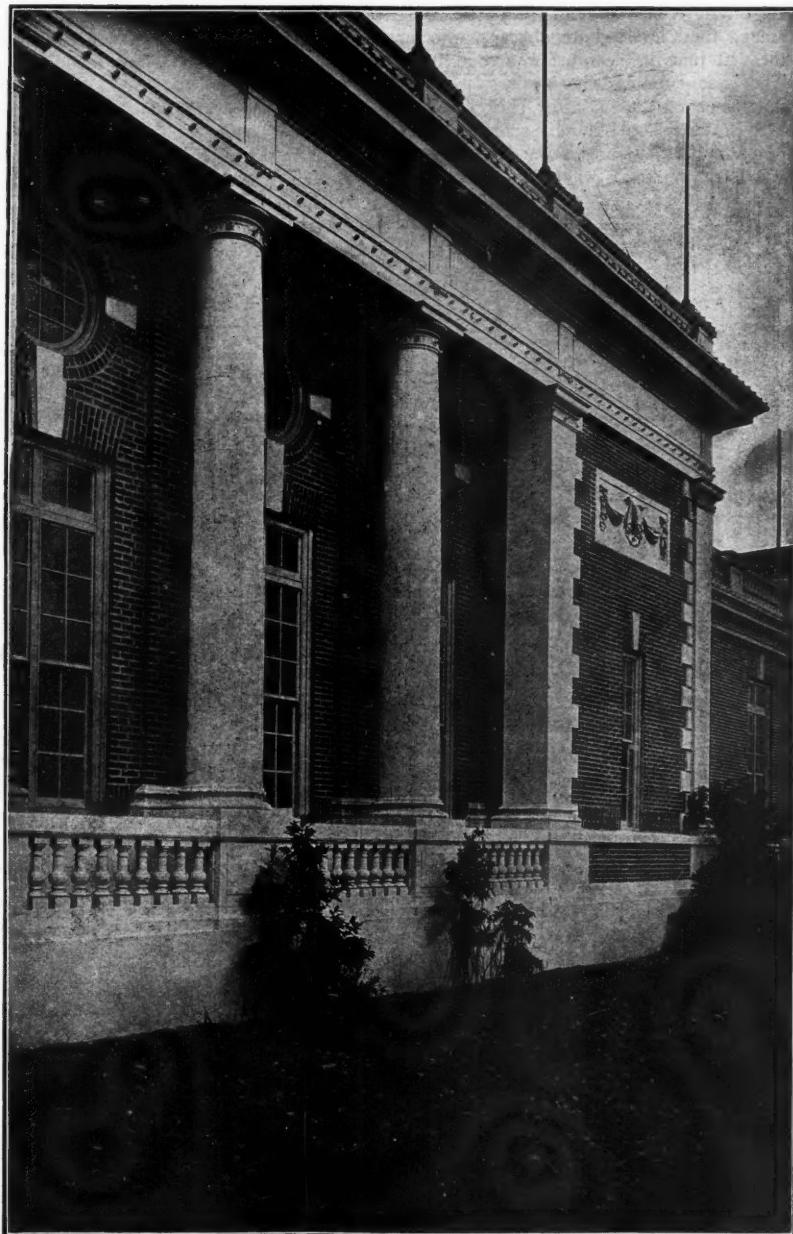
A GLIMPSE OF THE STATES EXHIBIT BUILDING IN EARLY SPRING DAYS

quires the keen, alert activity of young men who have had a broad and comprehensive training. The city of Chicago is indeed fortunate in having among its business men one with the trained ability possessed by George E. Roberts.

\* \* \*

ONE of the most significant municipal campaigns in the country is that which will occur in Cleveland. This has already attained the proportion of an election of national import. Congressman T. E. Burton

gressman Burton defeats Mr. Johnson it necessarily means his promotion and a disastrous defeat to the ambitions of the doughty mayor. If Mr. Johnson is elected, it means another candidate for Democratic nomination. Altogether, the magnetic needle by which this election is guided seems to point inevitably to presidential possibilities. None can gainsay the splendid and conscientious career of Congressman Burton. He offers the citizens the same talents that he has hitherto placed at their disposal, and pledges himself to serve his term fully and faithfully.



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VERANDA OF THE STATES EXHIBIT PALACE

He certainly has an enthusiastic following among the Cleveland Republicans, who for the first time in years show a solid front. The contest necessarily involves the old-time issue of the street-car fight, in which Mr. Burton placed himself squarely on the proposition of low fares, seven for a quarter, and Mr. Johnson "perhaps" to eight for a



CONGRESSMAN T. E. BURTON OF CLEVELAND, OHIO

quarter. Now the point is to see who can "deliver the goods," no matter which way the election goes.

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**I**F the friends of Henry Clay Loudenslager should be asked why he is so popular, both at home and in Washington, the reply would be: "Because he's always in; his door is always open." However busy he may be, there is always a word of good cheer, always a hearty hand-grasp, and that a sincere one. There is no difference between the man and the politician. He is always "Harry." Nor does his hearty manner detract in the least from the busy man of business, or the earnest legislator. It was inherited from enthusiastic loyal stock, whence he inherited his patriotism and generous love for his fellow-man. One incident of his early life well illustrates his blending of generosity and patriotism. When only sixteen years of age, in 1868, at

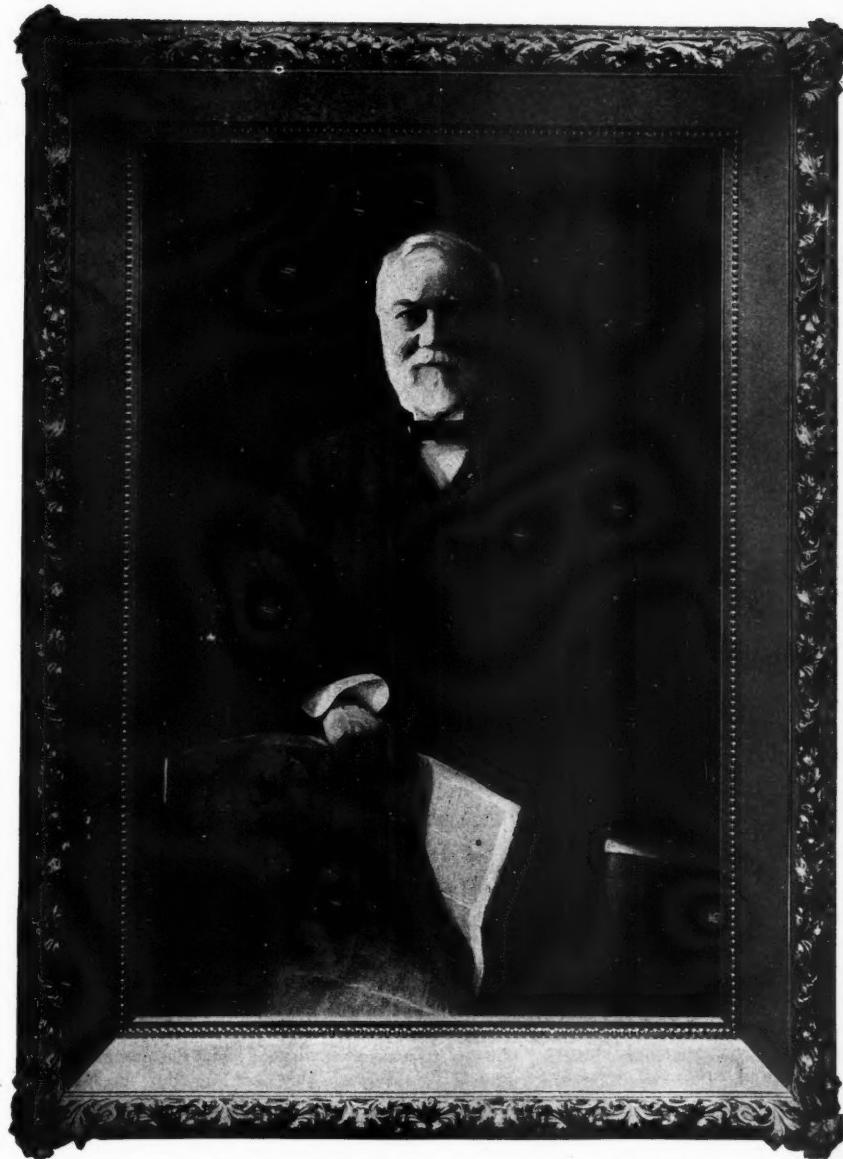
a public meeting where capes, caps and torches were needed for a newly-organized Grant marching club, it was found that all the necessary money was not in sight. So Harry Loudenslager, after a moment's meditation, shouts out: "I'll get it for you;" and he redeemed himself by persuading his father to let him use the money he had saved, in the bank.

After filling most capably several local offices of trust, he was sent to the Fifty-third Congress, to represent the First District of New Jersey, and has been returned to every Congress since. He was at once assigned to the Committee on Pensions, becoming the chairman of that committee in the Fifty-fourth Congress, which position he still holds; as well as being ranking member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, which carries with it the very important work of preparing the naval appropriation bill, and other onerous



Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.  
REPRESENTATIVE LOUDENSLAGER OF NEW JERSEY

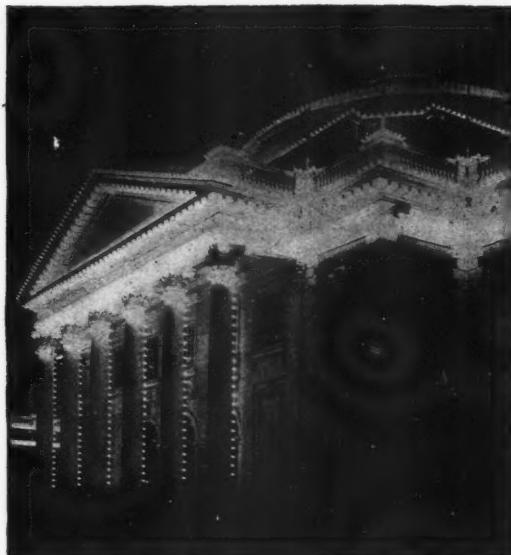
duties connected with shaping the various measures reported by that committee. Those who are in any way conversant with the work of the Committee on Pensions of the House and Senate, do not have to be told that Chairman Loudenslager is one of the busiest men in Washington during sessions, and almost



ANDREW CARNEGIE, WHO CONTRIBUTED \$750,000 TOWARDS THE NEW BUILDINGS  
FOR THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS

as busy when Congress is not in session, for the consideration of pension claims never ceases.

Mr. Loudenslager belongs to a coterie of congressmen, including the Speaker and others, who are rarely seen without a carnation in their buttonholes. The New Jersey representative is not only faithful to his tac, but is particular as to the hue—a light pink does not answer; it must be carnation in color as well as name.



ENTRANCE TO THE AUDITORIUM AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION, TAKEN AT NIGHT

EVERY time I visit Maine, I hear a new series of stories concerning Camp Meeting John Allen, grandfather of Madam Nordica, and one of the most picturesque characters of his time. Apropos of the rate laws, one very interesting story is told. It occurred when Governor Morrill was president of the Maine Central. Allen's applications were refused a number of times, because, if there was one thing above all others which Morrill disliked, it was to issue passes; an antipathy which is now regarded as a kind of prophecy of recent legislative enactment. The governor came down to his office in a somewhat brusque frame of mind that day. Those familiar with the storm signals quietly backed off and waited for an explosion. It came. One of the first

letters opened was from Camp Meeting John Allen, requesting a pass for "self and wife." The secretary approached his chief with some hesitation.

"Here is another letter from Mr. Allen, asking for a pass," he said, and laid the missive gingerly on the governor's desk.

The governor read it through, and blazed away for a few minutes; then, tossing the letter to the astonished secretary, he said:

"Make it out."

The young man retired and began to fill in the various blank lines, but when he came to record on "what account" the pass was to be issued, he was puzzled, and ventured to seek information.

"On what account, governor?" he asked.

The chief looked irately over his spectacles.

"Account, account?—account of d—d persistence—be sure and put it in, too," and he growled, as the young man passed out: "These Methodist parsons may have to get us all passes on the road to Heaven, and I want the Maine Central to have good connections with Camp Meeting John Allen's route."

\* \* \*

At the camp meetings, genial John Allen was always a conspicuous star. His hearty hand-grasp and quick, nervous energy

made him very popular, and he was a great singer—he loved to sing and preach the good gospel. When addressing the meeting on his "Reminiscences," one dear old lady was present who had come miles to hear him. Her husband had left her for a few minutes, to look after the horse and "buggy." She walked up to the bulletin board, where the speakers and subjects of the evening were announced—she had forgotten her glasses!

"What's Camp Meetin' John a-goin' to speak about?" she asked a bystander.

"His rem—iniscenses," was the reply.

"Oh, rum in essences," she remarked; "well, I never knowed as Camp Meetin' John lectured on temp'rance, but 'most anything he says is good. I always supposed as he



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST AND HIS SON GEORGE RANDOLPH HEARST

was a strict teetotaler, and never had nothing to do with rum—in essences, or no other way."

\* \* \*

The great soul of Abou Ben Adem went about doing good to his fellowman, but the most saintly of men are not above the love of a good dinner, and it was facetiously remarked that when Camp Meeting John came to a town, he was always entertained at a home where good food and accommo-

dation were to be reckoned on. He was always welcome in every home, for that matter, whether it were pretentious or humble, but he had his own stern ideas as to when it was proper for him to partake of this hospitality. He was chided one time, by an old friend for not coming to his house for dinner.

"I'll tell you," said Camp Meeting John, "When I come here to preach, I know the good places to stay; and I go there because I am going to preach for them; and I feel

I have earned a good dinner. Now I am here on life insurance business, and I should be deceiving the good brothers and sisters, as well as the Lord, if I went to dinner as a dominie; so I am staying this time at the hotel, and paying my way, like a regular insurance piper."

Once, in a certain town, he entered a service unannounced. No one knew that Camp Meeting John Allen sat in the congregation, though he occupied a front seat. The min-

"Brothers and sisters," he said, "just a word before you close: I have listened with interest to this talk on 'Feed My Lambs.' Now I know something about feeding lambs—I have not lived a good part of my life on a farm for nothing. I know what lambs like, when it comes to food—they want a little—they want it often—and they want it *hot!*"

And Camp Meeting John sat down, while the congregation felt that all the dreary waste of words that had preceded this sermon in brief had been worth hearing, in order to get at this bit of reality at the end.

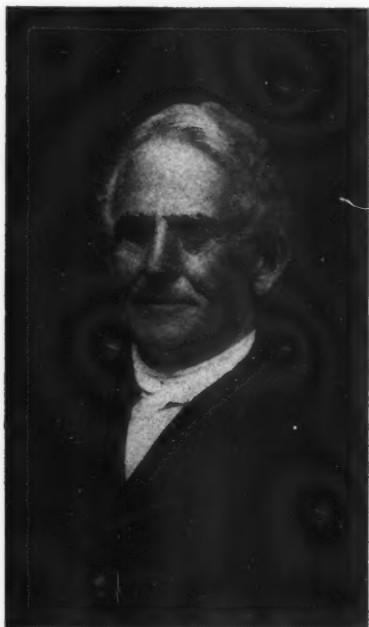
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MANY Washington friends of John Sharpe Williams have been gratified at his election from the state of Mississippi. It was a hard fight, but Mr. Williams has been accustomed to that in his political career. Certain it is that none can gainsay the splendid qualities of the erstwhile congressman for Mississippi. The general plan of promoting congressmen to the Senate has been observed North, South, East and West, and few senators from the South begin their work with better qualifications than John Sharpe Williams. I was much interested in the many letters received from subscribers in Mississippi, desiring that mention be made of their new senator, in whom they evidently feel an enthusiastic pride.

\* \* \*

ACTIVITIES grow apace in preparations for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. With such a director-general as I. A. Nadeau, things are pushed along with a decisive "honk, honk!" that there is no disregarding. If they cannot get things done during the day, they do it at night, and everybody is at it. The preliminary exploitation of the exposition has been one of the most effective campaigns ever made. It seems impossible to find anyone who does not dream of the long-looked-for time when he or she will make that delightful trip to the coast, and see the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

A large number of the exhibitors at the Jamestown Exposition are already making preparations for occupying places on the lovely peninsula which fronts on Lake Washington. The story of Alaska and the development of the great Pacific Northwest will be told in this exposition in a way at once distinctive and uniquely attractive.



CAMPMEETING JOHN ALLEN

ister hammered out a great many "heads" on a sermon from the text "Feed My Lambs," and at last wound up with his fourthly, fifthly and sixthly, and, after a very lengthy explanation, came to a conclusion. It was a weary discourse, and the drowsy auditors fought off sleep bravely, though the sound of deep breathing here and there showed that some had succumbed. As the minister finished the sermon, and reached for his hymn-book, to announce the closing song, Camp Meeting John sprang to his feet—he had heroically kept awake, and probably felt that he deserved to have his innings.

**I**N 1903 New Hampshire decided to bestow upon Jacob H. Gallinger the honor of an election to the United States Senate for the first third term in her history. It was a splendid tribute to the ability and faithfulness with which Senator Gallinger had discharged the duties of his office for the two preceding terms, and meant the abandonment for all time of the mistaken policy which had obtained for 114 years of confining to one or two terms the period of service of her representatives in the national Senate.

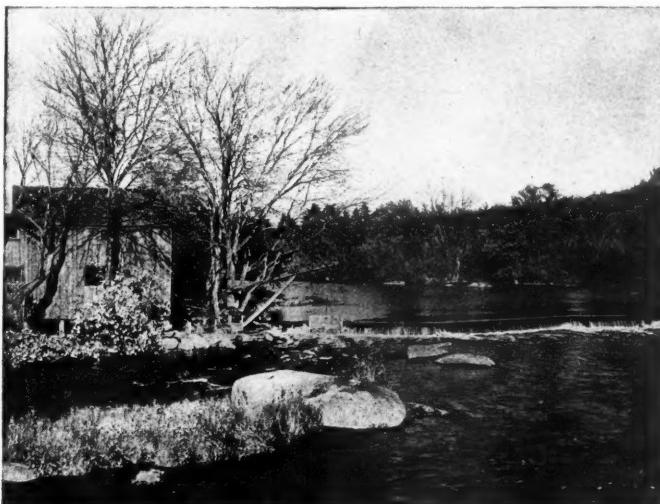
At last the people were fully convinced that if New Hampshire hoped to command any influence in the councils of the nation,

of his long life and all the energy and talents of which he is possessed to the advancement of their interests.

He is the youngest man of his years in either House of Congress. His mind is as alert, his eye as bright, his complexion as clear, his physique as vigorous and his step as firm as in his youthful days. The state of New Hampshire is indeed fortunate in being able to profit for many years to come by his ripe experience and mature judgment.

\* \* \*

**I**N all her great past Massachusetts has taken just pride in her representatives



A GLIMPSE OF OLD NEW ENGLAND

they must adopt the policy of continuous service so long pursued by Maine and the other New England states, and which has made it possible for those states to take such a prominent part in the legislation of the country. As a result, New Hampshire has now a senator whose influence is as great as that of any of his associates.

There is probably no man in public life who is closer to the hearts of the people of his state, or who can count with greater certainty on continuance in office so long as he may care to stay, than Jacob H. Gallinger. And no man is more deserving of high or continued honors at the hands of his constituents, for he has devoted the best years

in Congress. The work of the Massachusetts delegation has been well done and uniform in character. Among the real hard workers who seem to understand the needs and interests of their constituents is Charles Q. Tirrell, who has been in Congress continuously since he was first elected to the Fifty-seventh. Mr. Tirrell is interested in several large business enterprises, and lives a busy life, particularly at Washington. He is a member of the Committee on Claims, and gives close and patient scrutiny to a host of accounts. His law practice renders his connection with the Judiciary Committee much less onerous, but he has been an active worker on both committees.

THE new state of Oklahoma, the youngest child of Uncle Sam, has already shown herself a lively member of the Union. Her constitution has been favorably criticised even by Secretary of War Taft. Her people are not untrained in the rights of citizenship, for this prairie garden spot is peopled by pioneers from every state in the Union, and they possess a high average of intelligence worthy of citizenship in the new state.



BIRD MC GUIRE OF PAWNEE, OKLAHOMA

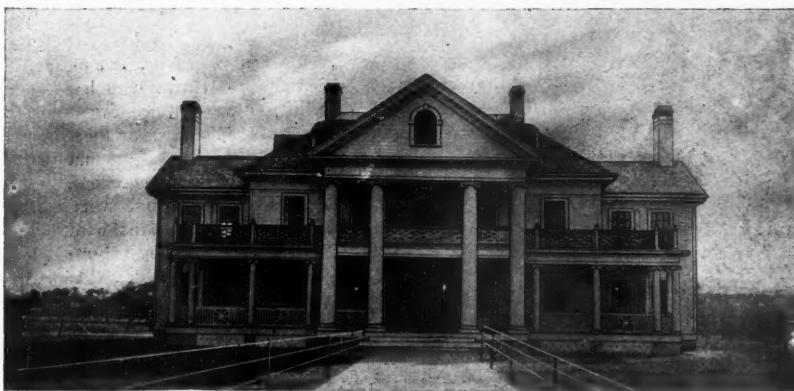
The delegate from Oklahoma, Mr. Bird McGuire, certainly made a record. Few states have made a more auspicious entrance into the Union than that territory which was for so many years the happy hunting ground of the Indians of the plains. With its fertile farms and rich resources, the future of Oklahoma gives promise of gaining vastly in population and wealth. She has reason to be proud of her school system and all those things which appertain to the highest form of citizenship. Who can refrain from sending a hearty greeting to the sturdy people represented by the new star in the flag!

AS I had decided on a round of visits to the various exposition sites, I continued on to St. Louis. There seemed to be no abatement of the bustle and hurry of exposition days in this metropolis of the South, for this city has reaped the full measure of benefit from the world wide interest which directed the sightseers and enterprising manufacturers of every land to that great Mecca of art and industry. Sky scrapers are going up on every side, and everywhere there is evidence of an activity which St. Louis never before enjoyed. The city now is imbued with an ambition to gain a million inhabitants, and certainly is pushing forward in that direction at a rapid pace. The Louisiana Purchase Exposition marked the renaissance of the great empire of the Southwest, and no area of the United States has been blessed with more abundant prosperity than the territory directly contiguous to the exposition grounds.

The Olive Street and Laclede cars were clanging their bells with the same insistent chime as in those busy days, and I do not think that, in the hundreds of times I passed the gates of the exposition grounds, I ever approached them with a keener feeling of interest than now, two years after those portals had been formally closed.

\* \* \*

The work of restoring Forest Park is still going on; as I drove along it was fascinating to recall the location of the various buildings, in many instances indicated only by the weed-covered site. It was like going over some old battle field. I remembered how the wireless telegraph had reared its tower and how the men on its top had pealed forth the message: "Get off the Earth." The sound seemed still to ring in my ears as I paused at the overgrown foundations, Yes! I stopped at the site of the old Liberal Arts Building, where the Exposition Edition of the National Magazine was printed, and where we met so many thousands of friends who still continue as our readers. The majestic white walls and the towering cascade have both vanished, but just for a moment the grounds seemed to be swept by the merry sounds of those vanished days. Again the bands played and the soldiers marched, but the only visible relic here of those days was the St. Louis column, standing out like a



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LEE PARADE GROUND, JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION  
CONNECTICUT BUILDING  
NORTH CAROLINA BUILDING

spectre in the center of the plaza, where the lights were finally extinguished at the close of one of the greatest expositions the world has ever known. That great, circular column was battered, the gold scarcely responded with a single gleam to the rays of the sun, but yet it seemed as though loath to leave the scene of the splendor of two years ago. In the distance were the mountains, for the Alps were still there, making a gallant stand to maintain the glory of former days. These



MRS. MC GUIRE, WIFE OF B'RD MC GUIRE, OF PAWNEE,  
OKLAHOMA

will be the last of the mountains to be removed, and when the Tyrolean scenery vanishes, the stage of the St. Louis Exposition will indeed be deserted by its old-time scenic features.

\* \* \*

A beautiful lake may now be seen where the cascade was formerly located, and back of this is the Art Museum, in front of which the magnificent statue of St. Louis was recently unveiled. It is the largest equestrian statue in this country, and to me one of the most interesting facts concerning this piece of work is that it was executed in Chicago;

modeled from the smaller statue which was the popular emblem of that exposition.

As in Chicago, the Art Museum will be preserved as a perpetual monument of the exposition. Secretary Stevens has his headquarters in this building, and still continues the work of closing up exposition affairs. The newspaper clippings and all details in reference to the World's Fair have been carefully preserved and indexed, so that the future expositions of America will have a complete record for reference. Secretary Stevens has certainly won his laurels by the conscientious and capable way in which he has handled all the affairs of the exposition, both when it was in progress and after its close.

\* \* \*

Yes, the Inside Inn is gone, and autumn leaves cover the site of that famous hostelry, the Palace of Burlap. Every view awakened memories of the old days, and yet there was something pathetic in the thought that all this splendor had been ephemeral, and had already passed away, though in its stead stands the Art Gallery, with its wealth of statuary; that more than any other single collection, illustrates our history. There is a statue of Jefferson, one of Crockett, of Washington, of Sacajawea, to say nothing of the statue of base-ball player, emblematic of the national game. In the years to come there will be few places of more interest than the museum at St. Louis, with its great paintings. "The Emigrants" remains where it hung when the throngs looked upon it. This painting represents the emigrants leaving home for the "new country," and this presentation of a farewell to home had a particular interest to our adopted citizens, as showing from whence has come much of the sturdy bone and sinew that has made the nation what it is today. Now, as in the time of the exposition, the visitor pauses to study Remington's "Cowboy," and the handsome mosaics from the German Exhibit, which were given by Adolphus Busch to this museum.

I looked over into the woods near-by, but the crack of the guns, or the shouting of the warriors' battle cry in the mimic Boer war was no longer heard, and the foliage of that autumn landscape brought to mind those last days of the exposition, when one by one the beauties of the summer faded in transcendent glory.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

31



CONGRESSMAN CHARLES L. TIRRELL, NATICK, MASS.

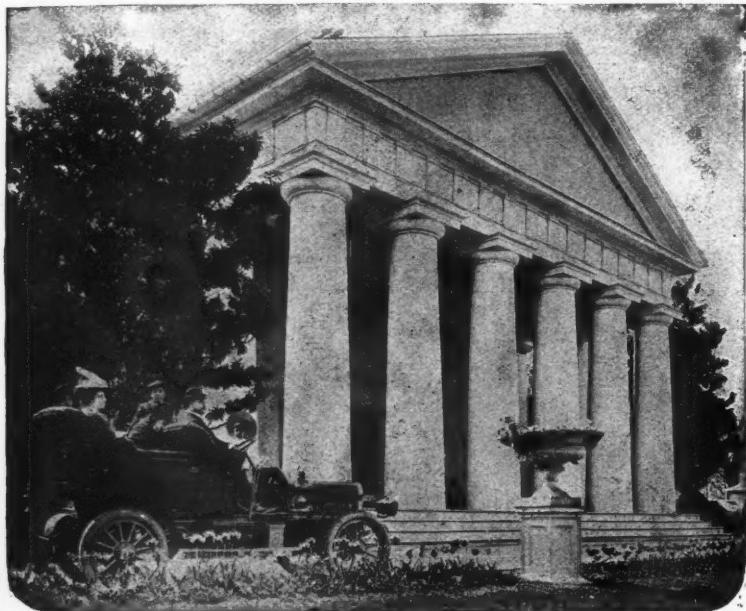
Yes, I saw more of the exposition grounds at this time, than when the great fair was in progress. The drives and roads are being well laid out, and will make Forest Park one of the greatest pleasures of a country that abounds in fine park systems.

Governor Francis has, during the past year made a trip to Europe and delivered in person the various medals and honors won by exhibitors from other countries; this was a graceful and considerate appreciation of the splendid co-operation of foreign nations in

frank, open-hearted and genial Governor Francis, who was the great creative and attractive spirit of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

\* \* \*

WHILE visiting at Dalton, Massachusetts, the home of Senator Crane, the action of the busy locomotives climbing the grade up the hill from Pittsfield, from over the Berkshire hills far away, seemed to me to say in their strenuous expiration of high-pressure steam exhaust, "I-can-do-it; I-can-



ARLINGTON HOUSE, NEAR WASHINGTON; IN THE EARLY DAYS THE MOST ELEGANT MANSION IN THAT VICINITY; ERECTED BY GEORGE WASHINGTON CUSTIS AND AFTERWARDS THE HOME OF THE LEES

the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. No one can recall this wonderful World's Fair without thinking of its indefatigable and energetic governor, who, early and late, gave his best energies to assure the success of the undertaking that indeed marked a new era for St. Louis and the Southwest.

I was tempted to ask Governor Francis to pose again for his photograph. It is asserted that by actual count he had his picture taken over a million times; yet, despite all his popularity, he remains the same simple,

do-it; I-can-do-it." They climb steep grades and for ten miles the road is a difficult one; but they keep right at it, pouring out great billows of black smoke and snowy vapor, saying still, "I-can-do-it; I-can-do-it!"—When the locomotive can speak in language so plain, cheerfully tackling the tasks before it, what an encouragement it is to us to say, in like manner, as we try to bear our heavy burdens up the steep grades of life, with renewed courage and perseverance: "I can do it! I can do it! I can do it!"

# ON THE NIGHT TRAIN

By Vingie T. Roe

DO you remember the exultation you felt when you were about to score the biggest victory of your life? It is one of the greatest sensations that grim old joker, Life, ever allows us to experience. Well, that's just the way I felt on the particular occasion I'm telling about—that lightness about the heart; that thrill running all over one, that makes you feel like a boy again, playing hooky and half-way to the swimming hole. It's great! I sat by the car window watching the Kansas prairies drift by in the warm summer sun, seeing an occasional quail whirr away over the short grass, and I never felt so contented in my life. A good two-thirds of that car was taken up with the rest of the delegation. I say rest of the delegation, for I didn't belong in a way, and, in a way, I did. I was the head of the thing; the bright, luminous comet followed by the fan-spread—the delegation. That delegation was on its way to defeat a man; a man who had given as hard a fight as anyone ever did; a man bound for the Senate; a man that I had given just one year to pull down. And I glowed with satisfaction because at last I knew that I had succeeded. In the spacious breast-pocket of my coat lay the documents that had cost more party money than anything in the campaign. No, I didn't say which party.

Politics are politics, my man; but, best of all, I knew that those papers, with their evidence, were true. The man I had trailed out for a year was closer to the end of his career than he will ever be again and not reach it. That was why I felt at peace with all the world. You see, I had a pretty smooth victory within my grasp. It would put my name where I had dreamed of seeing it. I had done it all myself.

This man was a high-flyer away up in the world of money; had his motors and his city homes; and somewhere out on the Kansas plains he had a mansion, they said, though why the Kansas plains I couldn't see, and was just about as fortunate as they get to be.

And now he wanted to grab some more from the lap of Fortune; but just there Billy Forbes rose up in an insignificant town, and decided he didn't have a right to any more, for the simple reason that he hadn't done right by a certain other public trust he'd held back in the years away, but that hadn't been discovered. And now I was on my way to confront him at the moment of his certainty of election with my pocket full of papers, and I was unreservedly happy.

It had been an awfully hot day, and the dust and cinders began to blow about four o'clock, and the early hilarity of the delegation rather settled down. When the train pulled into Arkansas City, in the evening, everyone was glad to get out and straighten up, for we were to have supper there. Pretty place, Arkansas City. Flowers and trees around the depot. We waited there twenty minutes, and when we got back into the train we all felt refreshed. All laughing and talking. Ever notice how much better you feel after a little wait like that?

When I went to my seat I noticed that I was to have a new traveling companion in the seat across the aisle. But after I had looked her over, I didn't think I'd relieve the long hours by conversation with her. She was about the haughtiest individual I had ever seen—one of those big, calm, quiet women who seem to make you want to apologize for living when they just look at you. She was handsome; just handsome; with slow black eyes and a suit of jet-black hair, and every little move she made just rustled with silk. And such a form! Round, gracious curves and straight as a die.

There was a nurse maid with her, and a baby—the finest baby you ever saw; fine as the woman—big and free and full of health, just spilling over with it, like she was. Gee! but they were a pair to make a man's heart glow with pride of possession! Baby didn't look like her, though; it had big blue eyes and light curls, and wanted to laugh all the time. Sort of hail fellow with everyone—

began to look around and smile at different people before they got good and settled. The maid had him bobbing over her shoulder, as she fixed things, and he hung on with his little fists and grinned up the car like a good one. Of course he was a boy. Every independent move he made said that. I watched the little tike, and he added to my comfort.

Ever notice how watching a baby will give you a sort of homesick, lonesome feeling somewhere in the region of the heart? especially when you haven't any of your own. Well, by an hour that kid had captured that whole delegation—everyone that could see him, though no one had courage to do more than smile back at him in return for the lavish way he threw his favors about. Several fellows were aching to give him peanuts and bananas, but nobody was bold enough to ask permission of that cold and haughty woman. She looked as if she could freeze anyone with one glance of her superior eyes.

We were all enjoying the evening, but for one thing. Somewhere back in the car there was another kid, and after a while I discovered that it had been keeping up the funniest little crying ever since we had left Arkansas City—just a queer, weak whine that never stopped. I remember feeling disgusted that there could be such a difference in babies. Look at this one. Bet he was never cross in his life! He kept up such a crowing and gurgling that he clear drowned out the other most of the time. Along toward nine o'clock he began to get sleepy. It was a revelation to see that kid get sleepy. Jack Dunbar moved his seat farther up, so he could watch the miracle. First the baby began to lay his head on the maid's shoulder and look out roguishly from under his long yellow lashes. Then he would jerk it up as if he were afraid the enemy, sleep, would get him, and smile like he had won a victory. The lids got heavier and heavier, and presently it was an effort to keep them open, but each time they went shut he would pull them open wide and give that soft-lipped grin that was making the boys say "Little brick!" As he got quieter that unceasing wail from the back of the car became noticeable. It hadn't changed; just that weak little fretful cry that sounded as if it had kept up for hours without stopping, and as if the baby was so near worn out that it couldn't cry any other way.

As it got stiller, because the boy had been vanquished by the enemy at last, I pulled my hat down and decided to get some sleep. But instead I found myself listening to that other baby. Every time the song of the wheels dropped a bit, I could hear it. I lay and listened a long while, and presently it began to get on my nerves. Guess it must have been that the silent friendship I had formed with the yellow-haired boy across the way was making me listen to all babies' voices tonight. Anyway I got more restless, and after a while I sat up. And a funny thing—all up the car the boys were awake. Some were sitting up, and those who were lying down were looking out from under their hats sort of carelessly; and suddenly I knew that that baby's voice was saying its same helpless message to them all.

I looked back and tried to locate the sound, but it wasn't visible. Nobody had a baby that I could see. Still, I could hear it—that weak, pitiful cry. Another hour went by, and I noticed that the big quiet woman was sitting up and trying to locate that baby, too. Her boy was sleeping in the maid's arms.

Presently I got so rattled that I couldn't stand it any longer, and I got up and went back through the car. And what do you suppose I found? In the last seat was a girl about twelve years old, holding in her lap a baby; a tiny thing that lay without a movement, and they were both full-blooded Indians! The girl looked at me scowling and afraid, and that poor little thing in her lap!—Its wee lips were dry, and its eyes were closed, and it did nothing but make that moaning cry. I never felt so bad in my life.

Anyone could see that something was wrong. Well, I was in it at once. I went up the car and got Allen, and together we went through that train hunting for someone who could talk the lingo, and at last, in the smoker, we, found a half-blooded renegade, and took him to the girl. But we had a time trying to make her talk. She was alone and scared, but at last we found out that the baby had belonged to a woman out at the Agency, who had straggled in a week before. She had died two days ago, and this girl, who was being sent up the line to school, had been instructed to put the baby off at a certain city where foundlings are supposed to be taken care of. And the baby couldn't be made to eat. Two days instinctively crying

for the mother—and in this heat! No wonder that the little lips were dry, like brown parchment!

My heart turned sick, and I would have given all I had to bring back that dead Indian to feed her baby. I thought of the boy up ahead. There was nothing to do until we reached a city, and I went back with my throat hot with longing for the train to fly, for it seemed that the little brown thing would never last that long, the cry was getting so weak. I thought of the inexorable injustice of life—the survival of the strong.

As I sat down I felt a touch on my arm. It was the handsome woman, and I noticed the stiff rustle of her silks.

"What is it?" she asked, and her voice was very sweet.

"Only a little brown beggar of a baby back there starving to death because its mother has been dead for two days," I said rather harshly, for I was feeling savage. The downing of the helpless always arouses something inside of me that is not polite. She stood in the aisle. I pulled my hat down and scowled. The boys were standing in the aisle and in the seats, all as helpless as I was. It was a strained moment, and up through the song of the wheels came that weak cry. We were all listening to it. I glanced up at the woman. She was standing just where she had straightened after speaking to me, and the look in her face held my eyes. Her hands were shut, and she was staring ahead as if she was trying to see something, to overcome some natural feeling. It was a queer, half-scared, startled look, yet courageous, too. I beheld it with wonder. Suddenly she bent again, and said: "Will you bring it to me?"

I had no trouble in getting it from the girl, and all the way up the car I wondered as I carried that little dirty thing; for it was dirty and no mistake. It never opened its eyes, and its little face was pinched.

And what do you think that woman did? Oh, she was as fine inside as she was out; as fine as her priceless garments!

Did she shiver at the touch of that half-dead alien waif? I don't know. Only I know what she *did*. She reached up her soft arms, and took the helpless little thing into them, and she slipped open the laces at her throat with diamonded fingers, and—I took off my hat and walked out of the car, and the boys followed, and before we got to the door the little weak crying had stopped, stopped suddenly, and I couldn't have said a word to save my life. I stood on the platform and thought a lot of thoughts.

Long after, when we were nearing the city where she had shown her ticket for, I went into the car. She was holding that baby, and it was sound asleep, and the look in her proud face was like what I always thought the Holy Mother's must be. I offered to take it back, but she told me gently that she was going to take it with her. I helped her off the train, and I tell you my thought of that woman was the greatest praise she could have been given. The maid carried the fine boy, and I had a last look at him as a coachman put them all into a private carriage.

"I beg your pardon, madam," I said at the last moment, "but may I have the honor to know your name?—for it will be an honor."

She looked at me in the light of the station cars, and said simply, "Yes; Mrs. Stephen ——" —the name of the man whose reputation, whose chance of success I carried in the breast-pocket of my coat!

I stood on the train steps as it sped on through the night, and watched the lights of the city twinkle away. As the last one died in the darkness, I took out that precious bundle of papers and slowly, fully conscious of what I was doing, I tore them into little bits and scattered them on the rushing wind. Then I went in and told the delegation.



## EVERY-DAY HEROES

By Emil Carl Aurin

THEY ride in the cab of the engine  
As the train speeds through the night,  
With the lives of scores depending  
On their reading the signals right.

They stand at the helm of the vessel,  
As she tosses and rolls in the gale;  
Or cling to the storm-swept rigging  
To furl the beating sail.

They work on the great tall buildings  
That tower far up toward the sky,  
Or down in the mine's dark level  
Where death is always nigh.

With death in a hundred guises,  
They battle each day in the year,  
Without the notes of a bugle  
Or drum to give them cheer.

No flag have they to lead them;  
No glory to spur them when  
They stand face to face with danger,  
But they stick to their posts like MEN.

# FOR THE SAKE OF SCIENCE

By Emma Ellis Conway

DOCTOR Lloyd Seaford, member of the faculty of the Columbia Medical University, had just finished breakfast in his bachelor apartments; having leisurely lighted his accustomed cigar, he was glancing over the morning paper, as was his habit.

The rooms throughout bore an unmistakable atmosphere of culture and refinement. The doctor, a broad-shouldered, ruggedly built, distinguished looking fellow, suddenly ruffled his brows into distasteful little furrows and gave a prolonged low whistle.

"By all the demnitition bow-wows, that must be Miss Waring's cat!" he ejaculated. "Undoubtedly," he soliloquized, "27 North Prospect Place was the number Miss Waring gave me as her address; this too," referring to the notice of a lost cat in the morning Times, "is the exact description of that last feline that we operated upon, 'large maltese cat, one white foot, answering to name of Tony,'" he resumed reflectively. "Well, I'm deuced sorry if it was her cat, especially if she really cared so much for him. I wonder if it would be any satisfaction to her to know that Tony had undergone the extremely critical operation of having his spleen removed, and that he stood it beautifully, and is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances."

The doctor's face summoned a limited little smile of this most facetious reasoning. "W-whew! And she's a lover of cats!" he continued to ruminate. "Well, just about what one might expect from one of her temperament—a perfect pattern of justice and mercy! Only a week since she left the hospital, and yet it seems an age—I wonder just how much time ought to elapse before a fellow could decently call? And she did say she would be pleased to have me call; true, I asked if she'd mind—but—but if she ever finds out the truth about that condemned cat, she'll judge and condemn me at the bar of her fearless integrity, as sure as fate; well," wistfully, as he carefully adjusted his top-coat, preparatory to going out, "unless

she holds an investigation meeting (which she isn't likely to do) or proves to be an astute mind-reader, (and I haven't observed any marked tendencies in that direction) she'll never find it out from yours regrettfully," and, feeling somewhat more cheerful in view of this conclusive reasoning, he whistled a gay little bar from a popular air, as he ran lightly down the stone steps leading to the street, and caught a car on the corner.

Dr. Seaford was so well grounded in the technical knowledge of surgery that he was nothing short of an enthusiast on the subject. In his pedagogic relation as instructor of the classes, and from the standpoint of a scientist, he was prone to consider all that could be relegated as practical material for instruction, as legitimate "tools of trade," so, in the light of scientific research, it must go on record that Doctor Seaford alone was primarily the cause of the notice that attracted his attention in the Times. The students of the university were in the habit of including in their laboratory work the dissection of animals of one kind or another, but, owing to a continued increase in the classes, and a distressing scarcity of suitable animal life in that vicinity, the class had been forced to resort to what was known among the "Frats" as the "home consumption of dogs and cats."

Now anyone who knows even ever so little about the history of the medical student, will not hesitate to set most anything in the way of a tendency toward progression down to his credit; and so it was the unwritten opinion of some of the inhabitants of the city that the office of dog catcher was one of the most remunerative on the municipal ticket.

Doctor Seaford had first met Janet Waring at the hospital, where in his professional capacity as surgeon he had been called to set a broken arm for the aforesaid young lady, which she had sustained in a collision while automobiling with a girl friend. And somehow, from the very first—after he had set the broken bone and splintered the poor

fractured shoulder, and she had shown no sign of the terrible ordeal through which she was passing, save the white blanched face and firmly compressed lips—after that the doctor had decided that she was a "wonderful woman."

"Not one of your hysterical flighty sort!" he had urged to himself. "Such rare poise—so straightforward and sensible—and yet so charmingly feminine with it all."

Doctor Seaford had advised a stay of a week or so at the hospital. The two found many things in common, that gave an irresistible impetus to easy unconventional conversation. Being the owner of a fine automobile, he acknowledged to a fellow failing, speed fever. And so the doctor found himself calling around at "Number Five, Ladies' Private Ward" more frequently than the occasion would, generally speaking, seem to demand.

Miss Waring's stay of a week or so sped all too soon to suit her physician. At the end of that time she seemed more like a friend whom he had met in some remote period of time, rather than merely a new acquaintance.

He felt that he could talk more freely of himself, his life-work and his ambitions to this woman than to any other he had ever met.

He had mingled with women all his life; and yet, after the lapse of only a few days, his association with Janet Waring had stimulated the fires of his intellect—raised the standard of his ideals, and quickened all the sentiments of his religion. She had inspired him to a pleasurable sense of increased consciousness of being and feeling, that he had not hitherto known.

Miss Waring was a teacher of art, and she might truly be said to be "wedded to her art." Left an orphan early in life, she had been tenderly reared by an aunt, with whom she still lived. The remnant of her father's estate had been expended on her education. The intellectual and emotional elements were inherent in Janet Waring's make-up in a large degree, and her artistic training had meant vastly more to her than merely a matter of environment. In her little private studio she had fought the real battle of life, and come off the victor. Here she had given full expression to the different sides of her nature—here was tangible, enduring evidence of her treasures of inspiration.

She was devotedly fond of children and animals, not only for their own but for the sake of her art, and her studio walls were hung with the most perfect reproductions of both from her brush. As her theory was that a true artist should make a study of her subjects, Miss Waring's home was consequently very frequently a rendezvous for children and their pets. In fact, she herself was the possessor of a number of fine specimens of the feline family, for which she admitted a genuine fondness. Of this phase of her character Doctor Seaford had of course been ignorant up to the time of the appearance of the notice in the Times, but an inkling of the truth was beginning to dawn on his mental horizon.

"Confound these arbitrary divisions of time!" growled Doctor Seaford to himself a few evenings later. "I'm going to drop around to see Miss Waring tonight," and he did so.

An old darky, bearing all the marks of ante-bellum days, bowed him in with the ease of a Chesterfield, and took his card. Janet's frank, cordial greeting precluded the possibility that she was not pleased to see him. If he had deemed her wonderful at the hospital, here in her woman's domain, he hardly dared acknowledge to himself just what he did think of her.

A few days later Doctor Seaford encountered the janitor in one of the halls of the university. "Hello, Mason, how is our last patient coming on?" inquired the doctor, "You give him the best of care, don't you?"

"You mean that cat, Doctor? Why, yes, sir; he has been doing fine since the operation—until today I noticed a powerful wheezing in his windpipe."

Doctor Seaford winced inwardly. "That won't do, my man; 'won't do! Bring him up to the operating room at—say three o'clock this afternoon; and, say, Mason, don't expose him to any draughts—and feed him lightly. See that you follow directions closely; we can't afford to lose the cat at this stage of the game."

At the appointed hour the same afternoon the doctor, together with the members of the freshman class, held a consultation over poor Tony, and decided that; "Because of depletion of the system, consequent upon the removal of the spleen, (which operation the

class pronounced a "howling success") the patient had contracted what was diagnosed as a "bronchial affection," which evidently required heroic treatment, at least Seaford seemed determined to preserve his life at all hazards; the result of which was that Tony was soon breathing more freely through a silver tube worn in his throat.

One morning, a few months later, an article appeared in the Times intimating that "It is possible that the key to the mystery of the disappearance of the numerous pet cats and dogs of Columbia might be traced to the university."

The article created quite a furore in certain circles, and the whole fraternity was threatened with social ostracism. Miss Waring, as a matter of course, was greatly perturbed; a question had arisen in her mind, and she had decided to know the truth at once.

Going to the garden where Uncle Abe, the darkey who did odd jobs about the place, was at work, she requested him to carry a note for her to Doctor Seaford at the university.

Uncle Abe almost dropped the spade with which he was digging; he opened his mouth and looked at Janet as though he had just seen an apparition. "At de Varsity? Lo'd a massy, Miss Jane—honey—don't go an' ax dis heah nigger to do nuffin lak dat! B'kase I done headeed heabaut dem studen' doctors and dey fool capahs! I knows 'em! I knows 'em! Lordy! Lordy! Ain't yo' nebah headeed beauten dey tricks on cullud pussons long to's night, Miss Janey?"

Janet remembered that there was a legend among the darkies about so foolhardy a policy as venturing near the university after dark. "Nonsense, Uncle Abe," she said, "I thought you were too old a man to believe all those foolish stories."

"B'lleeve 'em? B'lleeve 'em? In co'se I does. Daih ain't ne tellin' whut kin' ob shines a passel ob dem studen' doctors a-gwine t' cut! No suh! it's de old lak niggers dey's lookin' out foh; I ain't gwine t' act de fool, as old as I'se a-gittin', an' sen' myself to Kingdom Come. No suh! Uhm! U-h-m!"

Uncle Abe gave that little peculiar groaning sound that most of the old-time darkies use, expressive of disgust or surprise. He shook his head and rolled his eyes so grotesquely that Janet could not keep from laughing.

"Well, Uncle," she concluded, "I'll have to let you off if you will find me a boy to carry the note in your place."

"Sho, honey—deed I will!" And the expression on the old man's face was almost akin to joy as he limped off, still decisively shaking his head and communing with himself: "Bress de Lo'd! No suh! De doctor done say I'se gittin' anurated; I already known I'se got de idosity, an' dey don't nebah git obah dat; so yo' 'pintedly ain't gwine t' ketch yo' Uncle Ab'ham Linkum Gineral Gawge Washin'ton Andrew Jacks'n Potts a-laggin' 'round dat dar varsity compus after de sun done gone down—an' yo' sholy does yeah me—No—o s-u-h!"

When Doctor Seaford received Miss Waring's note, he admitted to himself that inwardly he felt a trifle shaky. He scarcely knew whether to consider it in the light of an invitation or a business appointment. It was brief and said simply:

Dr. Seaford:—

Am I presuming too much on our friendship when I ask you to call at the house this evening?

Sincerely your friend,  
JANET WARING.

"There is ever the haggard Possible lurking beyond the Probable." This was a little modern maxim he had read somewhere recently, and it kept insistently intruding itself in his mind now. An indefinable something that eluded analysis disturbed his reveries. A little invisible cloud seemed rising between himself and Janet Waring, and it was exactly the size of a maltese cat.

Janet met Dr. Seaford with her usual equipoise that evening, but there was a slight, possibly unconscious intonation in her voice that did not escape him. He cleverly assumed a placid abstractness of countenance which belied his feelings; after some small talk along conventional themes, there came a little conversational strait—a pause fraught with significance. Janet broke the silence.

"Doctor Seaford," she began, "you are wondering why I asked you to call tonight."

"I confess to a little masculine curiosity on the subject, Miss Waring," admitted the doctor.

"You, of course, read the article in the Times yesterday in regard to tracing lost pets to the university. I lost a beautiful

cat some time ago, and, although I advertised for him, I found no trace of him. Do you know," she went on, "I can but fear that there is some truth in the Times article. Doctor Seaford, do you suppose the students could have taken my cat?"

At last—the Rubicon was crossed! Doctor Seaford was sure now what he had to face, and even a dismal certainty is preferable to a dubious labyrinth of doubt. As he faced Janet Waring, with her clear-cut, classical features so full of a strange earnestness, he felt that there would be nothing gained by a preliminary skirmish of words.

"I—fear—it—might—be so, Miss Waring," he faltered, "but do not pronounce judgment until you have heard the extenuating circumstances."

"Why, D-o-c-t-o-r S-e-a-f-o-r-d!" Miss Waring's tone of anticipatory displeasure somewhat disconcerted him, but he went on:

"Of course there is a probability that your cat may be restored to you; but through force of circumstances—for the sake of science—one is sometimes compelled—"

"To commit a flagrant violation of right? Never, Doctor Seaford!" and Janet's eyes flashed with intensity of feeling. "Our educational authorities are neglecting a momentous duty when they do not recognize Humanity as an integral and important factor of education. It should become a part of the character of an individual."

Doctor Seaford faced her steadily. He knew that the warmth which Janet had infused into her words sprang from impulse rather than premeditation.

"But, my dear Miss Waring, I assure you that operations on animals in the medical colleges are not so inhuman as you may be led to think. They are put under the influence of a strong anaesthetic, and do not feel the pain. After the operation is over they are tenderly cared for, and none of the animals are left maimed or marred, as the experiments are strictly along scientific lines, and are of such a nature as to be of the utmost value in the future, when operations of a like nature are performed to save human life."

When Doctor Seaford ceased speaking Janet's face was a rare study in astonishment. "Vivisection!" she exclaimed. "That is even worse than I expected. Oh, my poor Tony! Why, there are other animals one might use, if it is a positive necessity—a lower

order of creation. These trusting domestic creatures deserve our most magnanimous treatment, and every child should be taught that unkindness toward them, in any form, is both cruel and cowardly." Janet spoke as she felt, and Doctor Seaford was by no means indifferent to her really distressed face.

"Very true, I grant you, Miss Waring, but these lower animals we have been unable to obtain. I fear the method of study which emphasizes the artistic aspect only of things is essentially the feminine way." Dr. Seaford spoke in a subdued tone, and tried to put as much of pleasantry into his voice as he was capable of doing.

"While you scientists theorize from a standpoint entirely too exclusively masculine!" vouchsafed Janet in fine irony.

Doctor Seaford was conscious of the futility of mere words to enforce his argument, which was fast lessening from active to passive. It was a most disagreeable and complex situation to him, and he felt that he had fallen greatly from her first estimation of him.

"Miss Waring," he ventured, and there was a noticeable tenseness in his voice, "I will not attempt to overcome your cynicism. I give you the credit of a rare fidelity to conscience, but can you not be a trifle more tolerant of human frailties in your judgments? I lay no claim to being cast in a heroic mold, but confess to being very human in my make-up."

"You allow your brain to govern your heart, Doctor Seaford."

Janet was softening a little in her manner.

"Perhaps," he faltered, "and it brings me some very disastrous experiences at times, I assure you."

He spoke so regretfully—almost solemnly—that Janet, suddenly remembering her position as hostess, gave evidence of the first faint streaks of the early dawn of a smile, and said more demurely: "My judgments are not unerring, Doctor Seaford, and yet this does not qualify my opinion that you are wrong in your theory; but if we must disagree, we can at least agree to differ amiably. After all, it is unreasonable to expect one's friends to conform to all of one's own standards, I suppose."

The whole proceeding had been so singularly out of keeping with the usual pleasant tenor of their evenings together that Doctor

Seaford was eager to take up any line of retreat that might offer.

"Do you know, Miss Waring, this is our very first passage at arms? I am most happy to sign any articles of truce you may propose, and sincerely trust it may be the last."

Thus the conversation drifted into more pleasing channels, but Doctor Seaford could not but feel the restraint that heretofore had almost seemed conspicuous by its absence from her manner. After Doctor Seaford had taken his departure, Janet retired to her room, and kneeling there in her deep low window-seat, her face buried in her arms, she indulged in a good hearty fit of crying; she could not have told for the life of her just what it was about, yet it proved a great relief to her turbulent feelings.

Doctor Seaford continued to call on Miss Waring, and occasionally to take her out in his auto, but somehow the visits were void of that delightful comradeship that had existed before the cat episode. The subject was a tabooed one between them, by tacit assent. He admitted to himself that she had grown inexpressibly dear to him, but for reasons most obvious he was loth to apprise her of the fact. Not that he did not most earnestly desire to do so, but what man, even the bravest of his sex, is anxious to reveal his ardent love to a woman from whose lips he confidently expects a deliberate "No?"

Spring yielded her reign to summer, and summer merged into glorious autumn. Doctor Seaford's "*affaire de cœur*" had not made any noticeable progress. He had decided a number of times that he would put his fate to the test, and had as often reversed the decision. "But the longest lane must somewhere have a turning," he finally very sensibly reasoned, and thus, one morning—'twas late in September—Janet found herself opening a letter from Dr. Seaford. It began:

"My dear Miss Waring:—

"I have an acknowledgement to make, which may or may not be a surprise to you. I confess it is made in fear and trembling, amid jungles of doubt. Knowing the steadfast fibre of your nature as I do, and trusting to your woman's heart, I am going to throw my cause at your feet without reserve. In my appraisement of human values, need I

say my estimate of you has been little less than an ovation.

"Miss Waring—Janet—I have not been brave enough heretofore to say, save in a hundred mute ways, what you must have guessed: that I love you as I have never loved any other woman, and should I haply find favor in your reply, it will be but a pleasure in store for me to call at any time you may think best, and confirm with my lips what my pen has so feebly expressed. I enclose a little poem that I have written and dedicated to you, which I trust may give you a clearer insight into the state of my feelings, than I feel that I have done. "Believe me, Miss Waring, 'if Fortune, when I look for smiles, should turn her face away,' I should be most desperately unhappy."

"Awaiting your answer with no small degree of impatience, I am,

"Most truly,  
"LLOYD SEAFORD."

Janet's face shone with a warm light when she finished reading this letter, and she involuntarily pressed it to her lips. "Isn't that exactly like him?" she murmured, then turning to the poem she read on:

"TO JANET."

"My love unto my heart is dear —  
Not like as other women are —  
Her tender thought is ever near;  
Her beautiful soul is from afar.

For glorious visions hath my love,—  
Thoughts that the world may never know,  
That bring their impress from above,  
And blessings unto all bestow.

Her dreams of heavenly things are fraught;  
And yet of earth her graces are;  
Her ministrations fall not short,  
Of evening's silent silver star.

No light there is in earth or heaven,  
More lustrous than her deeds of gold;  
Sublime, serene, in mercy given,  
Her works of love are manifold.

And ah! my love is strangely fair!  
And wondrous ways belong to her,  
She lendeth light to every sphere,  
As nature's great interpreter.

The joy, dear heart, that lights my way  
Would be less deep—nor half so sweet—  
If hope sang not her roundelay  
To gladden dreams of bliss complete.

The joyous strain is borne along,  
And fills my heart with melody;  
It echoes forth in glorious song—  
'I love my love, and she loves me.'"

Janet was not insensible to this tribute that Doctor Seaford had paid her, and her mind was torn with many conflicting emotions. She had never allowed herself to analyze her real feelings for him, and that she cared as much for him as she now discovered she did was a matter of real perplexity and solicitude to her. From the depths of her inmost nature she longed to acknowledge her love for Doctor Seaford, but Janet Waring's faithful and fearless adherence to her ideals was rarely equaled. Wrapped in unhappy and perplexing thoughts, she had numerous and unseen encounters with herself, all tending to the same theoretic conclusions, namely:

"That, in admitting a love for a man so inhumane as Doctor Seaford had confessed himself to be, the action must necessarily involve a great compromise of prudence, not to say duty."

Ah, Janet! Janet! With your dominant characteristic of independency of thought, you have yet to learn the fallacy of the theory that a woman is able to adjust her feelings to the demands of some preconceived duty. The knowledge is yet to come that duty is sometimes swallowed up in supreme love.

When Doctor Seaford received a brief little note from Janet a few days later, saying that, "After due consideration, she had decided that they could at least be good friends," strange as it may seem, the doctor was in nowise disheartened, and did not accept this answer as the ultimatum. It had grown to be one of the traditions of time with Doctor Seaford that "women say and look one thing, and mean another," besides, how was Janet to know that some suspicious looking little tear blots that the doctor found on her note brought him more of joy than her answer did of sorrow? Oh, the infinite and infinitely subtle vagaries of the feminine mind!

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One evening—'twas a month later than the events already recorded—Doctor Seaford ordered his automobile brought around to the university, as he intended to make a professional call in the country. Incidentally, as he intended to act as his own chauffeur, he had planned the self-imposed task of restoring Tony to his rightful owner while out on this trip. It was a matter of sincere congratulation to him that Tony had entirely recovered his former good state of health,

and to all intents and purposes, save for the silver tube which he now habitually wore in his throat, was the same sleek, happy feline as of yore.

Doctor Seaford surreptitiously obtained a small sack, into which he put the cat and deposited him underneath the seat of the car. His most excellent intention was to take him quite near Miss Waring's home and then release him, but the little maxim about the schemes of mice and men going "agley" doesn't make the same assertion in regard to schemes of cats. As Doctor Seaford's noiseless auto came spinning down one of the crowded thoroughfares, he found it necessary to slow up a little. As he was turning a corner, two ladies attempted to cross the street. Doctor Seaford was so close upon them before he made the discovery that he was forced to make a sudden halt. He was conscious that there were two women on the crossing, but he saw only one—Janet Waring stood in front of the machine, only an arm's length away; the other woman passed on. Janet's heart gave a mighty throb.

"Why, D-o-c-t-o-r S-e-a-f-o-r-d!" she almost gasped, "is it *you*?" There was the same musical voice that had always thrilled Doctor with a tumult of emotion, and there was that favorite expression of hers. The doctor had not seen Janet since receiving her answer, and that one month had seemed an interminable period of time to both himself and Janet.

Doctor Seaford caught the swift illumination of her face, and noted with genuine pleasure the unconcealed eagerness in her voice. A luminous smile lighted up the doctor's really fine eyes as he replied:

"Well, if it be *not* I, as I suppose it be—you know the rest of the quotation, Miss Waring," and hastily stepping out of the vehicle, with his usual chivalry to women, and a profound "allow me," he was assisting Janet to a seat beside him, and they were soon threading their way down the busy street, past the business districts, out farther, and still farther out, past the suburbs of the city, and whirling along the quiet country lanes.

What may we not leave behind when we enter a world of our own? Under the enlivening influences of Janet's dear presence, such an extraneous issue as a cat never en-

tered the doctor's mind. Little exhilarating autumn breezes came and went softly laden with sweet fresh perfumes from late meadows and hedgerows. Groups of cattle were grazing peacefully on the hills, soft meshed in silver haze. Crowned with the halo of her rising spirits, Janet had never seemed quite so near the embodiment of all the Christian graces as she now appeared to Doctor Seaford. They were talking away spiritedly on safe impersonal themes when presently, from somewhere in the regions below, there came an ominous but unmistakable prolonged "m-e-o-w!"

Inwardly, Doctor Seaford had misgivings of his own; outwardly, he and Miss Waring greeted each other for an instant with an unpremeditated stare. After a momentary silence, another somewhat forlorn but tenaciously determined "meow" fell upon their waiting ears, accompanied this time by a series of dull thumping sounds that sent Doctor Seaford's exuberant spirits instantly to the zero point. There was no time to form any new plans, save those for immediate and unconditional action.

"Doctor S-e-a-f-o-r-d!" Janet's voice had lowered almost to a whisper; "what *was* that?"

The doctor tossed away the end of his cigar. He knew now that his time had come, and after the first shock he rallied bravely to the occasion. The situation, though embarrassing, was, after all, mirth-provoking.

"That, Miss Waring," and the doctor gave one of his full, deep-chested, hearty laughs, "is belated restitution."

Janet was giving attention in almost breathless silence.

"What ever can be the matter with you, Doctor Seaford?" she interrogated.

The doctor had, with praiseworthy assiduity, sprang from the car, and going to the rear, he continued: "Miss Waring, the cat is now out of the bag, and he still has seven lives left," and gently lifting Tony from his hiding-place, he placed him in Janet's outstretched arms.

"Oh, you darling—you!" exclaimed Janet in rapturous tones.

"Who, I?" quoth the doctor.

"You *dear, dear* old thing!" went on Janet, judiciously ignoring the doctor's remark, and burying her face in Tony's silken fur, she made him the object of her most demonstrative attention.

"Let me congratulate you on your last remark, if you were talking to me," continued the doctor.

"But where in the world did he come from?" responded Janet, with wondering eyes.

"If you were gifted with very great penetration, you would know that he was directly from the university, Miss Waring."

Janet answered with a most comprehensive "Oh!" at the same time bestowing a measuring glance on the doctor.

Doctor Seaford re-seated himself by Janet's side, and, as the auto glided on, he began: "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary, a confession appeals to me in a very favorable light, Miss Waring, and I doubt not you are thinking one is due you, and you are right."

And thus it came about that the doctor made a "clean breast," as he expressed it, of the entire proceedings, bringing out dramatically the fact of Tony's critical attack of the bronchial affection.

"Really, Miss Waring, Tony was a very sick cat, and would certainly have passed in his checks had it not been for the last operation and the silver tube."

Janet's eyes spoke her sympathetic interest. "Oh! wasn't that just splendid!" she put in oracularly.

"Why, I hope you think so, Miss Waring, I do, indeed—"

"Why, it is such indisputable evidence of your unequaled ability as a surgeon!" Janet unconsciously infused into her words the adorable temerity, the matchless defiance, and yet the winsome tenderness of her complex individuality.

"But individual achievement doesn't count for much when we have to take ourselves at the world's valuation, after all, Miss Waring. If one's practice should fail to coincide with the world's theories, why—" the doctor sent an explicable little flash of mischief in Miss Waring's direction.

"Now you are under-rating yourself, Doctor Seaford," and Janet punctuated her remark by a slight, almost imperceptible tilt of her head.

"I believe I have some acquaintances who do the same thing—" he was speaking in a more subdued tone now—"whose swift and unrelenting verdict I fear I shall not be able to overcome."

There was a touch of despair in the doctor's whole demeanor that had the desired effect upon Janet. He instinctively avoided looking in her direction, and seemingly gave unrestrained rein to his mood. Meeting with no response from Janet, he presently leaned down, gave a little sidewise glance into her face, and saw two big round tears just ready to fall on Tony's upturned face.

"Janet," he murmured with marked tenderness, looking with anxious eyes into her face. Janet felt the doctor's hand close ever

so softly over one of her own, and they drifted into silence—the silence that is sweeter than words, and "Lays its seal upon lips and ear, that soul may have speech with its fellow."

Doctor Seaford was the first to speak. "And so, Janet, dear, this is not to be the parting of the ways, after all?"

Janet shook her head as her lips parted in a rapturous smile, but just what she said will never be known, unless the doctor divulges it, for only he and Tony heard it.

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## THE FAIRIES' WASHING

By Eleanor W. F. Vates

COME see the fairies' washing  
A-shining in the sun!  
They spread it out for drying  
Before the day's begun:  
We never heard a whisper  
Nor gentle footstep pass,  
Yet here are all their garments  
Laid out upon the grass.

How small the elfin fingers  
Which sewed with gilded thread  
This kerchief gay and tiny  
To deck some fairy's head!  
With iridescent lining  
These lustrous cloaks are made,  
All golden in the sunlight  
And silver in the shade.

O, pretty, silent darlings  
Upon the velvet lawn,  
Dipping your dainty dresses  
In dew before the dawn,  
Come fearlessly and fleetly  
With all your glimmering gear!  
We know the fairies' washing  
Means weather bright and clear.

# THE VOICE *of the* CONSCIENCE

By James Inglis

WELL, I guess I might's well shell them peas for dinner 'fore I clean up," said Mrs. McNeal. She took a large basket full of peas from the table, and sat down by the window.

"Margaret," she said presently, "what do you say to a piano an' a horse an' a phaeton—a horse with some style about him; that you could ride or drive, an' that 'ud always be up when you wanted to go to town?"

Margaret was making a cake, and was beating the mixture with a long-handled spoon. She was a pretty girl, with yellow hair shining golden in the sun, a face strong, brave and kind, with just a touch of pride. The pride showed most, however, in the poise of her head and the carriage of her shoulders. But when the mobile lips parted in a smile over the straight rows of white teeth, one forgot the pride and thought only of the soft persuasive lips. She wore a blue gown of cotton that looked as if it had just left the ironing table. Her sleeves were rolled up to her elbows. She turned and looked at her mother as if she feared one of them had lost her senses; then she returned to the cake-beating with an air of good-natured disdain.

"Oh, you can smile and turn your head to one side, but you'll whistle another tune 'fore long, or I'll miss my guess. Margaret, ever since we come to Washington County, I've been savin' up butter an' chicken money; and you know I've always got the money for the extra garden truck, an' for the geese an' turkeys, an' the calves, an' so on." Mrs. McNeal stopped suddenly and looked out of the window. Then, lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper, she exclaimed, "Somebody's comin'."

"Who can it be?" Margaret stood up straight, with that quick little beating of mingled pleasure and dismay that the cry of "company" invariably brings to country hearts.

"I can't see. I don't want to be caught peepin'. I can see it's a woman, though;

she's just passing into the lane. Can't you stoop down and peep? She won't see you 'way over there by the table."

Margaret stooped and peered cautiously through the morning glory vines that grew over the kitchen window.

"Oh, Mother, it is Mrs. Karney!"

"My goodness! An' the way this house looks! You'll have to bring her out here in the kitchen, too. Do you s'pose she's come to spend the day—she's got her bag, ain't she?"

"Yes, and I would like to know what we can get her for dinner? I am very sure I am not going to cut this' cake for her. I want it when Sam comes to tea, Sunday."

"Why, I'll boil some beef an' a head of cabbage, an' these here peas; an' there's potatoes and peach preserves, an' you can make an apple pie. I guess that's a good enough dinner for her. There! She's knockin'! Open the door, Margaret. Well, 'f I ever! Look at that grease spot on the floor!"

Margaret, ignoring her mother's last remark, went to the front door, and returned presently followed by a tall, angular woman.

"Why, Mother, here is Mrs. Karney," she said with an air of having made a pleasant discovery.

Mrs. McNeal got up, very much surprised to find out who her visitor was, and welcomed her with exaggerated delight.

"Well, I declare! It's really you, is it? At last! Well, sit down an' take off your things. Margaret, take Mis' Karney's things. My! ain't it warm walkin'?"

"Tis warm," and the visitor gave her bonnet to Margaret, at the same time dropping her black mits into it, after rolling them carefully together. "But your kitchen is always nice an' cool." She let her eyes wander about with a look of unabashed curiosity that took in everything. "I brought my patch-work with me," she continued.

"Well, I'm so glad you did, and you'll have to excuse the looks o' things. What's the news?"

Mrs. Karney took out her work before she replied: "None in particular." Then, after a moment's silence, "Ain't it too bad about poor old Martha Kelley?"

"What about her?" Mrs. McNeal began to shell peas with vigor, and looked at her visitor with a kind of pleased expectancy, as if any news, however dreadful, would come as a welcome relief to the monotony of existence. "Is she dead?"

"No, she ain't dead; but the poor old soul 'd better be. She's got to go to the county home, spite of all."

For a few moments there was absolute silence in the kitchen. A gentle breeze came in through the window and played with light touches on Mrs. McNeal's temple. It brought with it all the sweets of the old-fashioned garden—the mingled breaths of honeysuckle, sweet lavender, mignonette, pinks and sweet-briar. The whole kitchen was filled with the fragrance. It was such a big cheerful kitchen. Almost unconsciously Mrs. McNeal contrasted it with the kitchen at the county home, and she shivered in the warm perfumed air.

"What's her children about?" she asked sharply.

"Oh, her children!" said Mrs. Karney, with a contemptuous air. "What does her children amount to, I'd like to know!"

"Her son's got a good com'ferble house an' farm."

"Well, what if he has? He got it with his wife, didn't he? And Marion won't let his poor old mother set her foot inside the home. I don't say she is a pleasant body to have about—she's cross an' sick most all the time, an' childish. But that ain't sayin' her children oughtn't to put up with her disagreeableness."

"She's got a married daughter, ain't she?"

"Yes, she's got a married daughter." Mrs. Karney closed her lips tightly together, and looked as if she might say something if she chose that would create a sensation.

"Well, ain't she got a good enough home to keep her mother in?"

"Yes, she has; but she got her home along with *her* husband, an' he won't have the old soul any more'n Marion would."

There was another silence. Margaret had put the cake in the oven. She knelt on the floor and opened the door very gently now and then, to see that it was not browning too

fast. The heat from the oven had crimsoned her face and arms.

"Guess you'd better put a piece o' paper on top of that cake," said her mother. "It smells kind o' burny like."

"No, it is all right, mother."

Mrs. McNeal looked out of the window.

"Ain't my flowers doin' well, though, Mis' Karney?"

"They are that. When I come up the walk, I couldn't help thinkin' of poor old Mis' Kelley."

"What's that got to do with her?" There was resentment bristling in Mrs. McNeal's tone and glance.

Mrs. Karney stopped her patch work, but held her hands stationary in the air and looked over at the mother and daughter in surprise.

"Why, I thought you knew; she used to live here."

"Did she? Did she live in this house?"

"Why, yes. Didn't you know that? Oh, they used to be right well off'n her husband's time. I visited here consid'able. My! the good things she always had to eat! It makes my mouth water even yet to think of them."

"Huh! Well, I'm mortal sorry I can't give you as good as she did," said Mrs. McNeal stiffly.

"Well, as if you didn't! You set a beautiful table, Mis' McNeal, an' what's more, that's your reputation all over. Why, do you know, everybody says that about you."

Mrs. McNeal smiled deprecatingly, with a faint blush of pleasure.

"Indeed they do, Mis' McNeal. I just told you about Mis' Kelley because you'd never think it now of the poor old creature. An' such flowers's she used to have on both sides that walk! Hollyhocks an' larkspurs, an' sweet Williams an' bachelors' buttons, an' poppies, an' all kinds. Guess you didn't know she set out that red tea-rose at the south end o' the front porch, did you? An' that hop vine you've got trained over your parlor window—set that out, too. An' that row of young apple trees—she set them all out with her own hands; dug the holes herself. It's funny she never told you she lived here."

"Yes, it is," Mrs. McNeal replied slowly and thoughtfully.

"It's a wonder she never broke down and cried when she was visitin' here. She can't mention the place without cryin'."

Mrs. McNeal's face flushed a dull red as she answered, "She never visited here."

"Never visited here!" Mrs. Karney laid down her patch-work, put her hands in her lap, and stared. "Why, she visited everywhere. That's the way she managed to keep out of the poor house so long. Everybody was real consid'rate about invitin' her. But I expect she didn't like to come here to the old place, she set so much store by it in the old days."

Margaret looked over her shoulder at her mother, but the look was not returned. The peas were sputtering nervously into the pan.

"Have you not enough peas, now, mother?" she said. "That pan is almost full."

"Yes, it is gettin' hefty, an' I guess there's enough." She got up and set the pan on the table. "I'll watch the cake now, Margaret. You put the peas on in the aluminum pot to cook. You had best hurry and get 'em on right away. It's near eleven. Ain't this oven too hot with the door shet?"

Then the pleasant preparations for the dinner went on, and an appetizing odor floated through the great cheerful kitchen. Mrs. McNeal began to set the table, covering it first with a big white cloth having a red border and fringe. In the middle of the table she placed an uncommonly large eight-bottled caster.

Margaret set on the table a white plate holding a big square of yellow butter, and stood looking through the open door, down the path, with its tall hollyhocks and scarlet poppies on either side. Between the house and the barn some wild mustard had grown thick and tall, and was now drifting, like a golden cloud, against the pale blue of the sky. Butterflies were throbbing through the air, and grasshoppers were crackling everywhere. It was all so pleasant and so peaceful; while the comfortable house and barns, the wide fields stretching away to the forest, and the cattle feeding on the hillside gave a look of prosperity. Mrs. McNeal looked at her daughter standing by the open door, and asked, "What in the world are you dreamin' about, 'stead o' tendin' to the dinner?"

Margaret pulled herself together quickly as she replied: "I was just wondering how Mrs. Kelley would feel as she drove by this place on her way to the poor house. She loved this farm so."

"I'm afraid you feel a draught, Mis' Karney, settin' so clost to the door," said Mrs. McNeal, completely ignoring her daughter's remark.

"Oh, my, no; I like it. I like lots o' fresh air. If I didn't have six children an' my own mother to keep, I'd take her myself."

"Take who?" Mrs. McNeal's voice rasped as she asked the question. Margaret paused on her way to the pantry and looked at Mrs. Karney with deeply thoughtful eyes.

"Why, Mis' Kelley—who else?—before I'd let her go to the poor farm."

"Well, what's her children for? I think they ought to be made to take care of her!" Mrs. McNeal went on setting the table with brisk, angry movements. "The law ought to take hold of it. That's what I think about the matter."

Mrs. Karney smiled a grim smile as she made answer, "Well, you see the law *has* took hold of it. It seems a shame that there ain't somebody'n the neighborhood that 'ud take her in. She ain't much expense, but a good deal o' trouble. She's sick, in an' out o' bed, nigh onto all the time. My opinion is she's been soured by all her troubles; an' that, if somebody'd only take her an' be kind to her, her temper'ment 'ud improve wonderful. She's always mighty grateful for every little thing you do for her. It just makes my heart ache to think o' her goin' to the county home!"

Mrs. McNeal shut her lips tightly together; all the softness and irresolution went out of her face.

"Well, I'm mighty sorry for her," she said, with the air of dismissing a disagreeable subject; "but the world's full o' troubles, an' if you cried over all o' them you'd be cryin' all the time. Margaret, you go out and ring that dinner bell. I see Pap and the men ev got the horses about watered."

"I'm thinkin' 'bout buyin' a horse an' buggy," she announced with sternly repressed triumph, when Margaret had left the kitchen. "An' a piano. Margaret's been wantin' one, an' I don't believe her pap' ll ever get worked up to the pitch o' gettin' it for her. But I've got some money laid by. I'd like to see his eyes when he comes home an' finds a bran new rig, an' a horse that he can't hetch to a plough, no matter how bad he wants to! I'm thinkin' o' gettin' a phaeton."

"They ain't as strong, but they're handy

to get in an' out of—'specially for old trembly knees."

"Oh, I ain't so old that I'm trembly."

"No, my, no," and Mrs. Karney gave a little start. "I was just thinkin' how that mebbe sometimes you'd go out to the county home an' take poor Mis' Kelley for a little ride. In the old days, she used to have a horse an' phaeton o' her own. Somehow, I can't get her off my mind today. I just heard about her's I was startin' for your house."

The men came to the house, pausing on the back porch to clean their boots on the scraper and wash their hands and faces with water dipped from the rain-barrel. Their faces shone like brown marble when they came in.

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It was five o'clock when Mrs. Karney, with a sigh, began rolling up her patch-work, preparatory to taking her departure.

"Well," she said, "I must go. I had no idy it was so late. How time does go, talkin'. Just see how well I've done—two dozen squares since dinner-time! My! how pretty that hop vine looks. 'T makes an awful nice shade, too. I guess when Mis' Kelley planted it she thought she'd be settin' under it herself today—she took such pleasure in it."

They had been sitting on the front porch. It was cool and fragrant out there. The shadow of the house reached almost to the gate now. The bees had been drinking too many sweets—greedy fellows! and were lying in the red poppies, droning stupidly. A soft wind had sprung up, and was turning over the clover leaves, making here a billow of dark green and there one of light green; it was setting loose the perfume of the blossoms, too, and sifting silken thistle-needles through the air. Along the fence was a hedge eight feet high of beautiful ferns that grow luxuriantly in western Pennsylvania. Across the lane was the pasture, a tangle of royal color, being massed in with golden-rod, pink-weed, yarrow, purple thistles and field daisies; the cottonwoods that lined the creek below the house were snowing. There was a wild syringa near the gate, throwing out spray upon spray of white delicately-scented, golden-hearted flowers.

Mrs. McNeal arose and followed her guest into the spare bedroom.

"When are they goin' to take her to the county house?" she asked abruptly.

"Day after tomorrow. Ain't it awful? It just makes me sick to think about it. I couldn't 'a' eat a bite o' dinner 'f I'd stayed at home, just for thinkin' about it. They say the poor old creature ain't done nothin' but cry an' moan sence she know'd she'd got to go."

"Here's your bag," said Mrs. McNeal. "Do you want I should tie your veil?"

"No, thanks; I guess I won't put it on. If I didn't have such a big fam'y, an' my own mother to keep, I'd take her myself, b'fore I'd see her go to the county home. If I had a small fam'y, an' plenty o' room, I declare, my conscience wouldn't let me rest, no way."

A dull red glow spread slowly over Mrs. McNeal's face.

"Well, I guess you needn't keep hintin' for me to take her," she said sharply.

"*You!*" Mrs. Karney uttered the word in a tone that was an unintentional insult; in fact, Mrs. McNeal affirmed afterward that her look of astonishment, and, for that matter, her whole air of dazed incredulity, were insulting. "I never once thought of *you*," she said, with an earnestness that could not be doubted.

"Why not o' me?" demanded Mrs. McNeal, showing something of her resentment. "What you been talkin' about her all day for, if you wasn't hintin' for me to take her?"

"I never thought o' such a thing," repeated her visitor, still looking rather helplessly dazed. "I talked about it because it was on my mind heavy, an' I guess because I wanted to talk my conscience down."

"Well, if you wasn't hintin'," said Mrs. McNeal in a conciliatory tone, "it's all right. You kep' harpin' on the same string till I thought you was; an' it riles me awful to be hinted at. I'll take anything right out to my face, so's I can answer it, but I won't be hinted at. But, why"—having rid herself of the grievance, she at once swung around to the insult—"why *didn't* you think o' me?"

Mrs. Karney cleared her throat and began to unroll her mitts.

"Well, I don't know just why," she said helplessly. She drew the mitts on, smoothing them well up over her thin wrists. "I don't know why. I'd thought o' most everybody'n town—but you never come into my head *onct*. I was's innocent o' hintin's a baby unborn."

Mrs. McNeal drew a long breath noiselessly.

"Well," she said absent-mindedly, "come again, Mis' Karney. An' be sure you always fetch your work an' stay the afternoon."

"Well, I will. But it's your turn to come, now. Where's Margaret?"

"I guess she's makin' a fire in the cook-stove to get supper."

"Well, tell her to come over an' stay all night with Mable some night."

Mrs. McNeal went into the kitchen and sat down, rather heavily, in a chair. Her face wore a puzzled expression.

"Margaret, did you hear what we was a-sayin' in the bedroom?"

"Yes—most of it, I guess."

"Well, what do you s'pose was the reason she never thought o' me takin' Mis' Kelley?"

"Why, mother, you never thought of takin' her in yourself, did you?" Margaret said, as she turned down the damper of the stove. "You see, no one else thought of it when you did not."

"Well, don't you think it was awful im-pudent in her to say that, anyhow?"

"No, I believe she told you the truth."

"Why ought they to think o' everybody takin' her exceptin' me, I'd like to know."

"I suppose because everyone else has thought of it themselves. The neighbors have all been chippin' in to help her for years. You have never done anything for her, have you? You never even invited her here to visit!"

"No, I never. But that ain't no sayin' I wouldn't take her's quick's the rest of 'em. They ain't none of 'em takin' her very fast, be they?"

"No, they are not," replied Margaret, facing her mother and looking at her steadily, "but you must consider that they all have their hands full—no extra room, and children or relatives of their own to look after and care for."

"Huh!" said Mrs. McNeal, and she began to chop some cold boiled beef for hash.

"I don't believe I'll sleep tonight, for thinkin' about it," she said after a while. "I wish she wasn't goin' right by here."

Margaret did not reply. She was slicing potatoes to fry, and she seemed to agree with her mother's wish.

After a long silence, Mrs. McNeal said, "I don't s'pose your pap'd hear to our takin' her in."

"I think father would leave that to us," said Margaret.

"Well, we can't do it, that's all there is about it," announced Mrs. McNeal, with a great air of having made up her mind.

Presently, however, she said in a less determined tone, "There's no place to put her, exceptin' the spare room, an' we can't get along without that, no ways."

"No," said Margaret, in a non-committal tone.

Mrs. McNeal stopped chopping and looked thoughtfully out of the door.

"There's this room openin' out o' the kitchen," she said slowly. "It's nice an' big an' sunny. It 'ud be handy 'n winter, too, bein' right off the kitchen. But it ain't furnished."

"No," replied Margaret, "it is not furnished."

"An' I know your pap' wouldn't furnish it."

"Well, no, I guess he would not," laughed Margaret.

"There's no use a-thinkin' about it, Margaret; we just can't take her. Better get them potatoes on; I can see the men-folks comin' up to the barn."

The next morning, after breakfast, Margaret said suddenly, as she was washing the dishes, "Mother, I have been thinking it over during the night and I have come to the conclusion that you had better take the money with which you were going to buy me a piano, and furnish that room."

Mrs. McNeal turned so sharply that she dropped the turkey-wing with which she was polishing the stove.

"You don't never mean it," she gasped.

"Yes I do. For, mother," Margaret went and placed both her hands on her mother's shoulders and looked into her eyes, "I know you and I would both feel better if we took Mrs. Kelley in, than if we took a piano in—" they both laughed rather foolishly at the poor joke. "You can furnish the room very nicely with the money you would spend on a piano; and we can get the horse and phaeton just the same."

"Oh, Margaret, I've never meant but that you should have a piano! No, I won't never spen' that money for nothin' but a piano—so you can just shet up about it."

"I want the horse and phaeton much more than I want a piano. We can get a horse

that I can ride. And we will get a phaeton, so that we can take Mrs. Kelley to church and to visit the neighbors." Then she added with a regular masterpiece of diplomacy, "We will show the neighborhood that, when we do take people in, we take them in all over."

"Oh, Margaret," said her mother weakly, "wouldn't it just astonish 'em!"

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It was ten o'clock of the following morning when Margaret ran in and announced that she heard wheels coming up the plank road.

Mrs. McNeal paled a little, and breathed quickly as she got her sun-bonnet and went down the lane to the gate. A red spring-wagon was coming slowly toward her, drawn by a single horse. The driver was half-asleep on the front seat. Behind, in a low chair, sat old Mrs. Kelley; she was stooping over, her elbows on her knees, her gray head bowed.

Mrs. McNeal held up her hand, and the driver pulled in the not reluctant horse.

"How'd do, Mis' Kelley? I want you should come in an' visit me a while."

The old creature lifted her trembling head and looked at Mrs. McNeal. Then she saw the old house, half-hidden by vines and flowers, and her dim eyes filled with tears.

"We ain't got time to stop, ma'am," said the driver politely. "I'm a-takin' her to the county," he added in a lower tone, but not so low that the old woman did not hear.

"You'll have to make time," said Mrs. McNeal bluntly. "You get down and help her out. You don't have to wait. When I'm ready for her to go to the county, I'll take her myself."

Not understanding in the least, but realizing, as he said afterward, that she "meant business," and wasn't the kind to be fooled with, the man obeyed with alacrity.

"Now you lean all your heft on me," said Mrs. McNeal kindly. She put her arm around the old woman, and led her up the lane and through the house into the pleasant kitchen.

"Margaret, you pull that big chair over here where it's cool. Now, Mis' Kelley, you can set right down an' rest."

Mrs. Kelley wiped the tears from her face with an old cotton handkerchief. She tried

hard to speak, but the sobs had to be swallowed down too fast. At last she said in a choked voice: "It's awful good in you—to let me see the old place—once more. The Lord bless you—for it! But I'm sorry I stopped—seems now's if I—just *couldn't* go on any further."

"Well, you ain't goin' on," said Mrs. McNeal, while Margaret went to the door and stood looking toward the road with drowned eyes. "This is our little joke—Margaret's and mine. This'll be your home as long as it's our'n. An' you're goin' to have this nice big room right off the kitchen, 's soon's we can furnish it up. We'll have to put you in the spare room for a week or two, though. An' we're goin' to get a horse an' phaeton—the phaeton's low, so's you can get out an' in easy-like—an' take you to church an' all 'round, just where you care to go."

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That night after Mrs. McNeal had put Mrs. Kelley to bed and bade her good-night she went out on the front porch and sat down. But presently remembering that she had not put a candle in the room, she went back, opening the door noiselessly, not to disturb her. Then she stood perfectly still. The old creature had got out of bed, and was kneeling beside it, her face buried in her hands.

"Oh, Lord God, father of all," she was saying aloud, "bless these dear kind people—bless 'em, oh, Lord! Hear a poor old mis'erable soul's prayer, an' bless 'em." She stopped for a moment to control her voice, and then went on: "An' if they've ever done a sinful thing, oh, Lord God, forgive 'em for it, because they've kep' me out o' the poor house—"

Mrs. McNeal shut the door and stood sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Why, mother, what is the trouble?" exclaimed Margaret, coming up suddenly.

"Never you mind what's the matter," said her mother, sharply, to conceal her emotion. "You go to bed, missy, an' don't bother your head about what's the matter with me."

Then she went down the hall and entered her own room, and Margaret heard the key turned in the lock.

# MISTRESS AND MAID

By E. C. Smith

IT was raining, and raining hard. Lois noticed, as she gave the final punch to the silken cushion on the couch by the window, that Mrs. Bailey's coachman had driven his horses under the covered archway of the University Commons opposite, while he awaited the lady's pleasure, and she felt a proprietary interest in the shelter the building afforded.

Mrs. Bailey herself has just finished her cup of tea, and risen to take her departure.

"You certainly are fixed beautifully, Lois," she said, looking about. "Everything in the apartment is as dainty and pretty as can be—and you are so near college, and have such a fine outlook. You were fortunate to find such a situation, so long as you are determined to live by yourself, instead of coming to me; but I'm afraid you are going to be dreadfully lonesome!"

"Lonely!" said Lois, "Lonely? With my maid, Nan, always with me? Fie! Fie!"

The older woman laughed.

"There is no other way, dear Mrs. Bailey," continued the girl earnestly, coming up close to her guest and taking the two ends of Mrs. Bailey's lace boa in her soft little hands, and swinging them gently to and fro as she talked. "I'm *determined* to study, and study hard, this winter. I've *got* to get my Ph. D., and be qualified to do something self-supporting."

Mrs. Bailey sniffed contemptuously.

"I won't live in a boarding house," went on the girl, ignoring the sniff; "and if I come to your house, you'll spoil me. I'll have such a good time, I'll not study one bit! No! No! dear lady, Nan and I must fend for ourselves."

Again the older woman laughed, and Lois dimpled roguishly, in spite of her earnestness.

"Well, of course," assented Mrs. Bailey, with a twist at the corner of her mouth, "if you have fully decided never to marry, I suppose you must look out for a career, but I shall insist upon your spending every Sunday with me. You are to come Saturday to dinner, and stay until Monday, and I do

hope your mother won't *devour* me when she learns what I've allowed you to do. Set up housekeeping—you and Nan. Good-bye, dear, now don't get lonely!"

After Mrs. Bailey had departed, Lois Davis stood for some time looking out into the wind-swept, rain-washed street, and at the imposing gray university buildings opposite. Handsome they were, and imposing, but certainly a little—just a little—forbidding and—yes, lonely. She tried to laugh at the idea, but the tears were very close, and a wave of something dangerously like homesickness swept over her. Whereupon she took herself severely to task.

"Lois Davis, I'm ashamed of you," she said aloud. "Ashamed and disappointed. This won't do at all—the first thing you know you'll have Nan in the doldrums, and then what would we do! You had better stop looking out into the mud and go see what there is for tea. Oh, my goodness!" she exclaimed, in sudden excitement, as a horrible recollection occurred to her. "There is not an egg in this house, and we were to have some of those heavenly muffins that Nan makes for supper. So much for mooning! Miss Nan will just have to go and get the eggs, rain or no rain." Whereupon Lois flew into the kitchen and in a few minutes a demure little maid in a smart cap and apron, wrapped in a waterproof and holding with difficulty a large umbrella, was splashing stupidly down the street. The dairy was not far off, and Nan soon had the eggs clutched firmly in a paper bag, and was heading rapidly for home, when a young man carrying his umbrella well down, to shield himself from the slanting rain, came furiously around the corner. The inevitable occurred—the two collided—and Nan's package was swept from her hand, and fell to the sidewalk with a sound of soft destruction.

"Oh, oh!" groaned Nan, gazing wildly at the wreck.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, trying to lift his hat, hold his umbrella and

clutch a large package of books at the same time. "What have I done?"

"You've broken every one of them!" Nan wailed. "What in the world do you bolt 'round a corner like a—like an auto for!"

"I'm truly sorry," responded the man, not trying to defend himself, but looking from the package on the sidewalk to Nan's hair, which the wind and rain were twisting into little tendrils on her forehead. "What have I broken?"

"Eggs!" announced Nan solemnly.

The young man smiled for the first time.

"Eggs? Oh, well, I see my way to prove my repentance now," he said cheerfully. "If you will tell me where you live, I'll get some more and bring them to you. See, you are getting quite wet. Go home. I'll repair damages."

"They are for Miss Lois' muffins," answered Nan demurely. "She lives at 6052 M. Avenue. It's Miss Davis on the door, please."

"Six-o-five-two? Oh, I was just going there. Professor Norris has an apartment in that building. I'm there nearly every day. Run home, please; I'll have the eggs there before you have hung up your waterproof."

So saying, the young man turned and swung down the street toward the dairy with long and determined strides, and Nan's umbrella bobbed rapidly in the opposite direction.

The eggs appeared duly—the muffins were made, and devoured by Miss Lois with great satisfaction. Later, curled up on the couch by the window, she pondered over the little episode Nan had told her of, and wondered who the man was who came to see Professor Norris every day, and if she should meet him in her own classes.

It was a rainy week, and Saturday proved no exception, but Lois, arrayed softly and sweetly in clinging white, her bronzy hair piled high on her proud little head and surmounted by a large black hat with drooping feathers, summoned a cab and sped gleefully to dine with her dear friend Mrs. Bailey.

She found her in the library, chatting with her son, Tom, who had returned from Harvard accompanied by a friend, a Mr. Lawton.

Mrs. Bailey met the smiling girl at the library door, and kissed her fondly, and Tom seized her two hands as soon as his mother released them, in hearty welcome. Mr. Lawton, responding to the introduction, bowed

gracefully, and offered her a chair, but Tom interposed.

"Don't sit down, Lois," he whispered darkly. "Lawton's got another chair handy, and he means to sit down beside you and ask you how you like Chicago, and other unanswerable questions."

Lois laughed.

"Harry Driscoll's coming, and he's got to have a chance," Tom rattled on. "Mother hasn't asked any other lady for dinner, and one of us—By George! here comes Mollie Bynner—Mother, I have wronged you. Bring the maiden hither!"

Lois laughed again, and Mrs. Bailey shook her finger warningly at Tom. Miss Bynner was fifty, tall, thin and of unbending dignity. But Tom's nonsense always stopped at the right point, and it was a very courteous host who greeted the elderly lady and presented her to his friends. When Harry Driscoll arrived, which he did shortly, the party moved on to the dining-room, Mr. Lawton taking Lois, Tom Miss Bynner, and Driscoll bringing up the rear with Mrs. Bailey.

It was a merry little company around the table, and Lois found Mr. Lawton so charming and interesting that she paid small heed to the large rather ugly-looking young man who sat opposite. Several times he glanced at her with a rather puzzled expression in his deep-set eyes, but at last, at some question of Mrs. Bailey's about Professor Norris, his face cleared and he said pleasantly: "Are you the Miss Davis who lives in the same building with Professor Norris?"

"Yes, Mr. Driscoll," responded Lois, a pink flush mounting to her soft cheek.

"Then, I fear I came very near fatally injuring your small maid the other afternoon. I trust she has recovered."

Mrs. Bailey looked up quickly.

"What was it, Lois?" she asked.

"Nothing," answered Lois indifferently. "I sent Nan for some eggs, and she ran against some man, or some man ran against her, with an umbrella. No damage done the eggs. Nan arrived with them safely."

After this brief explanation, Lois resumed her conversation with Mr. Lawton, and Mrs. Bailey exerted herself to entertain Mr. Driscoll, who was quite a favorite with her.

The evening passed delightfully. Lois played with exceptional skill, and Mr. Lawton had a tenor voice that, as Tom expressed

it, would coax a bird off the bush. Mr. Driscol's dark face paid tribute to the charm of the hour, and even Miss Bynner, sitting well in shadow, felt her eyes grow humid and a smile relax her stern mouth, as she gazed at the slim, girlish figure at the piano and listened to that wooing lyric tenor.

The hour was late when the company broke up, and Tom took Miss Bynner home.

Mr. Driscol and Mr. Lawton withdrew, each having asked and received permission to call on the charming girl who had made a deep impression on both.

Mrs. Bailey and Lois sat in cosy converse over the library fire until Tom came back. Their chat seemed to be satisfactory, judging from the smiling faces that greeted his return.

University work began and progressed steadily. Lois flung her strength and enthusiasm into the work she had undertaken to do, and Nan, the neat little maid, neither faltered nor swerved from her part of the toil. The little ménage went on swimmingly, and neither Lois on her couch by the window, or at the student's desk, her small hands buried in her thick hair while her elbows rested beside the book over which she pored, nor deft Nan busy in her minutest of kitchens, complained of loneliness. Tom returned to Harvard, but Mr. Lawton remained, and was not slow in availing himself of his permission to call upon Miss Davis. Wednesday of the week following their meeting found him at her door. Lois herself admitted him, and the evening passed most pleasantly. On Thursday Mr. Driscol called. Nan admitted him. She smiled a little as she recognized him, and he smiled too at the recollection of their ridiculous meeting. Nan showed him into the tiny parlor, and departed to announce him to her mistress, who delayed quite twenty minutes before appearing, and made no apology for her slowness. But when he had gone she could not but acknowledge that she had passed a very agreeable evening.

It would seem that Professor Norris was an Egyptologist and antiquarian of some note, and Mr. Driscol was a bit of an enthusiast along the same lines. He frequently came to see the professor, and in the summer proposed going to Egypt with him, as the professor had saved up a year of vacations. Now if there was one place on earth Lois longed to visit, that place was Egypt, and she

listened absorbedly to what her visitor had to say about the land of her dreams. It is to be feared that the man was a little late in departing, but then there was always Nan, the maid, for propriety, even if she had retired from sight.

Lois had decided not to return home for Christmas, and Mrs. Bailey insisted that the vacation week should be spent with her, and toward the middle of December drove out one day to pass several hours with her young friend, and to talk over many little arrangements for the tree that was to put forth its miscellaneous fruitage Christmas Eve.

"Have you seen much of Mr. Driscol, Lois?" she asked, while they were sitting sociably over the lunch table.

"M-m-m-yes," answered Lois slowly. "He comes a good deal to see Professor Norris, and often of an evening he drops in here for an hour. Nan says he is the most 'perfect gentleman' she ever saw. You know," she went on, devoting herself assiduously to peeling an orange and removing the "scarf skin" with much elaborate carefulness. "Nan has a really beautiful understanding of her position as maid, and would resent the smallest familiarity. She says Mr. Driscol's manner of pleasant, kind, respectful interest is adorable.

"The other evening he said to me: 'Do you know, that little maid of yours has a decidedly refined and intellectual look; her manners are those of a lady; have you ever thought of giving her a chance?'"

"What did you tell him?" asked Mrs. Bailey, much amused.

"I told him that Nan had been offered her chance. Mrs. Norris met her at the grocer's, and asked her if she didn't feel lonesome, I went out so much, and wouldn't she like to come and live with her."

"What did he say?"

"He looked at me quite startled for a moment, and asked me 'f I thought Nan could be tempted with higher wages. I assured him that it was my firm conviction that Nan was thoroughly attached to me, and would never leave me, and that seemed to relieve his mind. He likes Doctor Norris and studies with him a great deal, but Mrs. Norris—well, she's clever, but her house and her children are simply spectacles.

"The other day she gave a luncheon, and included me. The table looked lovely, and we were having a nice time, when one of the

ladies began idly to strike her wine glass with her fork, as she talked.

"I must break myself of that trick," she said at once, "the other evening I broke one of a lovely set of glasses doing that."

"Did you?" said Mrs. James, who sat opposite. "I never break anything but the globes of the chandelier; those little screws that hold them, you know—"

"Of course we all looked up to see the little screws, and we all looked down pretty quick, I can tell you. There was but one globe on that chandelier, and that was broken and as black and dusty as it could be."

Mrs. Bailey nearly choked laughing.

"Oh, but she has a career," she gasped between her spasms of merriment.

"If anything could sicken me of a desire to have one, her home and her children would," answered Lois, planting her white teeth sharply into her orange.

"I wish it might *cure* you, Lois," said Mrs. Bailey earnestly. "You know I don't one bit approve of this housekeeping plan. It's really not the thing for a girl like you to undertake. You are young, rich and pretty; with two men dying to be accepted. What possible good can come of your studying and working as you do?"

"Perhaps it will help me to choose between those two gallant lovers," laughed Lois lightly, but with a quick glance at her friend that suggested deeper thought. "When Mr. Lawton takes my opera cloak from the waiter and lays it over my shoulders, I feel that Elizabeth and Raleigh were not in it, and when he sings, moonbeams and nightingales are thick in the air, and roses and nectar seem every-day diet. I can't help liking him, he's so superior; although I always feel as if I should have to go through life on tip-toe—to be within notice."

Mrs. Bailey sighed. "How is it with Harry Driscoll?" she asked a trifle anxiously.

"Oh! Mr. Driscoll is like his tweed suit—he's so fond of wearing—awfully comfortable, and wears well. Of excellent cut, too. He can tell you about mummies till you feel the only really desirable thing in this world is to be one. If each of these men should ask me to marry him, I'm afraid I should tremble between a desire to be a lady of mineral qualities—ruby lips, alabaster brow and sapphire eyes—and a Simon pure Sphinx."

"Lois, I don't like your levity," said Mrs. Bailey severely.

"My dear Mrs. Bailey, I don't like it, either," said the girl, and there was a suspicion of tears in her voice.

The Christmas holidays passed blithely. Lois closed her apartment, and went to Mrs. Bailey's for a week before the festive day. Every morning the two spent in shopping expeditions; the afternoons chatting and resting, and the evenings in social pleasure. The beautiful house was full of life and mirth. Both Mr. Lawton and Mr. Driscoll haunted the place, and Lois could not but understand that both were, in their separate ways, suing for her favor, and she was also conscious that she was unable to decide whether Mr. Lawton, with his polished, high-bred air, his lovely tenor voice, the perfect appointments of his dress, which stopped quite short of foppishness and left only the impression of fitness, or Mr. Driscoll, whose English tweeds seemed exactly in keeping with his rugged, powerful face and keen, kindly eyes, were most attractive to her. Their manner of wooing was as different as their appearance. Mr. Lawton was always like a watchful courtier, at hand to offer the chair, or turn the music, or open the door. Mr. Driscoll remained quietly in the background, but Lois observed that the warmest corner, the most comfortable chair, the ready word that turned aside Tom's jokes were unfailingly hers.

It was the day before Christmas, at lunch, that a little thing occurred that showed the strained relations of Lois' two lovers.

Tom, looking suddenly up from the meat he was carving, asked in his clear, insistent voice: "By the way, Lois, what did you do with your maid when you came up here. Is she all alone?"

"No, indeed! She's with friends," answered Lois, indifferently.

"I hear that she's young and pretty," Tom went on. "You've seen her, Harry; is this paragon of a maid lovely?"

"She's very pretty," answered Driscoll quietly.

Lawton glanced at the two men with a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"You've seen her, too, Charley," persisted Tom, with unwanted doseness. "What is your verdict?"

"I have never observed her," replied Law-

ton haughtily; "a servant is a servant to me. There are but two kinds—those who perform their duties perfectly, and those who do not. I don't interest myself in their behalf. I'm not a visitor from Altruria."

Driscoll's face was immovable, but both Lois and Mrs. Bailey looked annoyed, and the latter changed the conversation at once.

Christmas morning, among her many gifts, Lois found at her plate at breakfast a magnificent bunch of roses and a little sealed note, which she read in silence. She found there, also, a little box with a wonderful Egyptian scarab. There was a little note with this, also.

A few days later, Lois returned to her own home and took up the university work again, but it was a disturbed and unsettled student who pored over the pages of her book. Greater problems than were printed or suggested by text-books confronted her for solution. She tried honestly to study and study hard, but her mind would wander off.

"Dear me, Lois," she would say to herself once in a while, taking her lovely perplexed face into the hollow of her plump little hand and staring fixedly at the fire. "I'm afraid you are getting yourself into a fix. You will never get a Ph. D., if you go on like this; and where is your career coming in; answer me that? Here," nodding at the Morris chair, "is a scholarly young person—every inch a man—who honors you with the offer of his hand and fortune; and here," glaring at a Boston fern on a taborette, "is a young god—divinely tall and most divinely fair—who dances like an angel, and sings like a cherub, till something in your subjective tingles and aches and dreams abominably. I don't believe you love him," shaking her head at the fern, "but he does make one feel poetical and as if life was sort of rainbowy. As for you," her eyes resting dreamily on the Morris chair, "you are so restful—Lois, you could—only that lyric tenor—it wraps you up in fleecy clouds and rose leaves, and makes you simply idiotic. You should go home, that you should, only you were so *determined* to come. I'm really ashamed to let you," and after this she unlocked a drawer in her desk and took out a little box which contained an Egyptian scarab, looking at it quite longingly.

The upshot of the thing was that Lois resolved to deny herself to all visitors and grind

hard at her work; and Nan was instructed to tell Mr. Lawton and Mr. Driscoll when they called, that Miss Lois was working hard for examinations, and begged to be excused from seeing them, save Saturday evenings at Mrs. Bailey's. This was judicial, for at her friend's house she saw to it that no special interviews with either gentlemen were given.

This plan worked admirably. Each man knew that his fate was in abeyance; but the unexpected is always happening, and the unexpected did happen one evening in early spring, and brought Lois to a speedy decision, and broke up her little establishment.

About eight o'clock one evening, the doorbell rang sharply. Nan opened the door and disclosed Mr. Lawton armed with a big bunch of American Beauty roses.

"Miss Lois is out," announced the maid promptly.

"Is she really?" pleaded the handsome young man, looking at Nan searchingly. "I only want to see her for five minutes."

"She is not at home," repeated the girl.

"Can I come in, then, and leave a note for her, with these roses?"

Nan opened the door wider and stepped aside.

"You know where her desk is," she said.

"Oh, yes," said the young man, laying his hat down in the tiny hall. "Will you come and give me some paper and an envelope?"

Nan followed him into the little study, and laid out the desired articles.

"Wait a moment, Nan," Lawton said, seating himself on the desk chair. "I want to speak a word to you—when I've written this. There, that will do," he said a moment later, folding the note and placing it in the envelope. "Do you know where Miss Lois is this evening?"

"She is over at the library," hazarded Nan, desperately.

Lawton stared at the girl boldly. "You have a look like your mistress," he went on, leaning back in his chair, and putting the tips of his fingers together. "Are you related to her?"

"Slightly."

"Poor relation, I suppose?"

Nan nodded uneasily.

"I suspected as much. My Lady keeps that part dark, and well she may, for you're mighty pretty—prettier even than Lois!"

"Now, listen. Lois and I are to be married before long, and I want you to promise to live with us when we are. I'll see that you have all you want. It's a blamed shame to leave you here all alone. Don't you ever go out? I'd like to take you to dinner some night. Don't look so frightened, my dear," he went on, smiling, for Nan's face had grown very white. "Lois couldn't come in without our hearing her, and I could meet her all right, but I'm going. It might be a little awkward, if you looked so scared. I'll see you again. Would you squeal if I kissed you, I wonder? I believe you would. Well, good-night, you beauty," and he went, throwing her a kiss from the doorway.

An hour later, Driscol, coming down stairs from Professor Norris' apartment, saw Lois, dressed in a dark blue broadcloth suit and smart little hat, standing outside her door, which she had just shut. In one hand was a dress-suit case, and in the other a huge bunch of roses.

"Where are you going?" he asked surprisedly, hurrying to her side and taking the suit case from her hand. "What is the matter?" he added anxiously, observing her pale face and agitated manner.

"I'm going to Mrs. Bailey's," gasped Lois. "Don't speak to me!"

Harry followed her down stairs without a question farther. A cab was waiting. When Lois reached it, she threw the roses furiously under the horses' feet, and motioned Driscol to place the suit case in the cab. She paused, with her foot upon the step, and held out her hand.

"Don't come with me, Harry," she said with a sob, "and don't worry. I'm simply in a furious rage. Come to Mrs. Bailey's tomorrow about ten, and I'll tell you everything. Good-night."

Harry Driscol pressed the little hand that trembled so.

"Good-night, Lois," he said simply, and waited till the cab drove away.

Mrs. Bailey received her protégé with open arms, and the motherly woman and the distressed girl talked far into the night, but when they parted both were happier than they had been for a long time.

Promptly at the appointed hour, Harry Driscol appeared and was shown into the library of Mrs. Bailey's house. A slim girl with soft bronze hair piled high above a rosy, dimpled face, sprang from her big chair to meet him. She held out both hands, and as he took them in his strong grasp, he looked down into her soft brown eyes and whispered: "Is it 'yes,' Lois?"

And Lois answered bravely: "If, after you hear all I have to tell, you wish it to be yes, it shall be."

Harry Driscol smiled contentedly: "You think you have a secret from me dearest," he whispered happily, "but I know it."

"How long? Who told you?"

"Mrs. Norris. Since Easter."

Lois laughed. "Mrs. Norris is clever at everything but taking care of her own home and children," she said. "But sit here on the couch till I tell you."

"Last night Mr. Lawton called. He insisted upon coming in to leave a note for me, although Nan told him that I was out—and oh, Harry! Harry! he made love to Nan the maid, and wrote this to Lois the mistress."

She took from her belt a note and held it out with the extreme tips of her slender fingers. Harry opened it and read:

"Dearest Lois:—

"Do not be so cruel. I am simply miserable when parted from you. Please, my little white rose, let me come to you for an hour—you are the most beautiful woman in this world, and the only one for

"Your faithful lover,

"CHARLEY."

"Insufferable cad!" snarled Driscol through his teeth. "I saw what you did with his roses. What did you do with the cur, Lois?"

"I have written him this," the girl answered, swift anger leaping to her eyes.

"Mr. Lawton:

"Never dare speak to me again. You are beneath contempt. Nan the maid and Lois the mistress are one person.

"LOIS NANETTE DAVIS."

# MY BURGLAR

By Harrison S. Field

AS I told the captain at the police station, a fellow could not be such an ass as to do such a thing on purpose. The suit is as good as ruined if I do get it back, and Helen is not one of those girls who see things in your light in a minute. As for concealing and condoning a felony, I ask any sensible person if he would conceal a felony in the newest suit of clothes in his wardrobe, or condone it by the public display of his love-letters, if he could help it. I couldn't help it.

I wish I could get the thing quite clear in my head, before I am called upon again. I have never had such trouble with anything before. It is so difficult to put the story in a favorable light.

You see, this is how it stands: I live in what the fellow who let the thing to me called a "maisonette"—goodness only knows why—just off X Square. That sounds rather silly; like algebra, I know; but I am not going to let out which square it is, because that trap door hasn't been mended yet, and I don't want any more of it. I have had enough, thank you.

At about half-past twelve, on Thursday night or Friday morning, whichever it was, I heard cries of "Fire!" and that gave me a start, you may be sure. I had gone to bed early, and was just dozing off. I slipped a few clothes on in a jiffy, and ran out of the room and down the stairs as fast as I could beat it, and was exceedingly glad when I got to the bottom of the four flights. I suppose that, in the excitement of the moment, I left the door of my "maisonette" open; but I'll come to that later on.

When I got into the street, I didn't have much difficulty in finding out where the fire was, because a fairly big crowd had collected already, and a policeman was standing just by our front door, telling people to stand back and move on, and conducting the proceedings generally. The fire had broken out, it appeared, on the second floor of the corner house, where McKinney, the big banker, lives, but

it was not considered serious. That did not prevent all the people in New York from collecting in the streets to see the fun, nor the fire engines from coming up in swarms. I always think it is inspiring to see the grays dashing up, and hear the "Hi! hi! hi!" of the firemen. They were pretty smart in getting their horses out and setting to work, and I was thinking what a really thrilling sight it was, when a policeman suggested to me that, if I put myself behind the front door and shut it, I might go to bed, or else put some clothes on. I was not quite got up for an evening walk, and as some of the crowd seemed to think it funny, I thought I'd get inside.

As I was going up the stairs I could have have sworn that I saw someone scuttle down and dash into my flat. I hurried up and found that I was right. A man was standing flat against the wall in the passage, and as I entered, he shut the door behind him.

"Hello! Who the devil—?" I said.

"All right! All right!" said the fellow as coolly as possible. "Let's get inside," and he walked straight into my sitting-room.

I went in after him, thinking that this was decidedly odd, because I'd never heard the man's voice before in my life.

There was still a little light from the fire, and I could just make out that he was a hard-looking character, and I got a bit angry.

"What the devil are you doing in my maisonette?" I said.

"Oh!" says he, looking around him, "so this is a maisonette, is it? And pretty cosy, too, or I'm another."

"Look here! Out you go!" said I.

"No, I shan't," he answered. "I like it. It's cosy."

"If you don't go yourself, I'll put you out!" I told him. I tell you, I was angry.

"You couldn't have the—Oh! all right, guv'nor. I was only goin' to say want of hospitality."

"Hospitality be hanged!" said I, and went for him.

Then he set his back against the door and flicked something out of his overcoat pocket.

"Can you guess riddles?" said he.

"Come away from that door!" I shouted.

"How you bawl! Now, I wonder if you could guess what's in my hand?"

The fire threw a light on the plated barrel of a revolver, and I retired—just a step or two, you know.

"Things come in handy, jest when you least expects 'em, don't they? I've often heard folks pass that remark, and they was quite ac'rit. This 'ere," said he, jerking up the pistol, "has bin the means of restorin' peace and brotherhood within the precincts of this maisonette."

I could have cursed him all I knew, but it isn't much use cursing a man with a pistol in his hand. It was loaded, too, I thought. He would not have been so free and easy with it, if it hadn't been. He'd have been tragic a little.

"Now you sit down quiet by the fire, and warm your pore feet,"—my feet were bare—"and then we'll have a chat. Too dark for comfort, ain't it? Have you a lucifer?"

I was furious, but I lighted the gas and sat down by the fire. He sat opposite to me, and looked at me with an encouraging smile. By the full light, I could see now that he was a small pale man with a short black beard and quick, beady eyes. He was dressed, as I happen to know, in a new suit of dark blue ready-made clothes and an old black overcoat, and his hands were very dirty. He was warming them in front of the fire, for he had replaced the pistol in his coat pocket.

"Now, you and me must have a talk. It's what I've bin wantin' ever since you asked me into this 'ere—what did you call it? Excuse me," he added, as he stirred the fire with the poker, "I haven't known yer for seven years, have I? That's my misfortune, through bein' otherwise engaged durin' the better part of the time. But intimacy don't go by time, does it, I ask you?"

He might ask me, but I wasn't going to answer. I had made up my mind that if he wanted to rob me, he could; but if he thought he was going to get a laugh out of me, he wouldn't.

"It seems as if intimacy was hangin' fire a bit," he said after a pause. "Never you mind, we shall know each other better before the night's over."

"You aren't going to stop here all night?" I said.

"It ain't inconvenient, I do hope," he answered, with affected consternation. "If I'd 'a' known that, I shouldn't have made my arrangements; but bein' made—oh, dear! oh dear!"

"Look here!" I began.

"Look here, you mean," he broke in, producing his infernal pistol again. "I did not think that I should have to interdooce this means of restorin' peace and harmoný to this 'ere what-d'y-e-call-it again. I'm bound to stop—per'aps for a day or two," he said more seriously; then he added to himself: "Still, time is time."

"For a day or two! Good gracious!" thought I, "this is too horrible!" Then a thought struck me.

"You've come to rob me, I suppose," I said. "Well, why can't you take what you can get and clear out now?"

"To rob you!" he said with a smile of amusement. "No, not much. You can preserve your goods in peace, as I've heard 'em say."

"Then, in heaven's name, what have you come for?"

He put one of his grimy hands to his mouth for a moment, while he looked at me. Then he said:

"Well, why shouldn't I tell you? But this is a dry picnic, ain't it? The key of the tantalizer is with you, I'm thinkin'. That's the ticket! And now for the soder and the glasses. I think I can trust yer to get 'em from the nex' room." But he came to the door, all the same, and looked over me while I got them.

I put the things on the table, and he strolled around the room, commenting on the pictures and the photographs. The cheek of the fellow was consummate. He looked at my photographs one by one, and clawed them all over with his dirty fingers. I have a lot of "my sisters and my cousins and my aunts" about the room, like other people.

"I'm afraid," he remarked, "that you're very wanderin' in your attentions. Now, this 'ere's about my mark; but then, I'm not partic'ler. It happened to be a portrait of Elizabeth Greene. "I'll keep it as a memento."

"Confound you!" said I.

"Tut, tut!" said he. "Have a drink and soothe yourself. Can yer recommend these

smokes. Yer take care of yourself pretty fair, I remawk."

He lighted a cigar, and passed me the box, then, sitting himself comfortably down in my easy-chair, he remarked: "I'm a gentleman."

That did not seem to need contradiction.

"Yes, I'm a gentleman—like you. I don't earn my livin'. I lives on what other people earns—not but what I don't have some trouble to git it. Tomorrow I shall be dressed as well as you, and a darn sight better." It was quite likely. I had been rather hurried, as I said before. "It's jest a bit of luck—luck right through all along, and I'll tell yer all about it."

Behind his air of satisfaction and carelessness there lurked something of fear and suspicion. In spite of his words and the way he uttered them, I could tell from his shifting looks and short, nervous movements that he was afraid—more afraid than I was, and that is saying a good deal.

"I've come to your what-d'ye-call-it straight from No. 19, where McKinney the banker lives, you know. I was there by invitation."

I expect I looked incredulous.

"Not as you might expect, from Mr. nor yet from Mrs. McKinney. They haven't the pleasure of my acquaintance. It was a very partic'lar little friend o' mine called Susie. Nice, innercent name, Susie, ain't it? You should see 'er, an' then you could judge fer yerself. Mr. McKinney's out of town. Just see my luck. He sent for Mrs. McKinney to join him, and she went off in a hurry. See my luck again. But the people in the servants' quarter decided to take advantage of the absence of both and give a little affair. So Susie asks me if I could drop in without mindin' the want of ceremony, which I did not mind. See, luck all the way through. We had a tolerable supper and played games, and then I said I didn't want to break the harmony of the evenin', but my time was money in the mornin', so 'good-bye and be good,' and Susie says she'll see me off the premises. But when I got into the passage I found it wasn't so late as I thought it was, and so, instead of hurrying, I took a sort o' tour of inspection of the upper floors. I took a sort of fancy to Mrs. McKinney's room in 'special, and commenced to examine more partic'lar the pretty things about. I come by accident on some pretty bits of

joolry, and thinks how careless not to have them sent to the bank, bein' in the bankin' line, too, and the lock of the drawer bein' a very imperfessional bit o' work. I was puttin' them carefully away when Susie, 'oo'd bin seein' to things down below, come up all flustered like women git, and says: 'Out with the light!' and I outs it. Then she told me that they were playin' 'Hide and Seek' all over the house, and some o' 'em were comin' up stairs there and then. 'Ere's a hole come through my luck,' I thinks. Why, mister, you haven't got a glass of anything."

Was ever a fellow in a more damnable situation? Here was I entertaining in apparently friendly fashion a grimy scoundrel who had just committed a daring burglary within twenty yards of where we sat. At the moment, I believe, I was more afraid of a policeman coming up the stairs than he was.

He saw my glance at the door, and laughed.

"They won't come," he said. "We're all right for the present."

"We! For the present!"

I poured out a liberal dose of whiskey.

"Well?" I said.

He continued:

"Can I slip down, and out through the hall door?" I says. 'The hall's home,' says she, 'an' Mr. Gibbs is sittin' there with his friend.' 'I must hide,' says I, 'like the rest of them.' Then she began to cry and go on, as if they was comin' immediate, and she couldn't git things straight widout a light—dassn't light one—and I was leavin' her in the lurch. The room was rather untidy, on account o' my experiments, and I saw we were about done, if any of 'em came up and had the idee of hidin' there. We heard them gigglin' and whisperin' on the stairs: silly idjits. Then an idea struck me on a sudden. 'I have it,' says I, 'we must have a conflagration.'"

"The fire!" I exclaimed. I had forgotten it entirely.

"You've guessed it at once. 'If you think they're comin','' says I, 'you put a light to them curtains and run downstairs. The room'll be burnt out, and no one won't know anything about them things bein' missin'. I'll look after myself.' 'What'll you do?' says she. 'I'm hanged if I know,' says I. 'There's a trap-door on top of the house, in case of fire,' says she, 'and you can let down

the ladder and unbolt the door, and there'll you be.' 'Yes, there I'll be,' says I; 'but how am I to git down again?' 'I'll let you know when all's quiet again,' she says, and then we heard 'em comin' up to look for them that had hid, so I runs up the stairs and waits a bit. They must 'a' come up to the second floor, for I heard Mary holler 'Fire!' and them rushing about, so I let down the ladder, undid the trap, and was on the roof in a jiffy."

I began to feel as excited as though I had been escaping myself.

"I don't know if you're the same as me," he continued, "but I think a fire's a most interestin' and amusin' occurrence. I knew I was pretty safe on top, and could soon slip along, if the heat got hotter than I like, so I enjoyed myself. 'Luck come right agin', thinks I. But then the idea comes into my head that firemen usually gits on top of houses. Heaven only knows why, but I've noticed it, havin' bin at a good many fires perfessionally. Not wishin' to interfere with dooties, I moves along a bit your way. Now I'll tell yer something. The trap door on top of your house ain't in what I should call proper condition. I come through it quite easy. I thought I'd come down through your house and out into the street, but I heard talk at the front door, from over the bannisters, and I thought of a noo idea."

"You'd better think of the old one again, then," said I. "That seems to me to be the safest thing you could do."

I had begun, heaven only knows why, to take quite a personal interest in his escape.

"You speak without thinkin'; that's where you make a mistake," said he, helping himself to another whiskey-and-soda. "You go to the winder and have a look."

He had taken the command so thoroughly, that I simply did as he said. I went to the window and saw that there were still people about, including three or four policemen. I told him so.

"Suppose," said he, "that my little game of fireworks didn't work quite right, and they've found the things missin', they'll have a description of who was in the house tonight, and perhaps out there, there is one or two would know me as I don't know. I'm like President Roosevelt that way—more knows me than I know. And, comin' out at this time of night looks curious to anyone waitin'

outside, don't it? They'd, as like as not, look me up and down. No, I think I'll have to look a bit different than when I went in, and then I'll step out in the mornin' and have all open and above-board."

"What are you going to look like?" I asked.

"Like you."

"Hang it!" said I.

"And not so bad, either—for a little feller!" he remarked.

This was rather too much, and I could have kicked the fellow, and would have, but that he had a most provoking way of keeping his hand in his overcoat pocket. As it was, I sat still and glared at him, while he smoked serenely on.

The fire had died down, and it was extremely cold. My hands and feet grew numb, and so did my brain, as I sat on, watching for his next move. At last I could no longer hold my thoughts, and I fell asleep.

I don't know how long I slept, but when I awoke I found the chair opposite to me empty. A great feeling of relief came over me, as I thought that I had only dreamed about the scoundrel, but I was quickly disillusioned by a laugh from my bedroom. I glanced at the table. Yes, there were two glasses. The whiskey decanter was empty, and a lighted cigar was burning a hole in my table-cloth. It was not a dream.

My over-night visitor came in, carrying in his arms my newest and most satisfactory suit of clothes.

"Ullo!" was his greeting. "Woke up, have yer? It's lucky it was you that went to sleep, and not me, ain't it? I'm going to take the loan of these."

"Not those," I said, "anything but those. They are brand new, and the best I've got."

"Then they'll be good enough fer me," he said with a grin. "If I'm goin' to represent yer, I should like to do yer credit."

I could only sit and fume with indignation.

"Now," he said, "I'm about to make my toilet."

"But they'll be comin' up to 'do' the room directly," I objected.

"Then you must send them away. Pretend—oh! pretend anything yer like. And now I want yer kind assistance. Let's see, there's water—have to have it cold, I suppose

-shavin' things, shirt, socks, and anything else you can suggest."

He stood by the table and put the pistol elaborately in front of him, while he divested himself of his clothes.

To see a grimy scoundrel shave with your razor and dress with your linen, nearly burst your shoes and split up your vest, is trying; but when you know that these preparations are likely to land you in a most serious danger, they become unbearable. The worst of it was that I had to bear the thing; and not only that, I was obliged to help. He wasn't easily pleased, either. I had to ransack my tie drawer before I could find one good enough to suit him. He broke several collars and swore at them. He scoffed at my scarf-pins, but took the best. He tried on every hat I had, and threw those he did not like into the corner.

In the middle of all this, Mrs. Brumbaugh, who attends to my rooms, came up, and I had to shut the door of my flat in her face, with a wildly-muttered excuse. I don't know what on earth she thought of me.

The fact of the matter is that my feelings of indignation and resentment had faded away before my sense of absolute helplessness. I became desperately and abjectly servile. I believe that, even when we came to finding gloves for him, I really felt contemptible because I had no new ones to offer.

"If he would only go!" I thought, and I mustered all my energies to equip him thoroughly and see him leave my rooms. What would happen afterwards I dared not picture to myself. Only let him go. That would be enough for one day.

At last he was dressed and was surveying himself with satisfaction in the looking-glass. He had elected to take his own overcoat, in the pockets of which the jewels were, I suppose.

"I don't think no one'll recognize it, thrown over the arm sort of negligè," he remarked, and with that prepared to go. It seemed the greatest joy I had ever experienced.

"Oh! I forgot," he said. "Proof of identity is what I want, of course. What shall I have?" He glanced at the dressing table, and saw one or two letters lying there. And among them were two from Helen. "Oh, these'll do fine," he said, and prepared to pocket them.

Then, as I have explained to Helen, I made an impassioned appeal to his manhood. I told him he had taken my clothing and had drunk of my whiskey, and I had said nothing. To which he replied that I couldn't, very conveniently, help it. I told him he was exposing me to dangers of the most serious kind and suspicions of the most damaging nature; and he said that it was no worse for me than it was for him. The logic of that, I said, I would not dispute, but I asked him to ransack my maisonette and take whatever he pleased, but to spare the letters. He merely said "Umph!" and, would you believe it, Helen just now said something of the same sort.

"Ah, and there was Elizabeth's photo, too, wasn't there?—which I was going to take as a memento of this here maisonette," he said, as he took the photograph of Elizabeth Green from his discarded coat and put it in with the letters. "Well, ta-ta!" and he laughed as he went down the stairs.

I was indescribably relieved by his departure, and I could not forbear watching from my window his exit into the street. At the corner of the block was a policeman, who looked at him, as I thought, curiously, as he walked jauntily along with the coat flung over his arm, and then followed him around the corner. Immediately I had a relapse from my pleasure at knowing he was gone, and began to be tormented with suspicions.

I made things as clear as I could in my rooms, and, summoning Mrs. Brumbaugh, demanded breakfast.

"Dear me, sir," she said, "I thought I seen you go out half an hour ago!"

"Good gracious!" I thought, "this is the beginning of it."

Mrs. Brumbaugh brought up the morning paper along with the breakfast things, and I snatched at it eagerly. No news, I thought, would be good news. The fire might have destroyed all traces of the theft, and we—I actually thought "we"—could move about the world without a breath of suspicion blowing on us.

I have noticed that if there is something you want particularly to see in the paper, you have to search page after page, and, finally, after a quarter of an hour's search, the paragraph turns up in a column you could have sworn that you glanced down half a

dozen times at least. Of course, on this occasion the first thing that met my eye was—

#### "BURGLARY IN X SQUARE"

Nothing about the fire. I eagerly read the paragraph. It ran:

"Last night burglars broke into No. 19 X Square, the town residence of James McKinney, of the firm of McKinney & Wright. It appears that in the afternoon Mrs. McKinney was summoned to the bedside of her husband, who had met with an accident, and the house was left in charge of the servants. It was a fortunate occurrence that they should have stayed up somewhat late yesterday night, anxiously awaiting news of their master's condition, or the burglary might have gone entirely unnoticed. According to the butler, as some of the maid-servants were going to bed late last evening, it was discovered that Mrs. McKinney's bedroom was on fire. Prompt assistance was given by the servants themselves and others, and the fire was already almost extinguished when the fire engines appeared on the scene. On entering the room, it was found that numerous drawers had been entered, rifled, and it is believed that all of Mrs. McKinney's jewels have been carried off, the fire being probably caused by the burglars, in their alarm at the approach of the servants, dropping a light upon some inflammable material. The police made diligent inquiries, and they are already thought to be on the track of the burglars."

That began the most wretched day I have ever spent. After breakfast I walked out with the firm determination of giving the policeman at the corner the full benefit of my knowledge. But the policeman did not happen to be at the corner, and I strolled on.

It was some time before I came across a member of the force, and by that time, whether it was from some odd compunction which made me want to give the fellow a chance; or from the idea that it was too late to do any good by giving information now, or from the memory of the close proximity of the loaded revolver, I had made up my mind not to say anything at all about it. In that I was wrong, I admit.

When I had reached Park Row, the bulletin of an enterprising evening paper warned me of new discoveries. I read that the trap-door had been found to be open, and I shuddered. In the next edition there were stories of a suspicious character having been in the house that night. I groaned as I read them. The fifth edition gave a tolerably accurate description of my visitor and myself, and I had a fit of despair. The police had a clue. In the "specials" was news of an arrest. I hurried home, and found that I was wanted at the police station.

Now this is how I stand. The law looks upon me with suspicion, pooh-poohs the pistol, throws doubt upon my intrepidity (before unquestioned), and thinks my behavior unworthy of a citizen. If I escape being taken up as an accessory after the fact it is as much as I can hope for.

And there is Helen—

Helen is furious at my having given up her letters, and won't listen to reason for a moment. The presence of Elizabeth Greene's picture in the same pocket as the letters has also been the subject of a most disagreeable conversation between us, and she treats my simple and true explanation with contemptuous incredulity. In short, I'm up against it all around.

But what would you have done in my place?

# JACK BRADLEY'S LANDSLIDE

By Juliet Older Carlton

HIGH time you was home, I should think!" remarked Mrs. Bradley, without so much as a glance at her husband, who hung up his hat and coat with a dejected air. He made no reply as he spread his hands over the glowing range; for it was November—the first Monday before the fateful first Tuesday.

His wife waved him aside as she stooped to peep at her biscuits. "You'd better quit politics for good," she said in an acrid tone, "You might know better than to run for anything against one of that Crane or Jepson tribe; they're related by birth or marriage to two-thirds of the county—good thing—for them—I guess. The whole tribe are off electioneering, I expect; anyway," she added in sour satisfaction, "their cows have eaten up and trodden down your corn-fodder."

This statement was made in a tone that implied that the "tribe" alluded to were equal to any atrocity, with her husband as a possible accessory.

"When did that happen?" asked Bradley, sharply.

"Oh, shortly after you left," she answered, with aggravating coolness, "at least the mischief was done when I first noticed them at half-past nine. Mother drove Pete and Curt Crane's cows into our yard, and there they are now. I'd sue them for damages, if I was you; but I 'spose you won't."

"Not much!" growled Jack. "Have the whole tribe telling 'round that I did it out of spite, 'cause Pete beat me for sheriff. Well, I guess not!"

"Supper's ready," snapped Mrs. Bradley, "Call Mother Bradley."

Just then there came a timid knock at the door, which was opened without invitation by a red-headed boy of thirteen, who began in a rapid, frightened voice: "Say, Mis' Bradley, ma sent me over to see if ol' Mis' Bradley could come over. W'y—ma, she's sick, an' pa hain't got home yet."

The two women exchanged significant glances. "My goodness!" exclaimed the

elder. "I'll go, of course. Say! bub," she called, "you'd better drive your cows 'long home," but the boy had vanished.

Protesting that she wanted no supper, and that she'd "rather walk than to climb into and out of a rig," she tucked a roll of freshly-laundered little garments under her cape and hurried off.

As she passed the yard-gate, she freed the two deep-udder Jersey cows and followed them home.

The Bradleys partook of the evening meal in a silence whose density was occasionally pierced by caustic remarks on the part of Mrs. Bradley concerning the "gall" of the Crane tribe.

When Pete Crane, at half-past ten, came home with three of his "tribe," that is to say, his brother Curt, and their respective brothers-in-law, he found the chores all done, his four boys in bed, and Mother Bradley sitting by the fire with a small bundle on her lap.

"A girl, did you say?" he asked in an eager whisper, peering into the downy blanket. "Gee! boys," he chuckled softly, "everything's coming my way," and with subdued haste, he tip-toed into his wife's room. After a few moments' low-toned conference, he came out with a queer look on his face. "Well, Mis' Bradley," he observed, in a husky whisper, "seems 'rom Libby's account, you've been a-havin' a strenuous time of it. Say, Curt," addressing his brother, "our cows got out and didn't do a thing to Jack's corn-patch! Gutted it complete! an' Mis' Bradley, here, drove 'em home an' milked 'em."

Curt whistled softly. "Well," he ruminated, "Jack must have thought we had it in for him, sure." The four men looked at one another, and then at Mother Bradley, who read their thoughts.

"Oh, Jack understands how 'tis," she explained timidly, "he never harbors spite. He wouldn't 've run at all, only your friends, you know, as well as his, urged him to; but since you folks have made up your difference,

he knows he's beat. I wouldn't care at all—and I don't know as Jack would, only Nan's pa has been township trustee where he lives for quite a spell, an' now her brother out in Dakoty's been elected county treasurer, an' Nan brags over Jack to that extent that I can't help wishin' sometimes that he could win, though, of course, he's just as good without an office as he would be with—maybe better," she added thoughtfully.

She stroked the tiny brown head with a velvet touch of her little worn hand, and glanced shyly at the men as she concluded this—to her—long and daring speech.

For a brief space the air was alive with wireless messages, passing from man to man, and after awkward peeps at the baby, whom with one voice, they pronounced "fine and dandy," they retired to the kitchen where they held a short but animated session.

Soon the house became quiet, and Mother Bradley heard the sound of rapid hoof-beats die away in the distance, from at least three different directions. Good soul! she did not dream that the chief of the Crane tribe had dispatched his henchmen to undo, between then and eight o'clock of the morrow, the carefully-laid plans of many weeks—that she, who had never lifted hand or voice for the uplifting of down-trodden woman, had changed the vote of a county in a night!

On the morrow, Jack Bradley, after casting an early vote for Pete Crane, returned home and worked like a Trojan on his broken fence and ravaged fodder-patch, answering with sturdy good-will the hail of his fellows as they passed, singly or in jolly loads, to and from the polls.

For reasons best known to his spouse, his supper was late, and while he waited she beguiled the time with pleasing allusions to the high official positions held by members of her family.

Suddenly the door opened and in came Mother Bradley, with shining eyes and the step of a girl, and behind her loomed Pete Crane. "Well, Mr. Sheriff," he called in his big cheery voice, "seems to me you're takin' your honors rather tame, ain't ye?"

Bradley stared in questioning silence.

"Oh, you're It, all right, Jack," chuckled Pete. "Reg'lar landslide fer Bradley!"

"Landslide!" echoed Jack, "What do you mean? How on earth—"

Pete wagged his head and sighed, signifying that the affair was beyond his ken, meantime winking significantly at Mother Bradley.

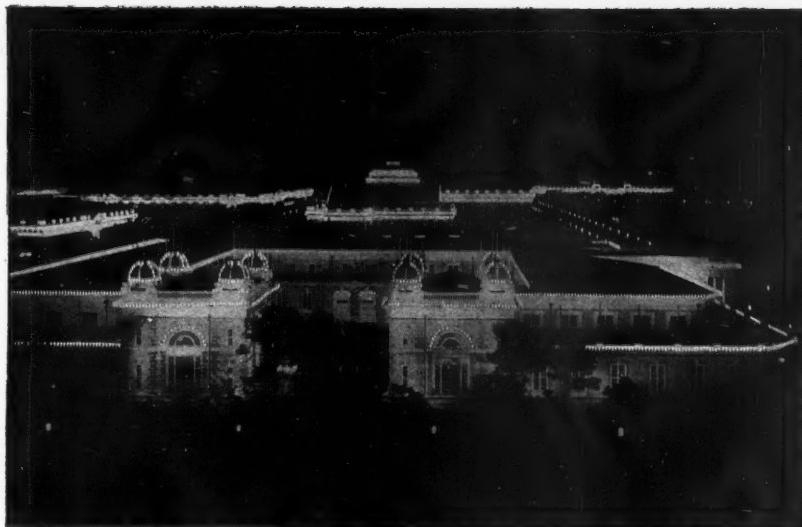
"Influence of the fair sex, I expect," he drawled, "We men are mere wax in their hands. Here, Mr. Sheriff," he added, proudly extending a "ten-center," "have a smoke on my girl."

## WHEN THE BABY SAYS "DAD"

**T**HREE are times when I think that a poor man  
Has a mighty hard furrow to hoe;  
That Fate marks him out for misfortune—  
That's when I'm down-hearted, you know.  
Just now, I sit here by my cottage;  
All nature is smiling and glad.  
And, somehow, this life seems worth living—  
The baby has learned to say "dad"!

I don't think I'd care for a mansion;  
I don't fancy fashion and style:  
But, the baby hands! Let them caress me  
And joy fills my heart all the while.  
A hut at the edge of the clearing,—  
A humble life isn't half bad.  
God smiles on the poor man, and gives him  
The baby that learns to say "dad"!

*Louis E. Thayer.*



## THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

**S**TANDING at night on the government pier, looking upon those miles of twinkling electric lights, the dome of the Auditorium Building seems like a crown of fire from which the searchlights gleam out like a nocturnal sunburst.

Oh! the superb beauties of that night scene, with the glow of electric lights standing out as if embossed in brilliant gold against the black of the midnight sky. I learned that, in order to obtain accurate photographs of this wonderful scene, exposures are made in the daytime. This gives an accurate picture of every detail of foliage and other minute objects, and the night effect is obtained by exposing the same film or plate after dark.

The transformation in the grounds and buildings in the past thirty days has been marvelous, and the Jamestown Exposition is now a completed project that is attracting visitors from all parts of the country. People

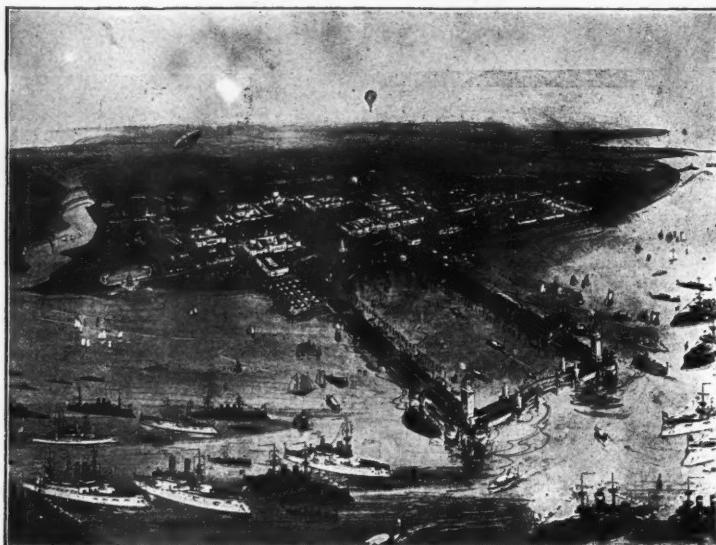
coming to the various national conventions held in the East feel that the visit would be incomplete without a trip to Norfolk and the Jamestown Exposition. Everywhere there is a spirit of get-up-and-go when it is understood that the exposition is now in its full glory.

The aggressive and vigorous campaign of publicity in the last month has reaped good results. Director-General Barr is going at matters with the same imperturbable and aggressive spirit with which he handled railroad affairs, and Director of Publicity Bolles has laid out his campaign on a map which he keeps ever before him, watching the tide of publicity as it rises and spreads abroad through all sections.

The fact that the grounds and exhibits are all completed adds immensely to the busy hum of industry and jollity, which is accentuated by the cheer with which friend meets friend. This, by the way, is a phase of exposi-

tion going never taken into account as an exhibit; yet it is one of the most interesting features to be seen in Jamestown, and has always been a permanent charm of all expositions. For here, care and fancy free, the people wander, meeting unexpectedly or by appointment; looking upon the marvelous strides which have been made even in the short time that has elapsed since the St. Louis Exposition. From the tower of coal and the stately cedar trees at Sewall's Point, near the Inside Inn, to the Canoe Path and the long array of state

audiences evidently have a high appreciation of art. Never have I heard a more thrilling musical production than when the two bands united to play "The Lost Chord," that song which won for Sir Arthur Sullivan a title, and is accounted his masterpiece. The trombones and cornets spoke a message that was echoed back in the breathless stillness, for the people listened as though spellbound. There was something grand in that refrain; something that cannot be surpassed in all time, and that spoke direct to the hearts of the auditors.



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

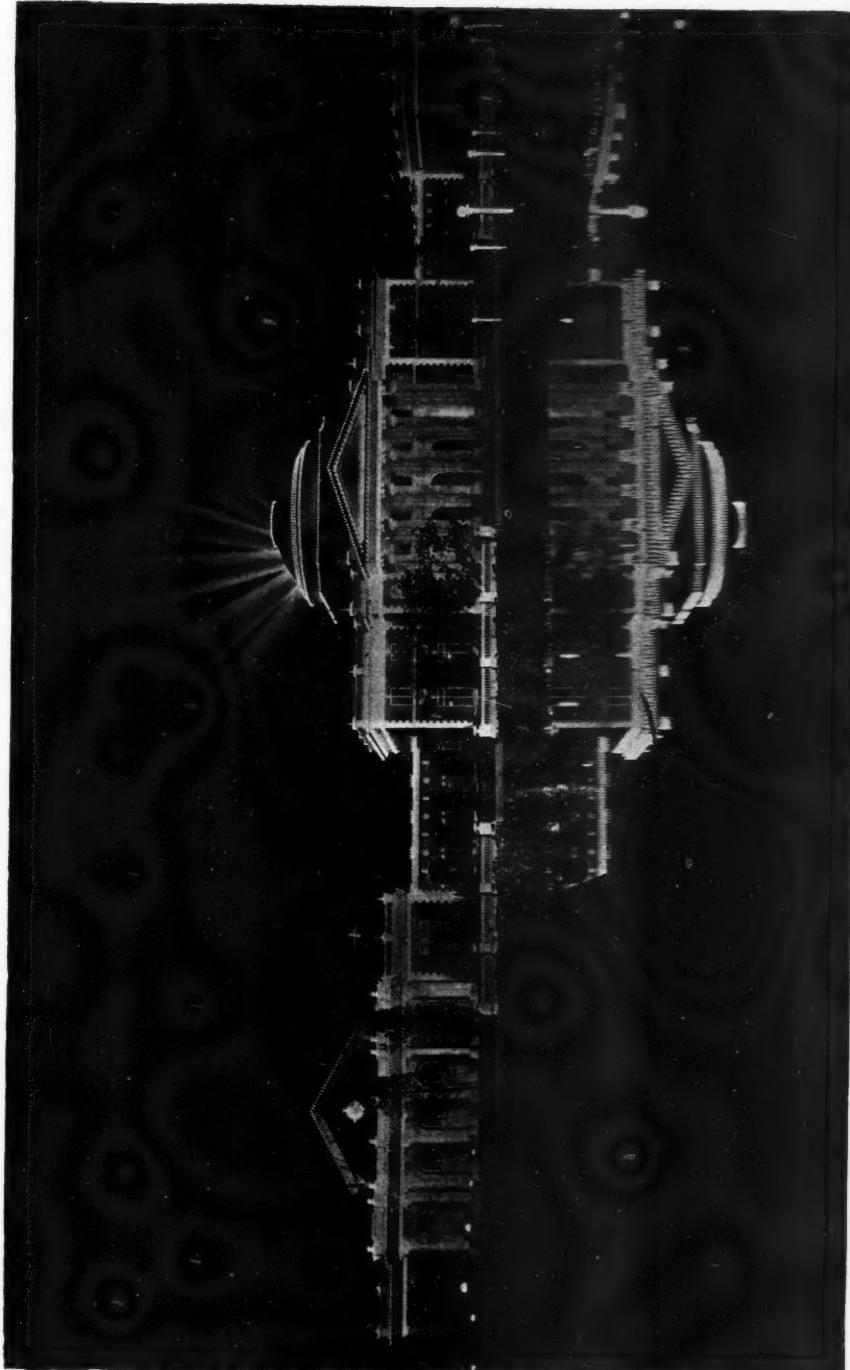
buildings, many an historic story is told that brings a constant thrill of patriotism. Every day is filled with special events, and Raleigh Square looks more charming than ever in the gleam of the autumn sunlight. Every exhibit offers a concrete view of the awakened activities of a united country. The South has been splendid in its outpouring of hospitality and hearty welcome to visitors, and the North has found in this exposition a better comprehension of the resources of the southern portion of the republic.

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In the Auditorium Building every afternoon, are given musical recitals, and the

In the Auditorium the exercises connected with the reunion of National Magazine readers were held, but a later issue of the National will contain full particulars of this event. We were all be-badged and be-ribboned, and we got acquainted and talked it over in that friendly spirit that is characteristic of the readers of the National.

The splendid services rendered by the sturdy board of governors is everywhere commented upon. They stood by the proposition during its discouraging period, and now are rewarded by the rich fruit of their labors: an ever-increasing attendance. The officials of the exposition have every reason



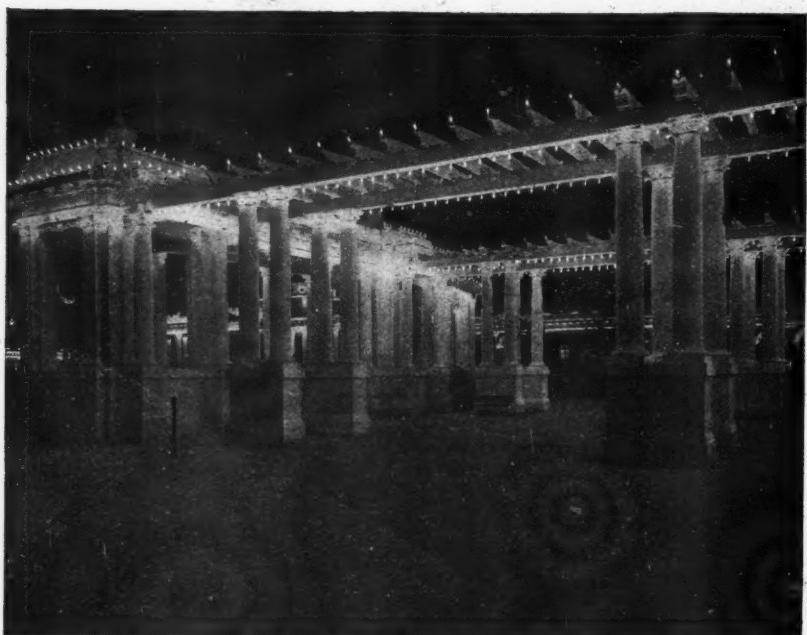
A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT SCENE AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION—MIRRORED IN THE WATER

to be proud of the splendid success which they are achieving.

Visitors are pouring in. The attendance during the gorgeous days of autumn promises to surpass in proportion that of any exposition yet held. The beauties of Hampton Roads, with its unique splendor, offer an unfailing attraction not afforded by any other exposition. Then, too, a trip to the Jamestown Exposition includes a visit to Washington, and a peep at the capital of

merce of olden days floated far and wide. The spiles of the deserted wharves may still be seen, and the water seems to ripple to and fro, murmuring, "Why are there no ships today?"

Passing down a winding expanse of the great river to Mount Vernon, a glimpse of the tomb of Washington is obtained, and a view of the place he so loved. Across the way is Marshall Hall, with its stories of the courtly gallantry of early times. Farther



BEAUTIFUL EFFECT OF THE ILLUMINATION OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS

the nation is always an inspiration. There have been more visitors in Washington during the past summer than ever before in the history of the city; though boats and trains have been crowded, the additional pressure of traffic has been ably met.

One of the chief pleasures of a visit to the exposition is the trip down the Potomac on the good ships of the Norfolk & Washington Steamship Line. A journey on the daylight boats is especially popular, for a daylight view of the Potomac presents a living panorama of historic scenes. There are the old docks at Alexandria, from which the com-

down is historic Wakefield, the birthplace of George Washington, now almost deserted. It always seems to me as though this spot should be marked with some memorial of the great man who first saw the light there.

As in the early days, the river commerce still supplies many of the settlers along the eastern shore, and the local traffic along this waterway is still briskly maintained and forms a considerable trade. The Norfolk & Washington boats are a through line from the capital to Norfolk, covering it in twelve hours, either by day or night, and they run on exact schedules winter and summer.



From an old painting

THE MARRIAGE OF POCOHONTAS



THE FAMOUS OLD CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN

The splendid service rendered by this company has been highly commended, and special credit is due to the president, Mr. Levi Woodbury, the general manager, Mr. John Callahan, and the vice president, Mr. Norment, a trio who have successfully exploited this splendid river and made it the most noted of any waterway in the republic. They have practically opened anew the history of the Potomac, and made it even more famous than of yore.

of the American Aero Club and other well-known aero-nautical men. The director of aeronautics at the exposition, Israel Ludlow, had just completed his aeroplane, which was forty by twenty-five feet, twice as large as any aeroplane yet made. It entered the contest with Captain T. T. Lovelace as aviator. It was arranged that a torpedo boat should tow the aeroplane constructed on a pontoon, to its place for flight. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, was



ON THE WARPATH

On the Warpath there is the usual refrain of merriment and good cheer, the national effervescence of gaiety only to be witnessed on this popular holiday ground. The Warpath is replete with attractions that tell the story of national history in a way far more impressive than the most earnest lessons taught from the limp pages of a school book, for here the records of the nation are vivified and events actually live before the eyes of the visitor.

The air-ship flights for a thousand-dollar cup were a feature of September 14, a day of especial interest to many prominent members

expected to appear as one of the prominent guests. The flights were all planned to take place on the Lee Parade Grounds, and were a series of aerial competitions which will long be remembered, and doubtless duly chronicled in the annals of the Aero Club of America, under whose auspices they took place.

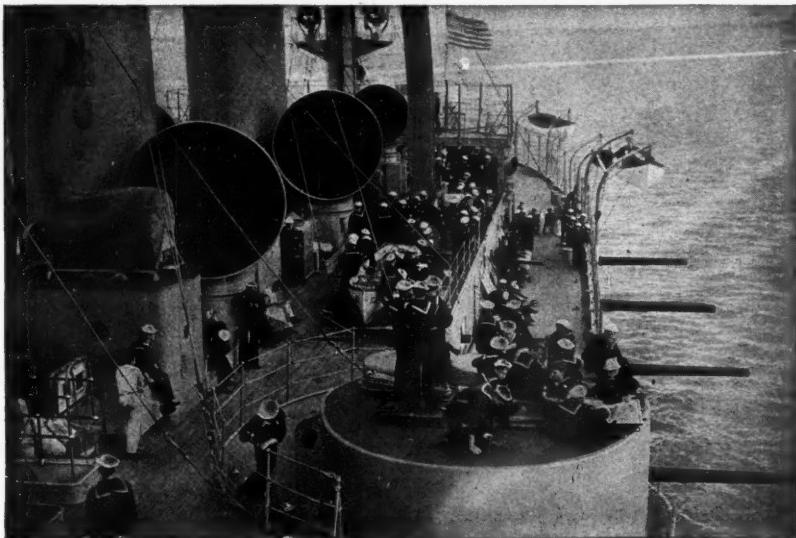
Air ship experiments are being continued with persistent determination that aerial navigation shall no longer be a closed book to mankind. The flights of the aeroplanes and the trips of the captive balloons attract crowds, whose fascinated attention proves that interest in air-ships has in no wise

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

71



ARRIVAL OF WEST POINT CADETS ON THE GREAT EXPOSITION WHARF



ON BOARD THE BATTLESHIP NEW JERSEY

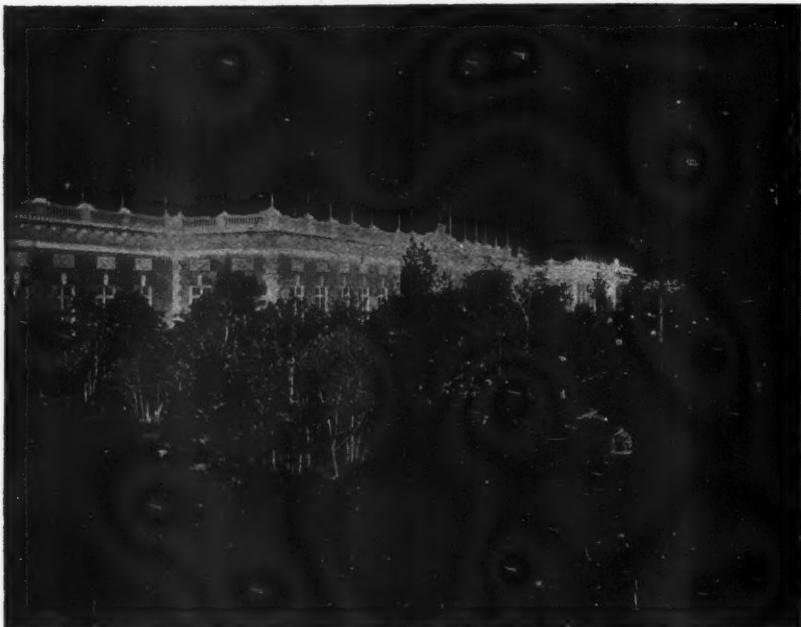
abated since Darius Green made his "flying machine," which did not prove quite the success he hoped for.

\* \* \*

There was a pretty scene on the wharf the day Prince Wilhelm arrived at the exposition. In honor of his coming everybody was wearing the Swedish colors, blue and yellow, and the ancient Swedish accent and flag of the Northland might be heard and seen everywhere.

"I ben yump cn 'em," appeared to be a

On the wharf I noticed a bright young girl waving a frantic and merry salute to someone on the prince's yacht. A friend near asked her if she considered it the part of a good citizen of the commonwealth to show so much devotion to a prince. She earnestly replied, "It isn't the Swedish prince that *I* am waving to. He isn't *my* prince. That's my prince there near the helm," and she pointed out an American sailor in a sailor's plain blouse with low-cut neck. "My prince," she went on, "doesn't need any



ELECTRIC ILLUMINATION OF THE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS

very popular expression, and it was truly refreshing to see the enthusiasm with which the grandson of King Oscar was greeted. The adopted sons of America also paid him a pretty tribute and there was no mistaking the heartiness of their welcome. The sailor of the royal family certainly received an ovation. I confess that as I looked upon the young man, arrayed in his white cap and suit, he seemed very much like any other young fellow of his age; he was frankly enjoying everything, from the Warpath to the functions in the Swiss Village.

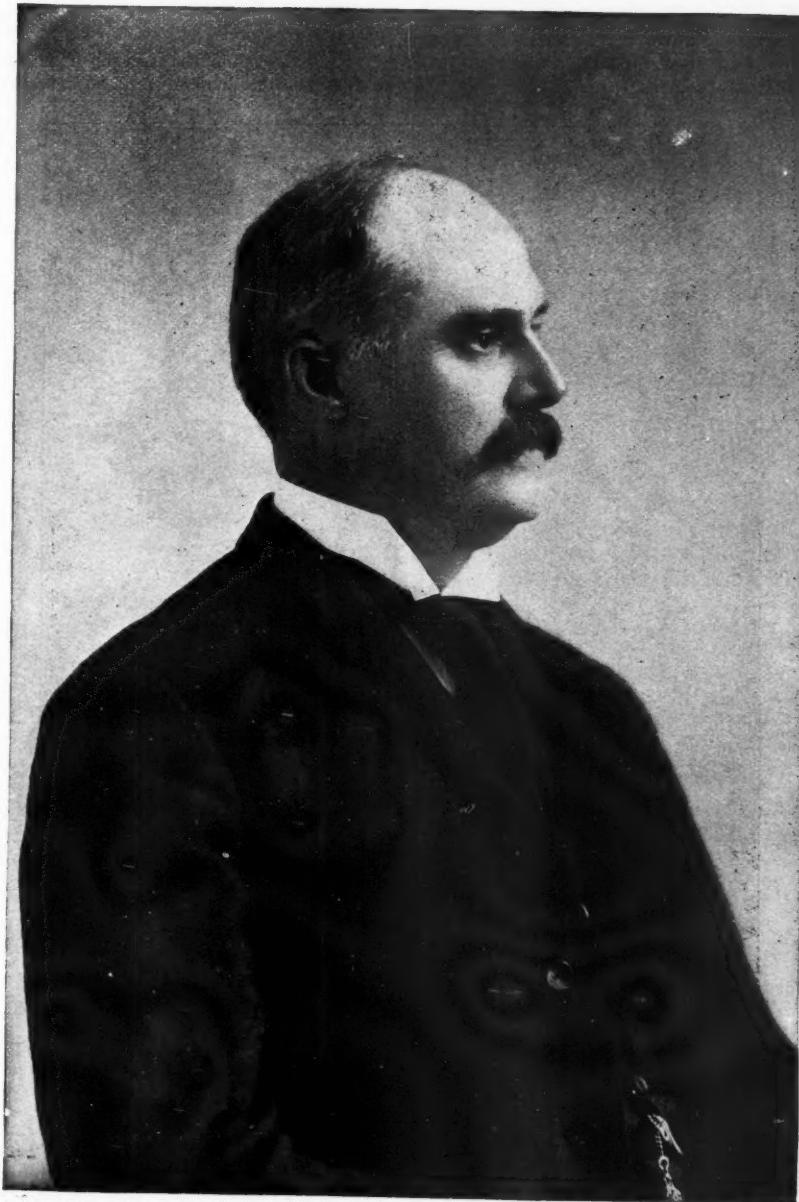
gold braid and white suit to distinguish him. He's the finest man in the world—with or without trimmings," she added enthusiastically.

I followed the direction of her waving handkerchief and eager eyes and was fast to agree with the pretty miss, as I gazed upon the fine specimen of young manhood, a jolly navy boy evidently proud of his profession, who was returning with interest the salutations of his sweetheart ashore.

The Swedish prince had rather a strenuous day; beginning with his landing at Norfolk,

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

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JAMES M. BARR, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

the pressure did not relax while he remained ashore, for his trip included New York and Oyster Bay, where he found time to express admiration for President Roosevelt and the American people.

his efforts to secure the visit of the popular Swedish prince.

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One of the prominent features of the attendance at the Jamestown Exposition has



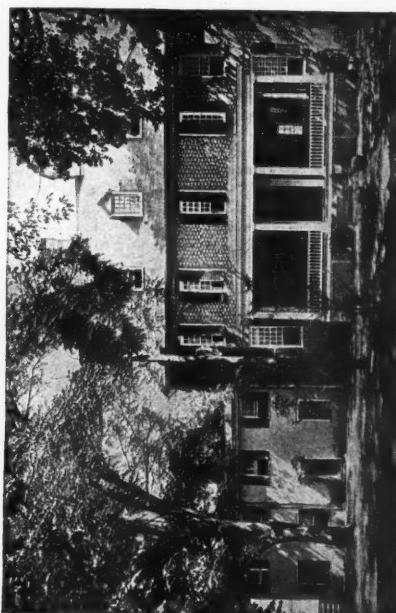
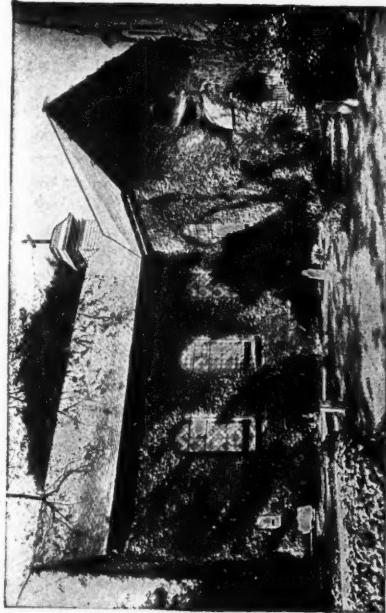
A WOODLAND PATH IN THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS

Prince Wilhelm is the beau ideal of a naval officer, and he certainly "made a hit" at the exposition, where his happy tribute to the good-nature of his entertainers was appreciated. Commissioner General Kohlsaat is to be congratulated upon the success of

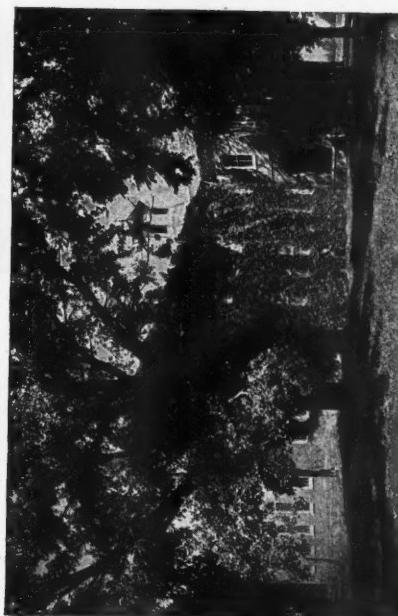
been the large number of neighborhood parties which have come from remote sections of the nation to look upon the splendid historic scenes of early days. It seems that young people are especially anxious to attend this exposition. One bright young lady

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

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ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NORFOLK  
WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, WILLIAMSPORT, VA.



THE PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING,  
PRESIDENT'S HOME, WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE

said to me: "I shall be one month late at my studies, for here at the exposition I am getting an insight into early colonial history that I never had before, and never could obtain from mere books." She waved her hand toward the completed buildings—"Is it not grand? Even if I had been here half a dozen times, I should want to come again, and see it all as perfect as it is today."

Not infrequently, groups of ten to twenty may be seen going about piloted by some

and altogether one of the most interesting sights of the great state of Virginia.

Having secured one of the little manila passes, we entered at the archway and walked down past the park, adorned with pyramids of cannon-shot and ancient cannon, relics of many of the naval wars of the United States. We soon came upon some of the largest ships of the navy; everywhere there was a bustle of preparation, as the Jack Tars swarmed like bees on the various decks, turrets and



PALACE OF MANUFACTURES AT NIGHT

matronly-looking chaperone, and every one enjoying the exposition to the full. Many parties have been sent by various newspapers from many of the states, and it is universally admitted that there is no more attractive autumn pleasure trip than that to the Jamestown Exposition.

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VISITORS to the Jamestown Exposition should by no means fail to visit the navy yard at Norfolk, which, besides having many events of historic interest connected with it, is one of the largest in the country,

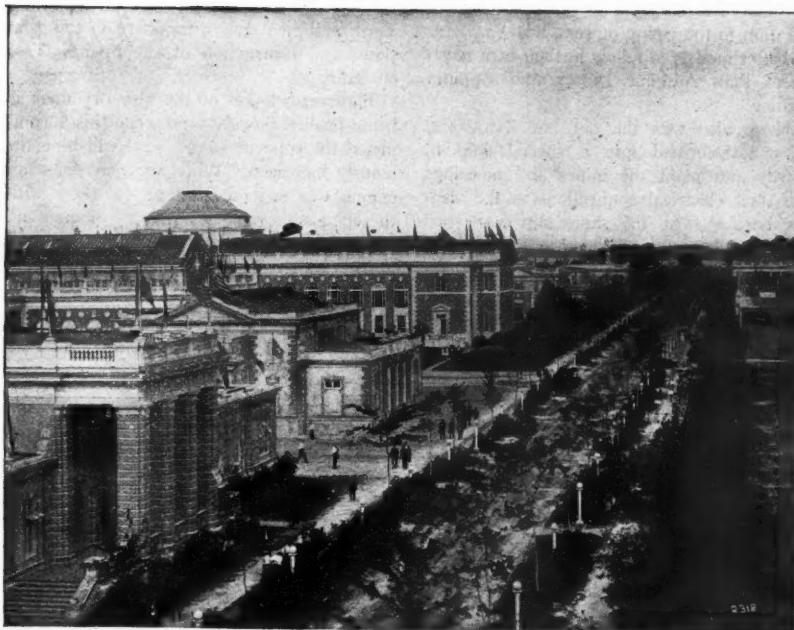
military masts, putting everything in good order—"shipshape," as they say.

Here was the old Olympia, the famous flag-ship of Admiral Dewey at the battle of Manila, freshly painted brown, with a gilded head of Victory at the bow, gleaming in the sunshine. We spent a few minutes on the bridge where Dewey quietly ushered in his terrible and devastating cannonade with the words, "Gridley, when you are ready, fire."

For some time past this ship has been used for training the cadets at Annapolis, where the glorious history of the commander and crew of the Olympia must ever be an in-

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

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GILBERT STREET, LOOKING EAST



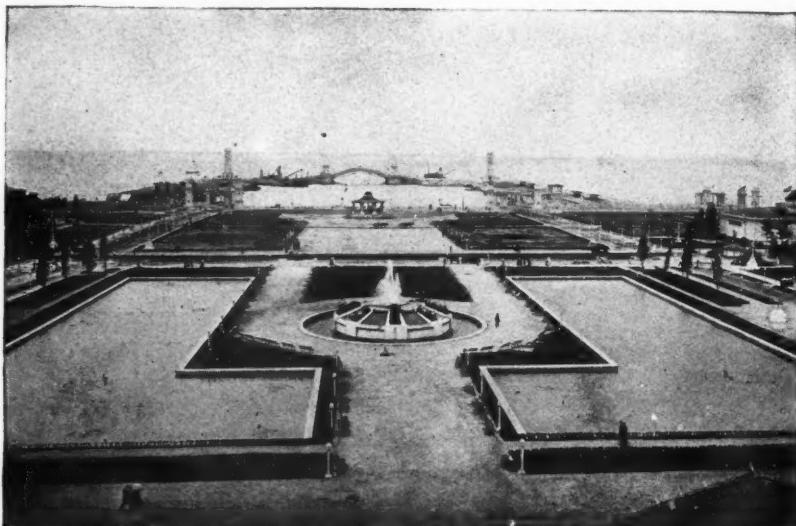
ON THE WARPATH

spiration to the young officers, who can have no better models to follow in their own naval career than Admiral Dewey and Captain Gridley.

There also was the old San Francisco, being transformed into a special ship to convey and plant the mines and moorings and their electrical connections in the various harbors. At the same slip were two submarine boats, the Holland and the Adder, both of which are being prepared for tests during the exposition. These boats look like huge fish, about fifty feet long, with long slender tails ending in a rudder. The

Yard, and tried and triumphant in the grim chase and destruction of the Spanish fleet off Santiago.

The construction of the new dry dock is being pushed forward, and when this is completed the capacity of the yard will be enormously increased. While we were there an engine was switching across the yard with the suggestive name of "Hero" painted on her sides, and everywhere there was an air of activity, which indicated that even in these days of peace there is a great work to do in preparing for the maintenance of that peace.



THE BEAUTIFUL RALEIGH SQUARE

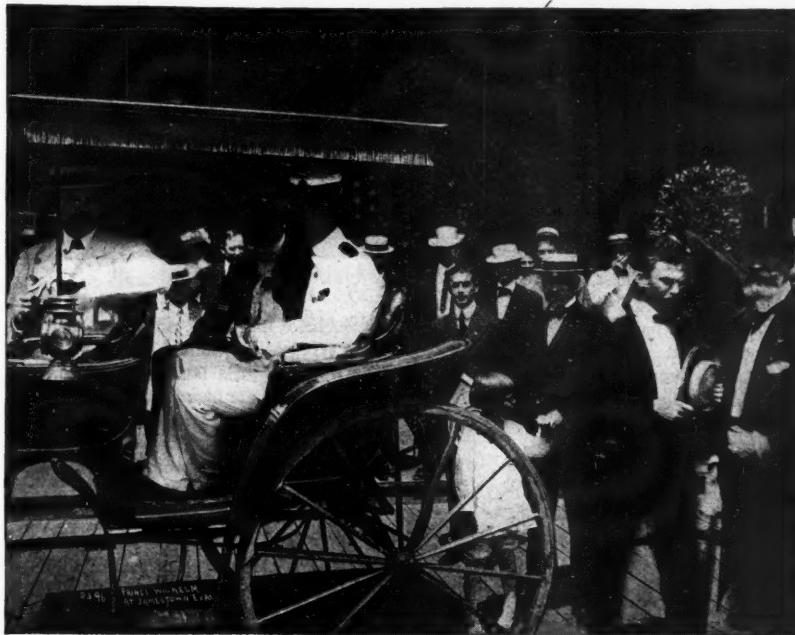
bow is fuller and wider, and it seems almost impossible that these boats can be made to go beneath the water and there launch torpedoes whose impact nothing can resist. When they are immersed all that is visible is the tiny conning tower, about two feet in diameter, and like a diving loon, they can go down out of sight and, changing direction, come at their helpless quarry from a totally unexpected quarter. The young officer in charge of these boats told us that the French have paid more attention to submarine boats than any other nation.

There, too, was the old Texas, with her white funnel, built at the Portsmouth Navy

THE closing month of the Jamestown Exposition will probably break all former records for average attendance and increasing interest. The hot, droughty summer has until now held well-contented at their northern and eastern summer resorts the class who, like birds of passage, go northward in spring to forests of pine, fir, cedar, beech and maple shading blue lakes and clear cold river; or dwell beside rock-ribbed cliffs or sunny beaches where Atlantic billows thunder in breaking surf or break silently as the sigh of a zephyr "on standstone ledge or level of bare sand," until the leaves begin to tinge and the night-wind grows cold with



BOARD-WALK IN FRONT OF STATES' BUILDINGS, SHOWING LIGHTING STANDARDS

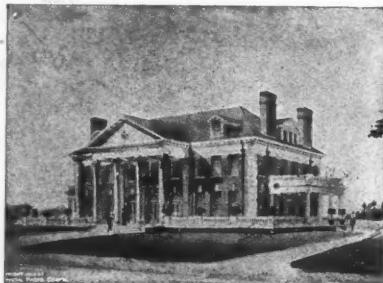


PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS

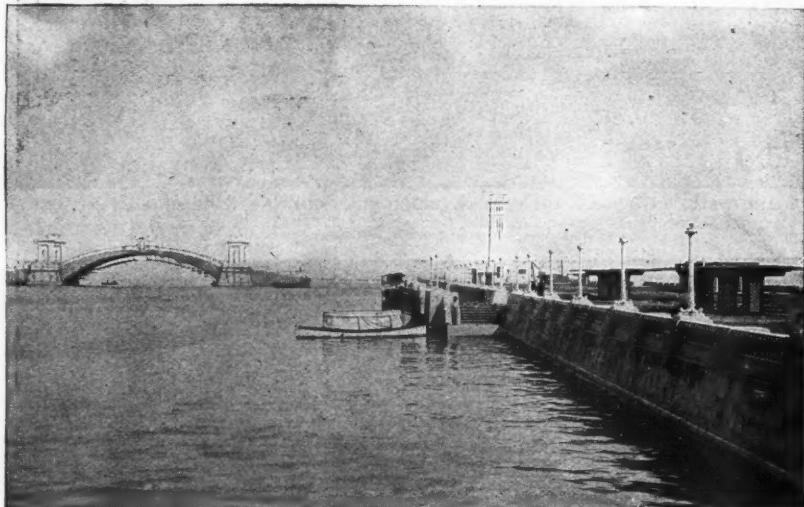
coming frost, and then go southward to the lands of palm and long-leaved pine, crimson-berried evergreen holly, pearl-fruited mistletoe and waving Spanish moss.

Now the short northern summer is over, and fierce equinoctial storms and early frosts can not long be averted, although many beautiful days will soon be

aristocratic representatives of the ancient



THE VIRGINIA BUILDING

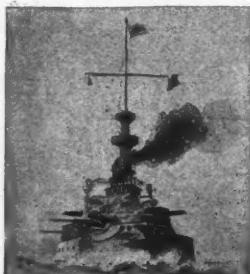


GLIMPSE OF THE GOVERNMENT PIER AT JAMESTOWN

vouchsafed those happy healthy vacationists whose enjoyment of life is quickened by something of rigor in their communion with Nature. But the majority will soon go south for the winter, taking in on the way, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and the Jamestown Exposition. The smaller coast towns and villages of lower Virginia have never before been so largely visited by tourists, and all who delight in hunting, fishing, sail-

ing, bathing, amateur photography and painting, the study of botany and ornithology, and the observation of novel types of people and customs, have enjoyed a new experience which they will be slow to abandon permanently. There are still courteous, hospitable, kindly

regime "befo' the wah", and more than one or two types of the amphibious caste whose little homes and small craft are found all along shore," from Passamaquoddy Bay to the Rio Grande. Many a northern family will next season turn their faces southward to renew the pleasant acquaintances and simple hearty enjoyments of their visit to the Jamestown Exposition and "the lowlands and the foreshore" of old Virginia.



THE BATTLESHIP OREGON

# THE LITTLE BRONZE BUDDHA

By Edith Richmond Blanchard

THE little bronze Buddha stood on the mantel-shelf in the sitting-room of the white cottage, between a china shepherdess with impossible purple flounces and an insipid smile, and the shimmering, iridescent curves of an empty nautilus shell. It was an ugly crude-looking bit of metal; a squat, cross-legged little figure with fat hands laid idly on its knees, and a flat roughly-molded face with an odd sneering smile. That such an unpleasant emblem of heathenism should be allowed to occupy so conspicuous a place in a presumably Christian home, was an unceasing source of wonder to Torrytown folk. However, Torrytown folk found the circumstance less surprising since it was in Anstice Lindon's house that it existed.

The daughter of old Captain Lindon had always been regarded as "different from most." It was five years since she had come among them, re-opening the white cottage for her father, whose sea-faring days a crippling injury had ended, and whom the memory of another Anstice had drawn back to the little house where he and she had known a brief year of happiness. Four quiet years he spent in this peaceful haven, and at his death Anstice, whose dark hair had not yet one gray thread to sober its brown, still continued to live in the cottage with her elderly maid-servant, though this was considered by many a doubtfully suitable course of action. Not that any reflection upon Anstice personally was implied in this general opinion. Indeed, her gentle reserve was often over-exaggerated by her neighbors. Those who made bold to question her as to her reason for so dignifying an ugly little idol, imagined that a suggestion of rebuke might be understood in the answer she gave.

"I wouldn't care to disturb it. Father put it there when we first came. He never told me why."

In point of fact, her reply was most innocently truthful. To Anstice, the little bronze Buddha's presence in her home was an even greater mystery than it was to the town's

people. Her father, who had had a story for each of the foreign trifles collected on his voyages, had ever been oddly silent in regard to this one thing. That it possessed some strange fascination for him, she had come to know. Often and often she had found him staring at it with fixed intensity, though when she had coaxed him for its history, he had always put her off with poor pretence of explanation. At length, however, out of many wondering surmises, one sure if fascinating belief dawned upon her. To everyone the Buddha did not appear the same. There was something singular about its eyes. To her they were always a dingy brown, like the rest of the image, but they were not so to all. Once a neighbor's little girl had seen it, and had cried out at "the ugly doll's big red eyes;" once a sailor cousin had demanded of her father how he came by "this little flame-eyed god;" and, more than all, once her father himself had spoken to her of the color of its eyes. It was only two days before he died. She had not thought he was more ill than usual, and had tried to persuade him to her belief, but he had shaken his head in grave denial.

"Anstice, I know, I know. The Buddha's eyes are red; two pits of fire."

And then he would say no more, nor could she urge him, for fear of troubling him by her questions. After a moment, she had slipped away to peer with a suddenly apprehensive curiosity at the figure on the mantel; but it had stared back at her stolidly, with no hint of color beneath its heavy lids. Then, as she stood in baffled bewilderment, another strange fancy had abruptly linked itself with the one her father's words had confirmed. Small, half-remembered coincidences flashed into vivid recollection. Little Mary Susan was dead. They said the fever must have been upon her even that day when she came for the last time to the white cottage. Nor would the sailor cousin ever come again to Torrytown. His ship had gone down in a storm when only three weeks out of port.

And now her father, her father,— So when the eyes shone red to one it meant, it meant— Anstice's face had grown pale, and she had tried to shut her mind to the conclusion which crowded upon it, but against her will it forced itself there, and abided, while she told herself that she despised such superstition.

Perhaps it was a bit of the stubbornness of her New England blood which made her leave the little bronze Buddha still in its place after her father's death, in spite of her aversion for it. Her practical common-sense told her that such notions as she entertained were absurd, but her eyes avoided the small image. Once when a caller had unexpectedly drawn her attention to it, she found herself trembling.

The caller was not one of her village neighbors. He was known to Torrytown as "the sick professor up at Jones' farm," but to the outer world he was Calvin Corson, the Doctor Corson whose recent studies in the East had led to a temporary break-down, which the clear air and quiet of Torrytown was fast repairing. Anstice's neighbors had smiled significantly when they discovered that his daily walks often terminated at her door, but to the two concerned it was merely a delight to find another whose conversation could range beyond the narrow limits of local gossip. It was indeed the last of not a few such conversations that Doctor Corson was about to bring to a close that afternoon, when he chanced for the first time to notice the little bronze Buddha. As he caught it up with an exclamation of surprise, and carried it to the light, Anstice grew pale.

"You—there's nothing peculiar about it, is there; about its color?" she hesitatingly asked.

He turned the figure in his hand and shook his head.

"The color? Oh, no, I was simply interested to see what a rare treasure you have here. Perhaps you know it's very old; hundreds of years old. Why, in India I've seen—Wait, there's an inscription here on the base, though part of the characters are defaced. What does it say? I'm afraid I can't tell you exactly. It's something about being made by—an Indian name—and then there's mention of a woman, and the sign for 'disaster.'"

Dr. Corson laughed and set the small figure back in its place. "Now, Miss Lindon,

be sure you are not the woman to destroy it; it's really very valuable."

Anstice nodded very gravely. "I've never known its worth," she said, "but father prized it, and that's why I keep it; though I have no fondness for it."

Indeed, as the days passed, it seemed to Anstice Lindon that her dread of the little bronze Buddha had rather increased since her discovery of its monetary worth. She told herself that she would be glad if it were taken, but she was oddly careful to push it further back on the mantel before answering the bell, if there was any likelihood that a stranger were at the door. This was what she had done that morning when the lace man came to the white cottage.

In Torrytown, where a foreigner was regarded as little short of a curiosity, the arrival of the lace man had caused not a little stir. He had been so dubbed, partly because the name which he gave on being questioned was quite beyond the pronouncing powers of any of the village folk, and partly because he offered for sale, in a corner of the post office, lengths of coarse lace, thin embroidered silks, small rugs and fantastic Oriental trifles. On account of the dark olive of his skin, he was generally considered to be of negro blood, the straight black hair, fine nose and thin lips, notwithstanding. Doctor Corson had chuckled with amusement when he heard such suggestions.

"The fellow's no more a negro than we are," he told Anstice. "He's a Hindoo, and a very intelligent one, too. Do you know, I think he could mend the burnt rug you were speaking about. I'll send him here, if you wish."

Anstice had acquiesced readily enough. There was no contrary thought in her mind at the time, though when the lace man appeared upon her threshold early the next morning, she instinctively hesitated for a moment before throwing back the door for him to enter. It was not that there was anything repellent or even suspicious in the man's appearance. His clothes, if shabby, were exquisitely neat, and he stood with hat humbly doffed while he made known his errand in a low voice blurred with foreign accent. He spoke with a slow, careful deference that was quite in keeping with his bowed head, though beneath the heavy drooping lids there flashed eyes so darkly brilliant

as to be strangely at variance with his servile manner. Soft-footed, he followed Anstice into the sitting-room, and listened respectfully to her explanation.

"I'll pull up the curtains, so you can see better," she finished, as he turned to his worn work-bag.

But she did not raise all the shades. Her hand was on the cord of the third, when something, possibly an all but inaudible sound, disturbed her. Turning quickly, she caught her breath at that which she saw reflected in the dim gold-framed mirror opposite. The lace man still stood with one hand on his work-bag, in the act of opening it, but the other clutched at his throat, as if to strangle there cries which struggled to be uttered. The heavy lids were no longer drooping over the black eyes, but were drawn back to their widest staring possibility. The olive features were distorted almost out of human semblance by some overwhelming emotion.

At the frightened gasp which escaped uncontrolled from Anstice's lips, however, the terrifying vision vanished.

"You will so good as to get me a pin," the slow hesitating voice of the lace man requested immediately, and the face which he turned upon her was once more one of impenetrable calm.

Half-dazed, she brought him the desired article, reaching it to him where he knelt deeply bowed over the rug on his knees. He took it from her with a sharp upward glance, but the next moment his brown fingers, swiftly skillful, were busy with his task. When it was quite finished, he gathered his tools together and backed from the room with odd Oriental obeisance, bending from his waist before Anstice as he took his leave. Yet the former was vaguely aware that this show of reverence was not intended for her alone. Instinctively, she looked over her shoulder, but the room was empty behind her. Only the little bronze Buddha smiled sneeringly at her from the mantel-shelf.

That week and the next Calvin Corson was away from Torrytown. When, on his return, he again came to see Anstice, he found himself watching her with disturbing perplexity.

"Pardon me, but is there something troubling you, Miss Lindon?" he asked at last.

Anstice started as she met his fixed gaze, but she shook her head.

"Nothing—that is, nothing of any importance. I think one's imagination is to blame for a great deal of discomfort, don't you?"

"Perhaps," he returned non-committally. Yet it was evident that he was not satisfied with her excuse. On leaving the house, he turned for an instant as he was descending the steps.

"In case I could ever be of any assistance, you will not hesitate to call on me, will you, Miss Lindon?"

Anstice smiled gratefully. "No, thank you," she said with shy earnestness.

After he had gone, she stood by the window, wondering if he could have guessed what a comfort this assurance would be to her. With herself, there was no need of pretence. She was indeed troubled, and more than this. She was afraid; afraid in an unreasoning, uncontrollable fashion that served only to increase her fear; afraid of something which she could not define. The commencement of this feeling she did not hesitate to date from the day of the lace man's coming to the white cottage; but she knew it was unjust to ally him in any way with her uneasiness. The small shack where he lived alone was on the outskirts of the town, more than a mile from her home. She had never even seen him since the morning when he had mended her rug. How, then, was it possible that he could be connected with this haunting fancy that she was being watched; this fancy which had become almost an obsession with her, so that she found herself continually casting furtive glances over her shoulder, as if compelled by the restless consciousness of following eyes. Her small house had grown too large and lonely for her. Of late she had bidden old Hannah leave her kitchen corner in order that she might spend the evenings with her in the sitting-room. It is true, Hannah immediately yielded to an established habit, and fell to snoring, but the very vulgar reality of this noise was consoling to Anstice. As soon as dark fell, she drew the shades and lighted the cheery little lamp; she who had always loved the soft deepening shadows. The darkness was a terror to her now, for once, on turning quickly, she had been sure that the fleeting hint of a face had crossed the window. Yet this, too, was no tangible suspicion. Having mastered her fright, she had sought in vain for sign of a prying intruder.

Not even at night, locked in the cool of her own chamber, was she always at peace. Often she would start broad awake, and lie trembling with causeless fright, until she grew angry with such nervousness and stole to the window to cool her hot cheeks. The night after Doctor Corson's call, she was standing thus, leaning against the sash; and wondering at the strangely pungent sweetness of the air without, when to her drowsy eyes there appeared a shape beneath the old linden all bent by the garden walk, a squat figure as if with head to earth. For a long time she watched it from behind her curtains, but it stirred no more than the solid trunk itself.

"It's just a shadow," she told herself impatiently, as she crept back to bed again, "and I'm half asleep, and very foolish."

Early the next morning she hastened out to the garden, to prove the truth of her suppositions. She did indeed find nothing which might have caused the shadow, but neither was there mark of footfall on the soft gravel walk. On a flat stone lay a dust, as of fine ashes, but this she did not see, for it scattered at the fluttering of her skirts. Moreover, the thought of danger seemed absurd in the charm of the warm spring morning. The earth smells and the promise of green in unfolding buds called back a glint to Anstice's eye and a faint color to her pale cheeks.

"What a goose you've been, you silly girl," she cried under her breath, and the garden being out of the range of any neighbor's windows, she ran twice all around it before bursting, panting and rosy, into old Hannah's kitchen.

The latter glanced up with an indulgent smile. "My sakes, but you do look nice this morning, Miss Anstice. I've been getting real sort of worried about you lately, but, deary me, you look fresh as a daisy today. Now will you look at that saucy old tom-cat? I always said he was spoilt, and now here's a new rinktum. That's cream off the top of the milk left this morning, and see how he acts."

Anstice laughed, and seizing the big tabby, held him down to the disdained breakfast.

"Why, Tiger, see! Why, you love milk, you know you do. See, nice milk," she coaxed, but the cat, with frantic struggles, tore herself out of her grasp.

For a moment his mistress stared at the usually gentle animal in surprise, growing

wide-eyed as she gazed. Then suddenly she caught up the full saucer and the half-filled jar and poured their contents out of the window, upon the grass beneath.

"Don't take any more milk of that man, Hannah," she cried with almost shrill intensity. "He leaves it here before light. Don't use any but what you yourself get at the store."

The next instant old Hannah was left gaping after her with troubled brow. Once in the sitting-room, Anstice hurried to the mantel-shelf where the little bronze Buddha sat, his face to the wall. Hannah had chanced to leave him that way one day after sweeping, and for her own reasons Anstice had not chosen to disturb him. Now, however, she put out her hand and began to turn the thing slowly.

"If I look at it, I believe I shall know of a certainty, and it is better so," she said softly.

Her sleeve dislodged a nodding violet from a low vase close at hand, and the flower fell across her wrist. She put it back gently with the rest of the small spring blossoms. Doctor Corson had brought them the day before. He had found them, he said, in a purple patch, near the road, and he had thought of her as he gathered them. As she took them from him, her hand had touched his for an instant, and, and—

With a sudden little smothered cry, Anstice caught the image from the shelf, and, hastening to a corner cupboard, thrust it far back behind a pile of old nautical pamphlets.

"No, no; I do not want to know; I will not see," she half sobbed, as she shut the door. "I was wrong about the milk. I am just foolish and nervous. I must find something to take up my mind."

Now it so chanced that this last resolution was not to wait long for fulfillment. That afternoon, old Hannah was seized with one of her crippling attacks of rheumatism. For a week she could not stir from her chair, and was obliged to submit, most unwillingly, to being waited upon. Anstice herself was only too glad of the care thus thrust upon her. As she hurried to and fro in the sunny kitchen, she seemed to escape, for a while, from the pursuing dread. At night, from sheer physical weariness, she slept undisturbed, and, to Hannah's delight, she began to once more go singing about the house.

The tune of "Lord Lovell" was on her

lips that sixth morning as she ran down the steps with a pail to be filled at the well. She was long gone on this brief errand. Hannah, propped with cushions, had painfully made an attempt to rise and discover the cause of her delay, before she finally appeared on the threshold. She was very pale, and her lips were blue and quivering as she spoke.

"The strangest thing has happened, Hannah," she said. "I was leaning forward, to pull the bucket cord, when the side of the well gave way. I did not lean heavily against it, but it all gave way at once. Why, it was built new only four years ago. I,—and I should have fallen down that dark hole into the water if I had not caught at the little pear tree close beside. Oh Hannah, Hannah; I am afraid, afraid."

Sobbing, she flung herself down upon the other's bountiful lap. The old servant patted her shoulder gently. "There, there, my lamb. You're all safe now. All safe now," she repeated soothingly.

Anstice could not bring herself to contradict the consoling chant, though she did not believe it. It was good to feel the kind hand, though she could not disturb its owner with her wild suspicions. Yet neither could she keep them longer to herself. She *must* tell someone, someone—and then, with sudden grateful remembrance, she thought of Calvin Corson's request. She would ask his help, since he had wished it. She would ask him to come that day to her.

The thought of sharing her anxiety brought infinite relief. It helped her to master the panic which now possessed her. She forced a smile for Hannah's sake, and a little later, having despatched a small boy with a note to the Jones farm, she found courage to go about her tasks once more. Help was so near; for, of course, he would come—and at once. Impatiently she waited for the sound of his step on the gravel walk, and as the hours passed without his arrival, she would not permit herself to be discouraged. She invented a dozen possible excuses for delay, and when at last darkness fell, she brought the reading lamp into the kitchen; for the near, if hidden, presence of the bronze Buddha was insupportable, and there, sitting close beside the dozing old woman, she waited listening, listening.

Not until the clock struck the hour of ten with awesome, monotonous deliberation did

she cease to expect him. He would not come tonight. Perhaps he had not thought her concerns important enough to be worth immediate attention. He might not come for days. The bitterness of her disappointment sent her hopes swinging to the other extreme of the pendulum. All alone, she must dwell with this fear which loomed so closely, so darkly upon her now; like a serpent's baleful eye, it palsied every other thought.

With the frightened earnestness of a child, she begged Hannah to share her room that night, though when the latter fell asleep beside her, she grew impatient of the regular, heavy breathing. It prevented her hearing the smothered sounds that just failed to reach her ear. At last, yielding to her restlessness, she rose and crept softly, in dressing-gown and slippers, to a chair beside the window. She sat there shivering, yet it was not because of the mild breeze that blew in upon her. It was a very quiet world without. The garden lay like a sleeping thing beneath the stars. Under the old linden lay that odd shadow; a motionless, hunched blot, crossed sometimes by a tiny wavering line as of smoke; doubtless a shred of the gray mist that invaded every corner of the place. Anstice did not shiver because of the shadow. She had seen it often since the first night, and, because it was always the same, and always motionless, she ceased to think it could have any but natural cause.

One thought had crowded in upon her mind, expelling all others. It was this that made her shudder inwardly as she sat erect in the stillness. Down in the dark of the closet in the room below, the little bronze Buddha was sitting, staring, staring before him, with eyes that were—what color were those eyes? Over and over she asked herself the question, until out of her tortured wonder there arose at length a fixed determination. How could it be worse than this if she saw—as her father had seen? And, oh, the infinite relief if it should be that she failed to see!

Trembling, but yielding like a driven thing to the lashing of her uncontrollable curiosity, she unlocked the chamber door, and slipped softly down stairs. There was no hesitation in her movements now, as she crossed to the cupboard where the bronze Buddha was hidden, and drew him out from behind the nautical pamphlets. Impatient to see, and yet

fearful of seeing amiss, she hurried back to the newel-post, where a dim light was burning. Then she lifted her concealing fingers from the ugly face.

The stillness all about her was absolute, save for her hastened breath, and even this hung suspended for an instant as she gazed. She made no movement; no sound. Numb, like one who watches the onrushing of an engulfing wave, she looked down at the figure in her hand, lost for a moment in simple wondering contemplation. So this was what her father had seen, and little Mary Susan, and Cousin Charlie,—two tiny gleaming wells of scarlet light set above the cold sneering smile. Well, they were marvelous; they were uncanny, these blood-red eyes. No wonder the child had cried. But what was it that had made her fear to see them? If she could but remember; there was something connected with the redness, something which she had dreaded. Ah! and the veil of her dazed senses was suddenly rent. She knew; she recalled now what it had meant. And she was young—and there was so much to live for—and the Buddha was nothing but a tiny bronze image, after all. How should she let this bit of metal speak of destruction to her who might so easily destroy it; she who could so easily cast it forever from the sight of man?

In the rebellion of her terror-stricken spirit, this last idea took swift mastery, filling her with an absorbing, vengeful passion. Let the thing smile, if it chose. Its sneer should be turned on itself. It had done this evil for the last time. Those menacing fires should be put out as she knew best. Turning to the hall door, with one hand she tore at the chain and bolt so carefully fastened a few hours before, holding in the other the little bronze Buddha, she sped down the walk, into the night.

She passed, unseeing, the hunched shadow under the linden. She did not know that, contrary to her established belief, it had suddenly moved. She was well on her way down the dim road which led to the river, before she came to realize that she was pursued. The discovery added new swiftness to her flight, but no increase to her fear. All her energy of life and limb was now concentrated in one desire—to fling the little bronze Buddha into the stream before the fate it had predicted should overtake her.

The strange following figure that every moment drew nearer: this was the predicted fate. She was no longer afraid of it; but she was madly eager to outwit it. If she were to succeed, she must reach the river first.

It was not easy to run, in spite of the need. Her feet were bruised, for her slippers had long since been lost. The folds of her loose garments confined her movements. Yet her desire drove her on. The following figure came very close. Over her shoulder she saw that it had strange fluttering drapery. She heard it cry out to her in an uncouth language. She could feel its hot breath. Ah, but she could feel the cool river mist, too. The water was gurgling down there at her feet. She had won, in spite of the figure's haste; she had won, and she suddenly found breath to laugh as she flung the little bronze Buddha which had grown hot in her closed palm, far out over the edge of rock. She laughed again as she turned to the wild-eyed fate she had outdone so cleverly; laughed as it lifted its hand and struck her down into soft smothering darkness.

\* \* \*

The days that followed were full of throbbing interest for Torrytown. Never were neighborly calls so lengthy; never were street-corner chats so protracted. One mystery is enough to set any country town by the ears, and Torrytown could boast of three simultaneously.

In the first place, and far outshining the others, there was the mystery of the lace man. For two days his corner in the post office had been deserted, the trunk with his wares standing, locked, against the wall. On the third, he was brought back to the little shack on the outskirts of the town by those who found him floating, with upturned face, in a little cove four miles below Torrytown. No one could tell how he met his death. There was no telling, even, where he was drowned. He might have fallen into the river much higher up, for the current was swift. It might have been accident or suicide; but there was no trace of violence upon him. His dress was peculiar, for, instead of his familiar shabby suit, he wore a strange enfolding robe. However, it appeared, from a remark of Professor Corson, that this was the costume which a man of the lace man's type would ordinarily wear in his native land.

It was Professor Corson, too, who ex-

plained the contents of the thin letter-sheets, curiously scrawled, which were found in a lacquer box under the lace man's bed. From reading these, it seemed, he said, that this was no ordinary foreigner. He had indeed been of high rank in the country from which he came. He had been led to don the humble garments of a peddler because he could thereby better accomplish a quest which he had undertaken; a quest of something of peculiar value, apparently, but the name of which Professor Corson seemed, unfortunately, quite unable to decipher. It was evident, also, that the lace man had finally come upon a clue to the lost treasure. In truth, he had already made two attempts to remove present claims to ownership, which, it appeared, was necessary before he could possess himself of the object of his endeavor. Every night he had knelt in prayer, offering incense for the success of his venture. A third attempt was pending when he came so suddenly to his end.

Having thus opened up so fertile an opportunity for curious inquiry, Professor Corson was naturally much urged to set at least an approximate name to the mysterious object of the lace man's desires. Who could tell what wealth might be hidden in the neighborhood; but no further information could be obtained from him on this point.

One person, indeed, hinted that his ignorance might not be so real as implied, but Tom Seward's opinion was not too highly considered in the community. Besides, he was known to have a newly-acquired grudge against Calvin Corson, because the latter had exploded for many the second mystery, Tom's story of the ghost of the river road. Accordinging to Tom, the same week of the lace man's disappearance, while driving to market in the city, before light, one morning, he had been passed on the river road by a carriage furiously driven. By the light of the lantern at his wagon wheel, he had caught a glimpse of a foaming, steaming white steed, a man's bent figure, and, very distinctly, the ashen face of a woman wrapped in fluttering white. He also caught the wailing of a moan as the vision sped past into the dark. Now all Torrytown knew that a woman in trailing garments was supposed to haunt the river-bank at certain seasons, and, undoubtedly, Tom declared, he had chanced upon the hour of the wraith's appearance.

The truth of his statement was therefore severely injured by certain remarks of Professor Corson, he having maintained that he too had come over the river road at an early hour that same morning. Having been in the city the day previous, he had taken a train which was so delayed by a wash-out that he did not reach the station where Sammie Jones was waiting with a team until some time after midnight. They had returned by the river road at about the time that the phantom carriage made its appearance, but no such marvel had been noticed by them. In truth, Tom's own wagon was the one and only vehicle they passed, and this not far from the place he mentioned.

"Perhaps you mistook Sammie for the wailing lady, and the Jones mare for the foaming steed," the professor had gravely suggested. "Though I don't think you'd say old Whitey could go at a furious pace, exactly, do you, Sammie?" he added, turning to the Jones boy, who snickered and slapped his knee. "No, by Ginger, you wouldn't say she could, to look at her," he agreed.

The third mystery of Torrytown was by far the least engrossing of them all, and one in which the masculine members of the village felt merely a kindly concern. It did not occur to them, as it did to some of their wives, that it was strange that Anstice Lindon should suddenly fall violently ill with what was vaguely called "a severe fever." The old doctor was always notably and annoyingly close-mouthed, so he could not be questioned on the subject, nor from Hannah was there much more to be gained. Carefully non-committal, she protected her mistress from prying tongues, while she slowly drew back to health, and then, as convalescence was immediately followed by a prescribed change of scene, both she and Anstice disappeared temporarily from the reach of Torrytown gossip.

That Hannah was not inhumanly reticent, however, was perhaps proved by the answers which she vouchsafed the curious on the day on which she returned alone to the village, some months later.

"No, I'm not here for long. I'm just going to pack some things in the house." No, Miss Anstice isn't coming back; she's busy getting her things ready. Who is it to be? Oh well, I guess you won't be over much surprised."

## WHO'S YOU-IN OHIO?

(*ELMER C. DOVER*)

ELMER DOVER in youth dwelt in old Morgan county,  
His precarious income an editor's bounty;—

A big thing, so to speak,  
To that journalist meek —  
The munificent sum  
Of six dollars a week!—

And whenever a crank, from the purlieus of crankdom,  
Invaded that dim editorial sanctum  
And, in manner splenetical, ventured to hope  
The percentage of lie in that editor's soap  
Might be lessened — then Dover, with fun in his eye,  
Gave the fellow a smoke and — well, promised him pi.

Even then Dover knew  
Where his ego was at —  
For he kept it secure  
'Neath the crown of his hat;  
An incipient sign  
Of a rare diplomat!

And when in later life he met up with Mark Hanna,  
And enlisted to march 'neath that statesman's bandanna,—

So collected, so staid  
Was young Dover, Mark made  
Him head steward of stogies  
And pink lemonade!—

Every lank applicant, who was half-luny over  
An office, yelled: "Whoop! I'll see Elmer — C. Dover!"  
And forthwith they surrounded that genial young man  
And begged him to further each project and plan;  
But Dover made always this placid reply:  
"Have a smoke; and come back when we're cutting the pie."

From the soles of his shoes  
To the crown of his hat,  
Dover had all the symptoms  
And signs — and all that —  
Of a tactful young man  
And a rare diplomat!

And today, when he's serving as loyal retainer  
Of Theodore R.— and chief elephant-trainer,—

For the great G. O. P.  
Owns an elephant — see?  
And Dover has charge  
Of the pachyderm — gee!—

And some patriot hints that his son or his daughter,  
Or his nephew or niece would be pleased to tote water  
Or a few bales of hay, to the big wrinkled beast —  
For a modest but sure compensation! — at least  
They've expressed such desire, Dover smiles this reply:  
"Have a smoke; and come round when we're feeding him pie."

For he knows — Dover knows! —  
Where his ego is at,  
And he keeps it secure  
'Neath the crown of his hat;  
Unmistakable sign  
Of a rare diplomat!

*James Ball Naylor.*

# KARL LUDWICH'S WOOING

By Mauchline Muir

WERE he given to public confession, Karl Ludwich Wollenstein could read you a pretty discourse on the caprice of chance in human destiny. If he had not happened to reach the bottom of the magazine page at precisely the instant that he did; if his wandering eye had not been drawn out of the club window at that pat fraction of a second, he would never have heard the call of Romance knocking at his door.

But he must have heard it; for his questing eyes went irresistibly to their magnet, and fixed forever one speaking face out of thousands that were silent to him. She was in her carriage, leaning back in an attitude of listless weariness. Slowly her lovely violet eyes came round to the meeting, and instantly the dynamic spark transformed her. In that arrested moment of flushed, joyous amaze, *ennui* was sponged out, a vital interest born. The warm, ardent youth in her veins flooded and banished from her face the conventional coldness her caste ordained.

For only a heart-beat eyes met eyes, before she was out of his line of vision. But long enough. Adventures are to the adventurous, and among these enviable few belongs Karl Ludwich. He did not wait for his hat, but darted bareheaded down the marble steps of the club house to the street. The carriage of his goddess was not to be seen, but he raced in and out among the pedestrians, his gaze searching the street with Teutonic enthusiasm for a pair of wonderful soft eyes nestling amid violet borders. They had spoken to him. More, they had called to his chivalry by the wistfulness of their appeal. The haunting pathos of that lovely young face would stay with him for many a day. When I mention that he wandered haleless for two hours in the down-town district, without knowing it, I am telling you that Karl L. Wollenstein, successful business man and shrewd broker in the hustling Pacific city of Seattle, is at bottom a member of that incomparable company of which D'Artagnan is the chief.

Drifting up and down with the eddying tide of travel, he was driven at last to an admission of temporary defeat. Dispirited, he returned to his club and a delightful surprise.

"Letter for you, sir."

He took the dainty envelope from the man, and sank into an arm-chair wearily. For a long time he sat there, re-living, with dreamy eyes, the one moment of the day. At last he shook off the luxury of memory and ripped open his letter without anticipation. It was from some woman, of course. Probably an invitation somewhere, and the only invitation he wanted was one to look into a pair of violet-bordered eyes. What he read brought him to a rigid attention:

"Karl Ludwich—Karl Ludwich, if you ever loved me in the days that are dead, meet me tonight for the last time. I'll be in the shadow of the small pavilion on the hill at Madrona Park. Eight prompt."

There was no signature, but it needed none. She was in trouble, and she called him. Not till he had reached the street-car, on his way to the rendezvous, did he begin to puzzle over what she meant by her reference to the days when he had loved her long ago. He had never seen her but that once. That was absolutely beyond doubt, for her's was a face to remember in one's dreams. But he did not care what she meant by it. Perhaps he had met her in the long ago of some other life. The important fact was that he was on his way to meet her, to help her, to fight her battles for her.

Karl Ludwich's friends were wont to say that he was a prince. This was true in the sense that they meant it, but if they had named him a king's son, their pronouncement would have been literally true. His mother had been a famous opera singer thirty years before, as renowned for her beauty as for her splendid voice. That Prince Karl should fall in love with her was no greater wonder than that she should have

cared passionately for the royal lover with the gold-brown eyes and the gay, winning smile. Their love had resulted in a morganatic marriage—and Karl. She had died at the birth of her baby, and two years later his father's death had put the prince on the throne of Wulvaria. He was already married, and within a few months an heir was born, amid general rejoicing. Little Karl, the offspring of the morganatic union, was so like his father and his brother, the young prince, that it was considered advisable to send him out of the country, in order to save embarrassment. The boy, hearing of this, resented his position so keenly that he solved the difficulty by running away to the United States. In course of time, he drifted west, went into business, and already, though still under thirty, was in a fair way to gain wealth in the country of his choice.

He leaped from the street car, and was started up the hill before it had fairly stopped. The night was a beautiful starry one, with that velvet softness so rare in northern lands. The trees, the foliage, the grass were all tinged to a shimmer of magic green in the flickering breeze-tossed shadows. Out of that enchanted background a figure detached itself and stood poised in the shine of the moon. She was a vision of white, luminous in the soft glow that played over her uplifted, golden head like an aura.

With a sharp indrawing of his breath, the young man lifted his hat reverently from his head. His pulses flew; his long step quickened. Surely here was the one woman in the world whose call he would follow across land and sea.

"Karl—Karl," she cried softly, her face aglow, as he leaped up the last incline to her. She held out both hands to him, in the pure, divine trust of womanhood. "Oh, Karl, I'm so glad—so glad, dear boy. I was afraid you wouldn't come, but I knew you would, my prince." Her voice was a sweet cry, tremulous with tears and joy.

"So long as I am alive, I will come when you call, dear lady. You are my queen. I dedicate myself to your service now and forever." He knelt and kissed her hand with that touch of genuine Teutonic fire that possessed him. Nor was he struck by any strangeness in her ready, unquestioning acceptance of his service. He knew now that they were not strangers to each other; that,

in some previous aeon of existence, to which his memory did not reach, they had been lovers rudely swept apart by some catastrophe of fate. Always there had been the vague and unsatisfied longing in him for Her, for the ideal he cherished and could not find. Tonight that longing was stilled, for he had found his wandering other half.

She sighed, so faintly it might have been the breath of the evening wind.

"Ah Love! Could you and I with Him conspire  
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then  
Remould it nearer to the Heart's desire!"

she quoted almost in a whisper.

"But why?" He answered her sadness with eager remonstrance. "My heart's desire is here. From the first moment my eyes fell on you I loved. In truth, I think I always loved you, long before I met you in the flesh, my dear queen. Why should I desire to shatter the scheme that brings me you?"

Her sad eyes opened wide. "But don't you know? Didn't you get the letter I wrote you last month?"

"No, I got no letter. What is it I should know that I don't?"

The light in her eyes went out and left an infinite despair. "I am to be married tomorrow evening to a man I don't love. How can I love him, Karl, when I love you?"

"You are to be married—tomorrow?" he asked dully. "But I don't understand. How can you marry any man except me?"

"Aren't you the last man in the world I can marry, Karl?" she asked, lifting her gentle eyes in surprise.

He took her in his arms, a lithe, soft-bodied creature in whom the fires of passion lay banked. "By heaven, since we love each other, there is no man on earth you shall marry but me."

"Your father," she murmured, "the king."

"My father," he exclaimed in surprise. "What has he to do with it?"

"You know. They will not let us marry. They will separate us as they did before."

"Nothing on earth shall separate us if you will let me give you my name and fight for you," he cried passionately.

"We fought it out once before, dear, but they beat us," she told him wearily. "Are we stronger now than then?"

"I don't know what you mean, but nobody shall take you from me now that I have found you," he repeated sturdily.

She nestled closer, and when her shy eyes lifted to his he kissed them gently.

"It has been so long—so long, Karl; and now it is only for an hour," she cried softly.

"No, no—for many hours and many days, for the rest of life and eternity," was his tumultuous answer.

"If it only might be—but you are Prince Karl of Wulvaria, and I am Cecilia Stanhope."

He fell back amazed. "I am—Whom do you say I was?"

"Karl Ludwich Wollenstein, heir apparent to the throne of Wulvaria, Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, Honorary Colonel of the Royal Guards, and I don't remember how much else beside," she enumerated a little wistfully.

"I am Karl Ludwich Wollenstein, son of King Karl by a morganatic marriage. God forgive me, if I have unintentionally deceived you," he groaned.

Something akin to horror crept into her eyes. "What do you mean? Are you not my Karl?" She leaned forward and scanned him closely in the moonlight. "No, you are like him, but you are not he. Sir, you do not look like a scoundrel, but you have taken advantage of a woman's need." Her voice broke as she turned away.

He caught at her sleeve desperately. "Do not believe that. I beseech you not to believe that I am like that. You will hear what I have to say for myself, before you condemn me and cast me out," he pleaded.

She did not look at him, but she waited for his justification.

And he, feeling the futility of all that he could say, let the moments slip away without speech.

"I am waiting, sir," she told him at last.

"But what can I say? How make you understand? What I have to say is outside of reason. Miss Stanhope, do you believe in destiny?"

She made no answer, and he rushed on without hope. "All my life I have looked for you. Today I found you in the flashing of an eye. I ran out bareheaded, but your carriage was not in sight. For hours I wandered about the streets looking for you. I could not think that fate would be so cruel as to let me find you only to lose you again at once. When I received your letter at the club, I was sure that all was right. I am

perhaps a dreamer. You needed me, and I answered your call. Did I not do right? Should I have hung back for a formal introduction? It seemed to me that I had known you always. If not in this life, then at some previous stage of existence. Call me presumptuous if you will, but I love you, and have always loved you."

When his impetuous appeal was finished, her lovely eyes came round to meet his gently. "Sir, I am quite sure you are telling me the truth. The mistake was less yours than mine."

"And you will let me help you?" he asked.

"Alas! There is no help for me."

"But my brother," he reminded her. "You would have asked him."

She smiled faintly. "It was his sympathy I wanted—that he should lament with me."

"And I, who love you too, may I not lament?"

She looked into his gold-brown eyes that had been so warm and sunny and now were so clouded with pain, and her heart reached out for his help.

"You are very like him, sir. In truth, I think you are a gallant gentleman, as he is."

"I do not know my brother. He was a child when I ran away from Wulvaria, but I have understood that his was a princely nature."

Her long deep sigh moved him. "Will you not let me be your friend, Miss Stanhope?" he asked, and the ardent light was in his eyes again.

"I shall be glad for your brother's sake."

"And I shall be glad for my own."

She led the way to a park bench, walking like a goddess, he thought. For long, a deep far-away look was on her face, and tears misted her dear eyes. He let the silence endure, knowing that at the end she would speak and tell him all.

"It was four years ago," she began abruptly. "I had been invited to an English country house where Earl and Lady Winthrop were staying. She is an American, you know, and she took a fancy to me. So when our visit was ended, she had me and my aunt at her place. There was a house party, and among the guests was Prince Karl. I was only a girl—not yet seventeen—and he was scarce twenty. We were thrown together a good deal, and—you know what happened. "I suppose it was the glamor

of his rank that first attracted me. He was such a genuine simple gentleman that everybody liked him. He had been brought up in the stiff ceremony of the German court, and the free life of an English shooting box delighted him. The end of it was that we loved each other, and one day he told me about it, and gave me his ring. We were a pair of little simpletons, and easily convinced each other that love is the strongest thing in the world. We were not allowed to dwell in our fool's paradise very long. Somehow word reached his father of what had happened, and Prince Karl was peremptorily recalled home. We exchanged vows of constancy, and next week a German court official called on me to ask for the return of Prince Karl's ring. It seems the ring was an heirloom which the princes of Wulvaria presented only to the woman they were about to marry. The German officer went away disappointed, and a week later another one, higher in rank than the first, sent up his card. He was very polite, of course, but very firm. A marriage between me and Prince Karl was quite impossible. In fact, an arrangement had already been made for him to marry a Danish princess as soon as she was old enough. He, too, went away without the ring, but he left me miserably unhappy, for I foresaw the end. It came a week later. Prince Heinrich, the brother of the king, came to England and visited me in person. He brought a letter from Karl. It was a cry of despair. He said he would always love me, but admitted that there was no hope of a marriage between us. I gave Prince Heinrich the ring."

"And you have never seen my brother since?"

"Never; and today when I looked up and saw you in the window I was sure it was Prince Karl. He is visiting America, you know—and I thought—I thought—" She strangled a sob, and added: "I am in trouble, and so I sent for him."

"Your trouble! I should be honored if you would give me your confidence. It is possible that I might be able to help."

"I am to be married tomorrow to Mr. Jacob Schiff, the Chicago pork-packer," she told him proudly, her fine lip curling with contempt of herself.

He looked at her, an exquisite creature of spirit and fire and dew, and his soul revolted

at the sacrifice required of her. "I think I understand. The steady pressure that wears away a rock. You have endured till you feel that you can endure no more, and in a moment of despair you have consented. Am I right?"

She inclined her head. A lump had crept up into her throat, and she dared not trust herself to attempt words.

A surge of rage, of inflexible resolution, swept through him. By heaven, she should not be sacrificed, if he could prevent it.

"You shall not marry him," he cried. "Once before your happiness was destroyed because my brother was weak. You are young. Life offers much if you will be strong and insist on getting it."

"You are late," she smiled sadly. "I have told myself that a hundred times. The truth is, that I do not care so much as I did. Life has turned gray for me, and I can't trust myself. If I revolt now, even with success, I shall succumb next week. Of what use to struggle?"

"We shall make the fires burn bright again. Come! There is a way out if we can find it, and you have but the courage to take it. Let me think."

She studied him while he was lost in thought with a vivid interest that she had never expected to give a man again. His face was strangely boyish for his years; yet it was a strong, masterful one, too. She compared it bitterly with that of the man she was going to marry; the clean-cut purity and refinement of this youth, with the coarse, fat countenance of the pork packer. And her heart sank within her, for she knew no way out of the tangle into which her life had raveled itself.

He turned to her impetuously. "There is a way. It depends on your trust in me and on your courage."

"I trust you implicitly," she said simply.

"Because I am Prince Karl's brother?" he asked.

"Because you are yourself."

"I thank you. Miss Stanhope, I love you. Will you marry me tonight?"

"Is that the way?" she asked, her face falling.

"Yes, but don't reject it without thought. I ask for nothing except to lend you my name. After that you need not know me, unless you wish. I give you fair warning

that I shall make you love me. But I shall base nothing on our marriage. You shall be as free as you are now. The only effect of it is to bar Schiff, to protect you against yourself and him, by making it impossible to yield."

"I dare not," she breathed, her lips parted and her breath suspended.

"And why not? Do you dislike me?"

"No." She did not look at him.

"You say you trust me. Of what are you afraid? Of convention?"

"Perhaps; and of my father's anger. Besides, I do not know you."

"You do not need to know me, since you merely borrow my name as a defence. I shall, of course, give you references that my name is honorable. You may leave the city tonight, and I tomorrow. None need know we are not traveling together. We merely anticipate, for in the end you are going to love me. It is your kismet."

"You seem very sure, sir," she sparkled, with the first flash of gayety he had seen in her.

"I am sure," he answered simply. "Does not something tell you that we were destined for each other?"

"I don't know what to do," she evaded. "I am afraid. Will you not give me five minutes alone to make a decision?"

He bowed, and left her to herself. When he returned the trouble had cleared from her eyes. She came forward smiling, and on that smile he swam to heaven.

"Sir, it shall be as you say. If you are still willing to lend me your name, I shall marry you as soon as it can be arranged."

A tide of color swept her cheeks. "But it must be understood that I promise you nothing — nothing at all. It is merely that I cannot endure the thought of what lies before me if I do not accept."

His voice rang with a strong dignity. "As sure as there is a God above us, you may trust my plighted word. I shall perfectly respect our compact, and yet in the end I shall make you love me, or rather not I, but the power that shapes our ends."

They were married at the house of the rector of St. John's two hours later. From the rectory they drove directly to her father. She was in a tremor of fear, not knowing whether he would cast her off in his rage at her course. But at worst, Stanhope was only an ambitious self-willed American, accustomed to having his own way in his family, and at best, he desired greatly the happiness of his motherless girl. He knew Karl slightly, and liked him. Wherefore, he grumbly forgave her. It did not seem to them necessary to tell him that they had never met before that day, nor the extraordinary circumstances under which he had wooed and won her.

For Karl Ludwich was right. Though he did not know it, he had already stormed the outworks of her heart. Sweet dreams were hers that night, while he paced the streets in a stress of exaltation, and the hero of her dreams was Karl Ludwich—not Karl the prince, who had not been strong enough to keep what he had won; but Karl the American, from whose strength she had borrowed courage to save them both.



# OUR YOUNG NATURALIST

By Robert C. McElravy

MERCY, what a miserable-looking kitten!" exclaimed Mary, as Billy deposited the bedraggled feline on the kitchen floor.

Billy looked up with a shade of defiance in his eyes. They were soft blue eyes, unaccustomed to the heavier emotions, and we felt his displeasure immediately.

"Poor kitty," he said quietly, drawing the wretched object into his protecting arms. "It followed me home, mother. It's a hungry kitty; I want to keep it."

The implied rebuke put the situation in a new light. The idiosyncrasies of the first-born are not to be dealt with lightly.

Mary crooked a mysterious finger, and I followed her into the dining-room. The matter was one demanding serious thought, and our conference was lengthy. Our child had extended a friendly hand to an animal in distress. Could we, his parents, looking always to the best interests of our offspring, afford to rudely cast forth the half-starved kitten upon a cold, cold world?

"I always detested a cat, George," said Mary vehemently.

"So do I," was my cordial acquiescence, the truthfulness of which was entirely unmarred by a simple desire to be agreeable.

"But it does look hungry," she added thoughtfully. I stood in silence, feeling the delicacy of the situation. If there was to be any relenting, I wanted it to come from Mary. The cat, if we adopted it, would be pre-eminently a kitchen adjunct; it would be under Mary's feet, not mine.

"At any rate, we must feed it," decided Mary, temporarily adjourning the conference.

We went to the kitchen again, and placed a saucer of milk before the kitten. It was duly appreciative, and literally waded in its own dinner. Its little sides seemed to take on an immediate air of plumpness.

Billy was in ecstasy. He gurgled with joy at the kitten's exhibition of greed, and his eyes shone with satisfaction.

"Oh, can't I keep it, mother?" he appealed eagerly.

Mary looked at me questioningly. I maintained dignified silence, conscious only of an inward sense of fatherly approval. I still insist that I gave no sign of this, though Mary avers that I looked almost as eager as Billy himself.

Left with the matter entirely in her own hands, there was but one thing possible for Mary to do, and she said yes, throwing Billy into a paroxysm of delight. Our further conferences, therefore, had not to do with the matter of retaining the kitten, but simply to the problem of its maintenance.

The adoption of Nellie, which was the name Billy gave to his pet, hitting the gender properly enough in a manner that seemed to us decidedly precocious, was only the beginning. We did not know this at the time, but learned rapidly enough, alas, that our young hopeful was destined to become little short of a juvenile naturalist.

The dog came next. Somewhere in the neighborhood, Billy had negotiated for a boisterous shepherd pup, which he escorted home with a degree of pardonable pride instantly shared by us. Mary liked a dog, and so did I. There was no begging an acceptance this time.

We were charmed with Rex, and his acquisition happily accorded with a desire we had both expressed once on a time for a dog. That was before Billy himself came, but the dog was still welcome.

"It will be much nicer to have a dog than a cat," said Mary, when the pup was brought in. She was secretly pleased at the change. She was tired of the cat, which was now a comfortable and inevitable occupant of every passageway one desired, it seemed.

"Instead of a cat!" cried Billy, detecting his mother's veiled wishes. "But we're going to keep kitty, too, aren't we?" His lips were fairly quivering.

"Oh, we can't do that, you know. Dogs and cats don't get along well together, Billy."

Mary said this with an air of finality, and it seemed a reasonable solution of the difficulty.

But it wasn't. We had before our very eyes a demonstration of the exception which proves the rule, and won Billy's case for him.

Seeing the pup hurriedly devouring his first consignment of milk, Nellie browsed up lazily from her corner and surveyed him quietly. She rubbed up against Billy's bare leg in a friendly manner, and received her accustomed caress. Then, all jealous fears having been allayed, she walked nonchalantly over toward the pup, which paid absolutely no attention to her. Whatever suspicions she may have had were dispelled, and to our astonishment Nellie then proceeded to join the pup in his meal, even pushing him aside a trifle to suit her purpose.

Billy's face widened in a pleased smile, and we knew that our cause was lost. "Dogs and cats do get along sometimes," he said, and there was no occasion for debate.

The dog and cat became fast friends. Rex grew rapidly, and his size might have frightened the cat, except that with his growth he maintained for her a growing affection. He guarded her from the intrusion of other dogs with a burly masterfulness that was pleasant to witness.

The two pets gave an added sweetness to our home life, and Mary and I were on the whole glad that we had kept Nellie, after all. We were scarcely prepared for the shock we experienced, however, when we heard one day a thin penetrating bawl from the back yard, and hastened to the rear of the house to see Billy leading a diminutive and wobbly heifer calf through the gate.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mary, "look what he's bringing now." We leaned against the trellis-work covered with half-closed morning glories, till we heard some explanation.

Billy did not confront us with an apology in any form. He was proud, and proud only, of his possession. He was waiting for our delighted cries of exultation, but evidently did not miss them, in view of former experiences. When our silence became painful, he burst out with the following statement: "Uncle Jerry Simmons' cow had a calf, and I found it this morning out in the field and told him about it, and he said he didn't want the calf, and I asked him what he was going to do with it, and he told me he was

going to give it away, and I asked him who to, and he said anybody, and I asked him if I could have it, and he said yes, and I got a rope and brought it home."

"I notice you brought it, Billy," I said somewhat dryly. "But why didn't you come first and ask us whether you could keep a calf or not?"

"Fraid somebody else would get it," replied Billy, overlooking my displeasure.

We had both decided in our own minds to send him right back with the calf, but at this juncture the animal itself brought our hospitality to the test a second time, and settled any such procedure in a definite and final manner. It was entirely exhausted by its trip from the pasture, and leaned weakly against the fence. Then its poor little legs gave way, and it sank helplessly to the ground.

There was nothing then for us to do but to bring it sustenance, which we did in the form of a bottle of warm milk with a nipple attached. I tried vainly to make it drink, finally resigning the job to Billy, and was not a little mortified to see the ease with which he accomplished the task.

"He has such a way with animals," whispered Mary, and I could see that she was very proud of Billy.

The calf was restored to its former strength, and was able to regain its wobbly position. Then Billy made his plea to keep it.

"But it will take so much milk to feed it," I objected, remembering Nellie and Rex.

"Yes, but it will give it back when it grows," replied Billy, with incontrovertible logic.

"Who'll milk it?" I asked, scenting an unpleasant occupation in the future.

"I will," said Billy firmly, and I am ready to admit that when the heifer grew sufficiently to give milk, Billy kept his word and milked her morning and night.

After the calf, which went by the high-sounding title of Lucinda, came other pets. Billy's love of animals seemed absolutely boundless. It even extended to the bird family. He got an old hen and set her on a dozen eggs, which brought out a respectable family of chicks in due time. Then he got a sack full of pigeons from a farmer who wanted to get them out of his hay-loft. We objected strenuously to the pigeons, but he appeased our discontent with a fine pair of

squabs which went well that evening at dinner. The pigeon crop came on apace, and soon the air was alive with blowers, tumblers and fan-tails.

As the seasons progressed Billy kept adding to his pets. We drew the line at pigs, and kept it there. But even in this he defeated us to a degree. He, with two other boys, fell heir to a litter of four little squealers which were born out of season, and whose owner did not want to bother with them. Billy came home and announced in triumph that he owned a third interest in four pigs. We started nervously, but he hastened to state that one of the other boys who lived in the outskirts of town would keep them.

We sighed in relief, and in talking it over agreed that Billy was very good not to insist on keeping the pigs at home. The truth was that we had gained a considerable respect for Billy's pets, particularly since the heifer had grown and was giving a generous supply of milk daily. But it was our victory in the pig episode which led to our undoing. We became careless, and had too much faith in Billy's taste about the pets he brought home. But that will be explained later.

During school vacations Billy went frequently to the woods with boy friends. Here he had ample opportunity to commune with nature to his heart's content. Sometimes he did so to our own discontent, when he stayed too long, but there seemed always to be some good reason for it.

Once when we had started to lecture him for remaining away too long, probably at the swimming hole, he mollified us with a handsome present of a dozen frog legs. Then he said he had sold a dozen to Mr. Rice, a neighbor, at a round sum. He said Mr. Rice liked them, and had given him an order for all he could get.

Next morning Billy went to the woods with a chosen friend. He appeared before Mr. Rice in the evening and said he had some frog legs.

"How many have you got?" queried the genial fellow.

"Sixteen dozen," said Billy simply.

"Sixteen dozen!" exclaimed the prospective purchaser. "Do you think I'm going to feed the whole town on frog legs!" But he bought the whole lot as he had agreed, and afterward told in great glee how Billy had put it on him.

Billy's way with animals was indeed wonderful. They seemed to come at his beck and call, and the trees about our house were soon filled with fox squirrels, which ate freely from his hands. He also captured ground squirrels and chipmunks, and made cages for them in the attic. Later he added rabbits and other pets.

The attic was Billy's own particular stronghold. He had complete dominion there, and had fitted up a gymnasium in one end and kept his pets in the other. For a time I superintended operations in the attic, but no trouble ever occurring, I finally yielded to Billy's judgment and gave him *carte blanche*, which he exercised, I regret to say, in a most unfortunate manner. Yet, to be fair about it, the fault was not Billy's, but another person's. I, myself, am quite willing to share the blame.

It was on the night we entertained the card club of which we were members that the unpleasantness occurred. My wife and I had been preparing some time for the event, and had issued many invitations. Primarily, we were entertaining our card club, but several of the members happened to have friends from the city visiting them, and they were invited also.

The gathering, as I remember distinctly, was one of the most notable of the season. Mary was assisted in receiving by several prominent women of our little city, and I know that she, as well as myself, was pleased with the continued evidences of enjoyment on the part of our guests during the evening.

We played cards a couple of hours, and had a short musical program. Then refreshments were served, including a fine quality of punch which the club members usually enjoyed.

I suggested smoking, and took several of the men to my den up stairs, where we chatted over our cigars some little time.

"How's Billy?" asked one of the guests, who was a neighbor.

"Doing finely," I replied, stifling my fatherly pride in the youth as well as possible.

"Has he got any more pets?" queried my friend, who knew the boy's interest in this pursuit.

"Well, I think he brought in a gray squirrel the other day," I replied. "I've sort of given up trying to keep track of them all."

We talked about the pets for some time, and I volunteered, in view of the general interest expressed, to exhibit them, if my guests would go up to the attic.

The invitation met with favor, and we went. I led the way and turned on the lights. It was rather gloomy, as the big room only boasted a couple of small incandescents, but we groped our way about and found the large cage where I knew the squirrels were kept.

It was a mistake, of course, to take so many persons into a room that I was so slightly familiar with, even in daylight, and pretty soon the inevitable occurred. I heard one of the men mutter a guarded exclamation, with a note of fear in it, and he said something about a door being left open. A heavy object hit the floor, and a general shout went up. Then I heard a discordant note from one of the rafters overhead, and felt a feathered creature swoop past my head in the gloom. I realized instantly that something was radically wrong, and sprang to the cage. The door was off its hinges, which were none too solid, and as I was trying to adjust it, I felt something slimy running along my arm. I jumped back, and as the noise increased there was a scurry to the four corners of the room.

No one thought of the stairway until it was too late. When I did so, it was a peculiar sight which met my gaze. First and foremost to leave the top step in the descent was a good-sized mother mouse, followed closely by a family of little ones. Then something scrambled on after it which looked like a big mud turtle. I could distinctly hear it bumping down the steps one at a time in its for once rapid flight. Next there dashed toward the stairs a pair of squirrels, followed in a trice by some lizards and a couple of garter snakes. A half-grown crow and a hoot owl followed, and my head whirled at the realization of what it all meant.

I recovered my senses as rapidly as possible, and started in pursuit of this incongruous menagerie, all strange to me. My guests followed, gradually awakening to the situation. Down one flight of stairs we sprang, hoping to shut off the cavalcade in time to prevent its passage to the first floor.

But the miniature Noah's ark compendium was well in the lead, and we were not quick enough. I got to the top of the last flight of steps just in time to see the whole outfit

entering the drawing-room where the guests were assembled.

There was an instant of complete silence, followed by a piercing shriek from a woman's voice.

"A mouse!" cried the voice, winding up its awful message in a weird wail.

"There's another one!" cried a second voice. "Oh, oh, oh!"

"Mercy! Heavens! Terrors!"

The entire vocabulary of feminine imprecation came fiercely up the stairway. Groans followed, accompanied by hair-raising outcries.

"A turtle!"

"A squirrel!"

"A lizard!"

"A snake! Merciful heavens, two snakes!"

The owl and the crow were still blindly knocking about in the stairway, but finally escaped and fluttered into the room. It was the wildest of wild scenes. I leaned weakly against the doorway, overcome with an awful sickness that seemed to sap my last vestige of strength. In front the women were all screaming, and behind the men were swearing softly. I looked about the room. Not a woman, not a single guest, was on the floor. Every person had climbed to the highest possible pedestal. The tables and chairs were filled with hysterical women, with skirts held high and wrapped about them. My wife was on the piano, having clambered there I cannot guess how, but I could see her hanging over its ebony top, limp and helpless.

There was pandemonium on every hand. I am not sure but several of the women had fainted, but those who had not were still screaming at the top of their voices. I managed to get the front door open, and the side door and the back door, realizing that the creeping, crawling creatures must be put outside. By the aid of some of the men, I captured the owl and crow, which we thrust, flapping and struggling, out into the night. The turtle went next, and the lesser animals lost no time disappearing through the doorways.

When the room was cleared, I sank into a chair, unable to collect my scattered senses. At this juncture, from the upper part of the house another outcry arose. I sat frozen. Surely the worst must have happened; nothing worse could happen! The guests were stunned, and sat as if waiting the day of judgment.

The crying continued, and came nearer. Presently there was revealed to the startled gaze of everyone the wailing and indignant figure of Billy on the stairway. He stood in his night-gown, an accusing figure, tears streaming down his cheeks and his little face tense with suffering. He gazed into the room filled with our dishevelled visitors, some of the women still holding their skirts inordinately high. But he cared nothing for the taut nerves of our guests.

"You've let all my pets get away!" he wailed broken-heartedly.

Then I saw his mother rush over to him, and he was clasped in the comforting arms of several weeping and laughing women all at once.

The great fear was over, and I think everybody saw the humor of the situation and laughed. At least I hope so. That is, everybody but Billy, who didn't see the joke, and perhaps couldn't be expected to.

## THE TINKHAM'S MOVE

By Emily Hewitt Leland

**N**OSTALGIA—nostalgia. Better send her home for two or three months," said the doctor hurriedly, as he jumped into his buggy and drove off at a brisk trot to more urgent patients.

"Nostalg," repeated Dan Tinkam, scratching his head in a bewildered way, as he watched the doctor whirl around a corner. "Well, that's a stumper for me."

He returned to the house—a box-like bit of ugliness in the ugly suburbs of a grimy manufacturing town—and stood beside the lounge on which his wife was lying.

"Mayme, what the dickens is nostalgia? The Doc says you've got it."

"I don't know, Dan; I told him how I felt, near's I could, a kind of sick feeling here," laying her hand over her heart, "and no appetite and no ambition about anything. I guess nostalgia must mean general laziness," and Mayme looked up in her husband's face with an expression which tried very hard to be a happy smile.

"Doc says you'd better go home for a while—maybe," said Dan, speaking rather reluctantly.

"Oh, no, Dan, I couldn't leave you—and the house all alone. You having to have your early breakfasts and something hot for suppers. And you'd have the house full of flies, you know." Still, she looked up at him a little wistfully.

"It would be mortal lonesome without you, sure. And maybe you'll feel all right—come cool weather."

"Oh, yes, I reckon so," and Mayme turned her face away. "You'd better hurry back now, Dan, or you'll be late."

She had not spoken about the doctor's questions about her previous life—where she had lived, and if she felt at home and contented in her present abiding-place—nor of how she had answered—with unconscious eloquence—telling him of her old home, a hill-farm, "down the river a piece," with its big, shady maples and beautiful grass, and the ice-cold spring in the north orchard, and brother Will and—mother. But Dan's work was in town, he was contented and earning good wages, and she hated to discourage him with her bad feelings, and—if she could only get up an appetite!

The doctor thought of his own home higher up the hills—its shaded lawn, sweet cool rooms and immaculate surroundings—and felt that, in this young woman's place, he would not only be minus appetite, but could easily die within twenty-four hours.

You see he knew nothing of the little back porch where it was sometimes quite cool late in the evenings; and where, if the next-door baby wasn't crying, and the man on the other side wasn't drunk, Mayme

and Dan could sit and be quite comfortable; especially since the morning glories had struggled up into a partial screen, and the big box of mignonette was beginning to fight the less agreeable odors of the neighboring yards.

"If you only liked farming, Dan," Mayme would sometimes say. "Even if you couldn't earn so much money, there would be the fresh fruits and vegetables and chickens, and mother would give us a cow, and she would be awfully glad to have us with them—only one man about the place, so."

These and similar remarks she would make, and Dan would usually answer—"Oh, come off, Mayme! I've got my trade and got to stick to it. We're middlin' well off as we be, seems to me."

On one occasion Mayme had added in a trembling voice—"It's going to be a sort of hard place to—to bring up a baby in, Dan."

And Dan had answered: "About the sort of place *I* was brought up in; and I'm about as healthy and decent as they make 'em."

So Mayme ceased to suggest, and as mid-summer drew on, silently drooped and pined, like a wildwood bird in a close cage, until Dan had insisted on calling in a doctor.

\* \* \*

For a week rain had fallen night and day without ceasing, and the waters of the river were over its banks and coursing and snarling down the lower streets like hungry wolves.

Many of the houses,—cheaply-built shacks for the most part,—were vacated, but Dan Tinkham's house, built conscientiously by himself and on a better foundation than the others, was going to withstand any rise which Rock River was capable of—so Dan thought, and so assured his wife, over and over again, as night drew on and one family after another fled from the neighborhood to higher ground.

"The streets and all these yards will be washed clean as a whistle, and that'll suit you, Mayme," he remarked cheerfully, as they retired for the night. "The rain's letting up now, and the river'll begin to go down by morning, all right."

The rain, however, had only paused for a more vigorous effort. Later in the night,

a heavy cloud-burst, a few miles up stream, sent down something like a tidal wave which caught up all things within its reach and bore them along in the wild exultant joy which always marks the rush of "many waters."

The flood swept around the Tinkham cottage like a mighty arm, lifted it with a single heave and bore it away, tilting and tossing like a cork.

Wakened from their sleep by a violent lurch of the bed and the crash of falling crockery, Mayme and Dan sprang up and clutched each other in terror.

"My God, we are afloat!" shouted Dan.

"Oh, we'll drown—we'll drown! Dan—dear Dan—don't let me drown!" screamed Mayme.

A few more lurches and dizzy rockings, and the house swept on in comparative tranquility.

"Dan, please forgive me for being cross and grumbly sometimes—it was because I felt sort of sick and bad—not because I didn't love you, Dan—with all my heart."

"Mayme—Mayme! Don't you talk that way to me—you poor little girl! You've never been half cross *enough* to such a darned old bear as I've been, time and time again—God bless you! and forgive *me*, Mayme, forgive *me!*"

Thus they kissed and absolved each other and awaited their fate.

Presently the house swept against some obstacle with a great crash and careened until the black water almost leaped in at the window by which they were kneeling. Dan hastily closed it. In a dizzy whirl the cottage righted itself and floated on.

"Mother's house will be safe—up there on the hills—and they'll find us—and bury us. They won't let us be lost, will they Dan? Oh, my mother—my mother!"

"Don't give up, Mayme, don't give up! I guess we won't get another knock like that; and I don't think we're sinking very much. Thank the Lord for these double floors! And, Mayme, if we *do* get out of this, we'll locate in a decent place—if I have to hire money at forty per and work twenty hours a day."

"Oh, Dan, if we can only be spared until daylight, it's all I ask. Oh, dear Lord! don't let us die in this *blackness!*"

Sometimes almost grazing the bank;

sometimes bumping against a floating tree, or some debris of the flood; or turning dizzy about in an eddy, the little house swept on through the terrible darkness, creaking, swaying, yet bravely holding together, and keeping a fairly comfortable perpendicular.

The lamp was lying crushed on the floor, but Dan, exploring with matches, found a candle in the kitchen, and its light made the situation a little less terrible. They dressed, and Dan coaxed his wife to take a little currant wine from a bottle carefully labeled in his mother-in-law's writing: "For Mayme, in case of sickness."

"It's a case of sickness now—sea sickness, you know!"

"Oh, Dan!" moaned Mayme, but she was cheered a little in spite of everything.

Kneeling by the window again, they peered out in the hope of discerning some landmark, but water and sky were swallowed up in darkness. Mayme hid her face in Dan's breast, shuddering.

"Seems as if I could almost make out the top of Mount Tyler," said Dan, after a long interval. Sure enough, a pale line of gray was visible in the east, and against it the dimmest outline of hills.

"We'll soon know where we are," said Dan cheerfully.

"It's daylight—the blessed daylight—Oh, thank the Lord!" cried Mayme.

A little later, with a jar and a scrape, and a deafening "swish," their little ark stood still. Branches of trees pressed against the window, and the water growled angrily around its sudden obstruction. Dan rushed this way and that to investigate.

"She's wedged in between some big trees as tight as a vice—trees as big around as a barrel—and not more'n four rods from shore, near's I can make out. And listen to that little dog yappin' away at us—ain't that music? Lord!" And Dan caught Mayme in his arms and fell to sobbing like a baby.

The house was tilted at an uncomfortable angle, but who cared for a little thing like that?—with the great trees holding them

securely—and the little dog—the dog on solid ground—so near!

"Dan," said Mayme, patting Dan's heavy shoulders, don't you think we might go out in the kitchen and make some coffee while it's getting lighter?—on the oil stove, you know. And there's that bit of cold boiled ham."

"Jiminy! the very thing!" blubbered Dan, vigorously wiping his eyes.

When a storm clears up in the morning the world may be pretty sure of fair weather. With the early summer dawn the west wind came up, the heavy clouds parted and flew and the bright morning star played bo-peep with them.

The Tinkham cottage rested like a big bird's nest in the sheltering trees, and its front windows looked placidly out—as well as they could through intervening boughs—upon the shore acres of Mayme's old home. Slowly the dawning light revealed the gray farm-house and the big brown barn among the trees of the upland, and the patient little dog still "yappin'" by the river's edge.

Mayme surveyed the scene with streaming eyes.

"I thought it sounded like old Beppo, but I couldn't believe—Oh, Dan, doesn't it seem as if—as if—"

"As if it was Providence? Well, we'll make it so, since you sort of like this place. I remembered, when we was waltzin' around in that blackness, how I'd blowed at you so many times for wantin' to move out into some decent place, and I vowed to the Lord we *would*—if we ever got the chance. And here we are, saved and moved, too! 'Twont take long, after the river goes down to yank her to pieces and set her up—"bout where that bunch of maples is, if your ma is willin'—with a lean-to kitchen. And you can run the chicken and garden business and I'll get Will to drill me on crops and stock. It certainly does look mighty clean and fresh out here; and—and I guess it *will* be a better place for—for—kids. Eh, Mayme?"

But Mayme could not reply except through the tightening of her arms about his neck.

# A MULTIPLE WOOING

By Gertrude Robinson

THE two old twin brothers, Jonathan and David, lived in their father's house. Their father had been dead many years, but the place was still spoken of (and doubtless yet regarded by the brothers) as the John Winthrop farm. These two had never really grown up. After their father's death, at an advanced age, the overseer, a withered, ancient negro who had come north with the family after the war, managed the farm and directed the household. Not that faithful Luke ever officially took control, but the whole village knew that the old twins worked when Luke suggested working, and played in their own way at other times.

In the evening, unless one or the other had ambled off to make a call on Miss Nancy Weatherbee, they played a gentle game of checkers or dominoes, enlivened by draughts of home-brewed blackberry or raspberry cordial. The old twins were pronounced in their temperance opinions, and would have been horrified at the thought of partaking of spirituous liquors; but they sipped their cordial tranquilly.

In the day-time, to be sure, they sometimes made a pretence of inspecting the farm, walking over it and petting the stock. Occasionally, in these walks, they held anxious conversations regarding their future. It was agreed that some day one of them should take the south farm, now leased, and the other continue at home. This had been the plan of their father. But in some way the two old brothers were never able to reach the point of decision. And what with Luke's efficient handling of the home place, and the rent from the other, there was no financial stringency to impel them. Their needs for ready money were few. The farm supplied the table, and the wardrobes of the old boys of sixty-odd years were almost unaltered since their young manhood. Modern styles and fabrics did not meet their ideas of gentlemanly attire. The elaborately-frilled shirt fronts, swallow-tailed broadcloths in black or blue, tall silk hats and dignified walking sticks of

the period of their youth still constituted their attire. David, it is true, had once contemplated purchasing a plain business suit of dark gray to wear to town, but Jonathan had easily dissuaded him.

There was only one respect in which they were divided. That was concerning their calls on Miss Nancy. Weatherbee. Miss Nancy was a contemporary who lived across the road. Her spick-and-span little white house, with its vine-shaded porch and background of flourishing young maple trees, was a contrast to the rambling yet pretentious Winthrop farm house. Miss Nancy herself was a contrast to the brothers. They, with their sprightly, care-free manners, exquisite old-time dress, carefully curled brown wigs, and stilted conversation were like ghosts of the youth of the past. Miss Nancy, plump, merry even to commonness, who dressed in the style of the times and in a manner befitting her age, who took no pains to conceal the gray strands in her once brown head, was the incarnation of the vigor, practicality and content of a newer and more robust generation. In years, she was of the generation of the twins, but there was no illusion of youth about her or in her mind. She had the spirit of ripened and healthful maturity that refuses to decay.

Years ago, when the twins were just arriving at the estate of silk hats, dress suits and canes, their father had thoroughly instructed them in the art of courtship. He had explained that never, by any means, did gentlemen interfere with each other in such matters, or attempt to win, by underhand means, another's sweetheart. On the other hand, so the code of courting ethics ran, until a young man was definitely engaged to a girl, he could not object to the bestowal on her of attentions similar to his own by another youth.

So when it happened that both of the twins chanced upon Miss Nancy Weatherbee as the sole object of his wooing, each, true to his training in courtesy, was careful not to

follow too closely upon the heels of his brother. If Jonathan called upon Nancy Wednesday evening, David postponed his visitation until Thursday night. Let David take her to the church supper Tuesday, and Jonathan, perforce, waited until the Friday night prayer-meeting provided him a chance to be gallant.

Perhaps it was this scrupulous regard for the courting rights of each other, perhaps it was the inherent youthfulness of each which prevented the realization of the flight of their years, at all events no one was ever able to tell which of the twins was preferred by Miss Nancy. Some thought that it was doubtful whether Nancy herself, thus wooed with gentle deference, knew which to encourage. At any rate, the years of youth and middle age passed, and the decision was as remote as that in regard to the ownership of the south farm.

It is true that Miss Nancy sometimes invited Jonathan in to take tea, and repaired his torn gloves with painstaking care. But on the other hand, when David was ill with a cold, she would bring over to the farm house a bottle of her famous elderberry wine, and brew him a mixture that routed the cold with more expedition than David appreciated, since this meant also the end of her skillful ministrations. It must be confessed that David had colds with shameless frequency, and from inexplicable causes, so his brother Jonathan thought.

Not only did these two never call together, but they never appeared in conjunction at any of the modest village functions where Nancy was likely to be present. There was, indeed, no uncertainty in this regard, since she was always escorted by one or the other of them. They attended their own Presbyterian church services, festivals and meetings arm-in-arm. Then, if necessary, each would select some ancient dame and treat her with all the fine courtesy of which they were past masters. But at the functions of the Methodist church, to which Nancy belonged, only one of the twins appeared. In fact, some of the newer people in town thought there was but one of them, and other folks seldom took the trouble to decide which one was with Nancy, thinking it sufficient if she herself knew the difference. It happened, fortunately, that the church festivities were so arranged that those of one denomination did

not conflict with those of another, and of social functions not associated with the churches there were none.

One day, however, there was an upheaval in the even routine of life for the Winthrop twins. Jonathan slipped on the stone steps before the house, and sprained his ankle. The doctor who came to supplement old Luke's treatment ordered a week's rest for the foot. It was not a serious accident, but, nevertheless, David was much alarmed about his brother. There had been no accidents and little serious illness in the family for years. After the doctor had gone and Jonathan was snugly tucked in on the lounge in the living-room, David roamed about disconsolately. Had Jonathan gone to make his call upon Nancy, David would have read the papers in contentment until his brother got in at nine precisely, to finish out the game of dominoes. He looked out the window. Nancy had a bright light in her little parlor. She was expecting Jonathan, as the night before she had been expecting him. Perhaps Nancy should be told of the accident. He glanced uneasily at the lounge. Jonathan appeared to be asleep. Surely Nancy would be offended if no one excused Jonathan's absence. Thereupon David put on his well-brushed top-coat, took his silk hat and cane, and started off across the road.

Nancy met him at the door. David did not explain Jonathan's absence, however, for Nancy greeted him as Jonathan. His sense of courtesy forbade correcting the error, besides he felt little pardonable annoyance that, after the long years he had been calling on Nancy, she should not be able to tell him from his brother. It was no effort to play the part of Jonathan. Their ways were as similar as those of two exactly constructed automatons. It was not until David had spread the little red napkin over his lap, and was munching happily his slice of raisin cake, that the shock came. He was taking a drink of coffee from the rare blue cup out of which one or the other of the twin courtiers had drunk nearly every night for forty years, when Nancy said:

"Jonathan, if you truly think it would not grieve David for us to marry, as you suggested night before last, I consent."

David set the little blue cup down noisily on the plate.

Nancy rescued the cup and plate, and went

on, "You see, Jonathan, dear, we are getting older all the time. As you said, if we are ever to be married, it is the time. Then I could take so much better care of you and of poor sickly David."

David sat up very straight, and with trembling fingers tried to fold the napkin in the wrong creases.

"Besides," continued Nancy, unobservantly, "I can't marry both of you. And it is right to marry the one I care for. David has never really asked me to have him. I do not think he cares at all."

Every whit of David's natural and acquired courtliness was required to cover his exit from Miss Nancy's parlor that evening. Nancy thought he was completely upset by her acceptance, and expedited his departure.

When David, at the scandalously late hour of ten, came into the living-room where his brother lay, the invalid looked at him reproachfully.

"You've been over to call on Nancy?" he inquired in a grieved voice. This apparent invasion of his rights was too flagrant to pass over.

"Yes," admitted David; "she told me of —her engagement to you."

"What!" shouted Jonathan, rising, forgetful of his lame foot and of his manners alike, "she hasn't accepted me yet!"

"It is all right, though," said David, a trifle unsteadily, "she thinks she has, and I should take it for granted the next time I saw her. I'm ready to go over to the other farm any time you want to set up house-keeping."

"Why, David," urged Jonathan joyfully, "you must live with us. Nancy would wish it."

"I think you'd better settle matters as soon as you can," persisted David with gentle avoidance of the last subject, "we're all getting older."

That night after the house was quiet, David came and stood in his brother's doorway, a lank, pathetic figure in dressing-gown and slippers.

"I think it would be as well if you never mentioned to Nancy anything about my call there tonight, or what she told me," he announced, "I forgot to tell her about your

ankle, and it would be—a favor to me if you would let her think it happened at nine o'clock, instead of at four."

Jonathan, thinking his brother was ashamed of his carelessness, and too happy to be critical, promised readily.

A month later Nancy sat beside Jonathan on Sunday in the Winthrop pew in the Presbyterian church. They had been married the night before. Nancy, in her black silk with trim lace collar and cuffs and becoming bonnet, looked almost out of place beside her youthful old husband. He was clad in shining broadcloth of ancient but frivolous cut, with his new brown wig curled to perfection. There was something motherly in Nancy's attitude toward him, to which her husband responded naturally and joyously, yet with a vague sense of loss. He missed David, who had persisted in living at the other farm most of the time the past month. He had driven back there after the wedding the night before, with old Luke, who had elected to stay with him.

Suddenly Jonathan straightened and stared. Nancy laid a warning hand upon his. Across the aisle from them sat David. But what a transformed David! He wore a plain business suit of dark gray; he had taken off his wig, and his own abundant gray locks brought out the ruddy color in his cheeks. By his side sat a slender, gray-haired little figure—the village school teacher. At first Jonathan did not associate her with David. When he did so, he turned to Nancy indignantly.

Nancy smiled at him for all the world as though she enjoyed having her rejected lover so soon consoled. Jonathan, however, was unable to reconcile himself to the defection of David, until the full consciousness of his brother's middle-aged appearance dawned upon him. Perhaps, he reflected, it was as well, for David was growing old fast. No doubt he might soon have found it impossible to get a wife.

Jonathan never knew that the little ex-school teacher, who had so unexpectedly usurped Nancy's place in David's heart, had consented to the marriage only on condition that David lay aside forever "the abominable wig and dress suit that made him look almost as old as his brother."



#### DODGING THE DAY OF WRATH

AFTER making a large hole in paper and plaster, Bobby at length pushed the chisel under the door-casing. He tried in three places to loosen it, as he had seen the carpenters do when they were at work in the house, but he could not.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Margie, looking up at this point. "Bobby, have you forgotten what papa said when you pounded nails in his chair?"

Bobby stood back and surveyed the dire results of his work. He had forgotten what papa said, but he had an uneasy feeling that it was something disagreeable.

"What did he say?" he demanded briefly.

"He said the next time you, on purpose, spoiled things in the house, he would spank you. Oh! Bobby, I'm 'fraid he will!"

Bobby squirmed about, the uneasy feeling increasing to an alarming degree.

"Oh, dear! Here he comes," said Margie, who was anxiously watching from the window.

"I'll hide," said Bobby, and flew up the stairs, where he plunged into the depths of a long, dark closet. No one could possibly see a little boy there. Indeed, he couldn't see any of himself.

Margie moved a chair so that it might hide the damage, and then withdrew to the other side of the room, keeping her eyes,

however, fixed on the fateful spot. It was quite impossible to keep from the dangerous ground.

"Bobby's hid," she announced as papa kissed her.

"Is he? I haven't time to look for him," and papa sat down at his desk and began moving papers about with a preoccupied air.

Bobby waited a while in the closet, and then, feeling that he was missing some of the interest of life, he ventured down on the stairway, moving on tip-toes with the fearfully, delightful sensation of having foes in ambush.

"Margie, is he there?" he asked in a loud whisper.

"Yes, you'd better be still."

"Did he see it?"

"No; hush! hush!"

"Papa."

"Yes, son."

"I did s, n, k."

"Did you?" said papa absently.

Bobby was astonished. He had expected the storm to burst when he made this cabalistic announcement after the fashion of his elders when they talked "secrets." He came further down, where he could look into the room.

"Papa, you don't know why I hid."

"No, why did you?"

"Oh! I wouldn't tell, not for forty cents.  
'Cause you'd spank me, if you knew."

There was no response.

"Say, papa, you don't know what's behind that chair by the door."

"Tell me what it is."

"Oh! no, I wouldn't, not for anything."  
Papa was still uninterested.

"Say, papa, I did it with your chisel."

"You mustn't take my chisel."

"I did, though; and I did it with that."

Papa arose, and Bobby, thinking that the moment of reckoning had come, fled up stairs again. But papa talked with mamma a moment, and then came up stairs to dress. He was going to Chicago that night. Bobby, shivering in the closet, heard him tell Margie about it. The small sinner reflected that, if he could escape the spanking that afternoon, he would probably be safe. Mamma would have to know, but she only made a fellow go to bed, or took some of his playthings away, and these, though disagreeable, were not to be compared to the unknown terrors of the spank. He resolved to lock his guilty secret in the recesses of his own heart. But, finding that no search was made for him, he put his head out of the closet.

"Papa," he said, with a conciliatory air, "when your birfday comes, I'm going to buy you a present. Let me see, what shall I get you?" Then the light of inspiration flashed upon him. "I'll get you a new shirt what the laundry man don't make the paint come off from."

"That will be splendid," said papa grimly.

"Papa, you wouldn't hurt your little boy that gave you a nice shirt, would you?"

"I wouldn't hurt my little boy at all."

"Bobby, sh-sh!" entreated Margie.

"But you said once you'd spank me," persisted Bobby.

"Not when you're a good boy."

"I'm not good. Oh! I'm awful naughty. Isn't I, Margie?"

Margie nodded breathlessly.

"Well, be good, then," said papa pacifically.

"I'm going to be. Oh! I'll never do it again!"

"All right, son."

"Besides, I'm going to give you a birfday present. You don't know what it is, do you, papa?"

"You said it was a shirt."

"I mean the other thing."

"No, I don't know what the other thing is."

"It's in the dining-room, but we won't never tell, will we, Margie?"

"Come down stairs now, and kiss me goodbye. I must go in a few minutes," said papa.

"No, I don't want to come down. I'm going to hide," said Bobby, disappearing quickly.

Papa went down with Margie, and Bobby came out to hang over the bannister again.

"Is he in the dining-room, Margie?" he called.

"Yes, but he isn't looking."

"S, N, K!" cried Bobby, loudly and impressively, drawn by much the same feeling that leads the mature sinner to boast of his crime.

"That don't spell it," said Margie, "but I don't know what does without asking mamma."

"That's what I mean," said Bobby.

"He isn't looking yet," replied the faithful sister.

Papa had his top-coat on and his suit case in his hand.

"Good-bye, son," he said, coming to the stairway.

Bobby kissed him, wriggling with delight.

"You didn't find it, papa, and it was in the dining-room all the time," he said triumphantly.

"What didn't I find?"

"Oh! I wouldn't tell you; not the littlest tiniest bit of it."

"I'm sorry, son; but I haven't time to look for it now. You keep the secret until I come back. Good-bye." And papa was gone, and the deed still hid in secrecy.

Three days later, papa, in Chicago, received the following epistle, written by Margie. She had help from mamma only in the spelling of the big words. Mamma interfered not at all with the sentiments she wished to express.

"Dear papa,

"You didn't see it. It was in the dining-room, behind the chair. Mamma had it mended, and now you won't never see it, and Bobby won't never get a spanking. We'll never tell.

"Love from  
"MARGIE."

*Zelia Margaret Walters*

## LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

### RENOVATE GILT FRAMES

By Helen M. Hobbs, Los Angeles, Cal.

To restore the color to gilt frames, wash them with warm water in which an onion has been boiled. Dry quickly with a soft cloth.

### NERVOUS PEOPLE

Nervous people should sleep in the dark.

### TO TEST WATER

By W. A. Underwood, Blackwood, Pa.

To test water, almost fill clean pint bottle with it and add a teaspoonful of sugar (granulated). Cover tight and keep in a warm place for two days. If at the end of that time it has become cloudy or milky it is unfit for domestic use.

### TO CLEAN A CLOTHES-LINE

By Mrs. A. C. Wallingsford, Springfield, O.

First roll it in a ball, then take a scrub-brush, soap and water, and scrub the outside of the ball; roll up that which has been scrubbed in a new ball, and continue scrubbing and rolling until all has been cleaned. Then rinse it thoroughly. This is a very good way to avoid those troublesome knots.

### SURE CURE FOR COLD-SORE

By L. Lola Walker, Pittsburgh, Penn.

Take two parts castor oil to one part spirits of camphor. Mix and bathe the sore frequently. The effect is almost magical, the first application giving almost instant relief. It heals the most obstinate cold-sore in an incredibly short time.

### FOR SLIGHT BURNS

By Mrs. R. L. S., Kansas City, Mo.

In superficial burns, the immediate and direct application of colloidion by means of a camel's-hair brush will relieve the pain and prevent scarring. It is cleanly and practically invisible.

### MAKING BISCUIT IN HASTE

By Mrs. F. Baker, Elmira, N. Y.

To save time when making hot biscuit, use a little less shortening and less flour, and bake in gem-tins, instead of getting out the board and rolling-pin.

### PRESERVED CUCUMBERS

By Mrs. J. E. Shean, Butte, Mont.

Fill glass jars with cucumbers, then cover with water that has been slightly seasoned with salt. Remove air bubbles, if any can be seen, by passing a fork through them. Put tops on with new or good rubbers, then turn upside down and let stand for a while, as a test that there is no leakage. When put up in this manner, cucumbers taste as fresh as when gathered off the vines in summer-time. Corn, string beans and green peas are put up with the same success; and especially corn on the cob. It requires no cooking; simply put up in cold water.

### FOR YOUR OLD ALARM CLOCK

By Mrs. Howard Fleek, Oakdale, No. Dak.

When your alarm clock refuses to go any longer, try putting it in a kettle of cold water, (enough to cover clock) and bring water to a boil, keeping up boiling heat for twenty minutes or so; then drain water all out and set in oven for thirty minutes to dry, then turn hands and alarm around several times, and the clock will run two or three months.

### USE "SLACK" OF SOFT COAL

By J. E. Warner, Benton, Mont.

Place the "slack" or dust upon a newspaper of two or more thicknesses and lay upon the coals in the stove. The paper burns away slowly and gives the coal a good start without smothering the fire or forming the gas which usually results if the slack is placed directly upon the coals.

### NEW WAY TO BAKE POTATOES

By Mattie E. Howe, Georgetown, Mass.

When baking potatoes, peel them first and lay in cold water a few minutes, then place in a tin and bake a golden brown. They will be found much more delicious than if baked in the skins.

### GIVES JELLY A DELICIOUS FLAVOR

By Mrs. W. W. Fowler, Walter, Okla.

To give jelly a delicious flavor: After putting the jelly into glasses or jars, while it is still warm lay rose geranium leaves over the top and then seal.

### DISINFECTANTS

By Florence Petty, Olive Hill, Ky.

To disinfect a room, burn sulphur, coffee or potato parings. Paper burnt in the sick-room several times daily will eradicate all scent or smell.

### TO KILL THISTLES

By J. J. Rice, Duke Center, Penn.

We had an acre of ground almost covered with Canada thistles, several years ago. We cut them in the *dark of the moon*, in July, and have never been troubled since.

### TO CLEAN PATENT LEATHER SHOES

By Mrs. E. B. W., Palestine, Texas

A cold biscuit broken in halves and rubbed on patent leather shoes will give them a shine like new.

**WASH THE SKIN OF FOWL BEFORE COOKING**  
*By Grace Blaine Hanger, Lombard, Ill.*

Have you ever discovered that the skin of a fowl is in need of a bath before roasting? I keep a small, stiff brush for the purpose, and with a certain white soap which is the only kind that I ever use about the kitchen sink, I scrub the fowl vigorously just before singeing. I then plunge them into several changes of clear water and hang them to drain. If you happen to be preparing two fowls, and doubt the soap idea, try it on one, and note the difference. I assure you that if well done, there is no taste of soap.

**HELPING OUT THE LAUNDRESS**

When I had lived in a suburb long enough to know that the supply of laundresses is about one-tenth of the demand, and I had secured an excellent washer who was not so good an ironer, I thought of a way which has proven very satisfactory. Each week, immediately after her departure, and before the freshly-ironed clothes have time to dry, I take an iron and touch up the things that really matter. Taking a small pointed iron, I dry off the gathers at top and cuff of sleeves, give a little extra polish to a front plait, and even sometimes dampen and re-iron a tuck that has been twisted. The lace that has been ironed without special care can be pulled into shape and, knowing as I do that the woman is worked almost to death and in constant demand, I consider it is a very good way to manage.

**LAXATIVE BISCUIT**

*By Fred A. Hicks, Warren, Ill.*

I have a receipt for "laxative biscuit" that everyone who tries praises highly. It has taken the place of drugs in our family. Our baker now keeps them for sale, and has a good trade. I think it ought to be generally known.

Two cups of bran; one cup of white flour; one-half cup of New Orleans molasses; one and a quarter cup of sweet milk; one teaspoonful of salsolatus and salt. An egg and raisins improve it.

**IRONING WITH A CLOTHES-WRINGER**

*By M. O'L., Bangor, Me.*

When taking in the sheets and common pillow-slips and towels, etc., fold evenly and run them through the clothes-wringer with the screws quite tight. Air on clothes-horse and they will need no further ironing. Small as this seems, it saves time for more work on something else.

**BROTH FOR INVALIDS**

*By Mrs. J. W. Richards, Mechanicsville, Iowa*

In preparing beef for soups or broth for invalids or convalescents, add a pinch of soda to the first water when boiling the meat. This adds to the flavor and makes it more palatable.

**BAKED BEANS**

*By Edith Peters, Dorchester, Mass.*

When you bake beans, try putting a layer of sausages over the top, instead of the usual piece of pork. It makes a very agreeable flavor and is generally liked.

**A LABOR SAVER**

*By Sara Hopkins, Denver, Colo.*

If the pan in which bread dough is mixed be rubbed with lard before putting any flour in, the dough comes out much better and the vessel is more easily washed.

**A NEW-FASHIONED PARLOR**  
*By Cora June Sheppard, Shiloh, N. J.*

I am so glad that the old-fashioned parlor—to be opened only for funerals, weddings, or other big occasions—has gone out of style. Having plenty of books, when I first went to housekeeping I started in to call my parlor a library. There was a closet in this room, which was an eye-sore. I had the door taken off and curtains hung, for a better effect, but still I was not satisfied, until a friend suggested that I tear out the wall between room and closet and have a built-in book-case. My husband is very handy with tools, and he did all the work necessary. It makes the room look larger, gives ample space for my books, and now I feel that my room is indeed a library. I love my books—they are near and dear to me. I want them easy of access; not in any coffin-like arrangement with glass doors. I believe in reading and re-reading the best books, rather than in reading too many. I mark my books—it is so refreshing at times to just read the marked passages—it is like dining on cream.

**HINTS FROM OHIO**

*By Mrs. E. D. Keyes, Hamilton, Ohio*

Sprinkle suet with flour before chopping, to prevent the particles from sticking together.

It is said that the rubber bands of fruit jars will recover their elasticity if soaked a few hours in ammonia water.

Never use soap for cleaning straw matting; put salt in the water for white matting, vinegar for red.

In doing up fine lace do not use any starch, but in the last rinsing water dissolve a little fine white sugar.

A teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia added to the rinse water will make rusty black goods look like new.

**SAFETY-PIN BUTTONS**

*By Rosa Dean Ham, Bellingham, Wash.*

If a button is gone from a young child's garment, and the place must be pinned together temporarily, much time may be saved in the course of a day, if you pin a good-sized safety-pin into the spot, where the button was, and then just slip the buttonhole over it, as you would over an oval-shaped button, instead of unpinning every time the garment is unfastened.

**MAKES YOUR LINEN LOOK LIKE NEW**

*By M. L. Freeland, Delevan, N. Y.*

Put one tablespoonful of raw cornstarch into each pailful of bluing water for table linen. Iron with a very hot iron when quite damp, and no matter how old and thin the linen may be, it will always have the crispness of new material, without any appearance of being starched.

**SHELLS FOR LEMON PIES**

*By Mrs. E. M. Schusler, Pike, N. Y.*

In making shells for lemon or ice-cream pies, turn the pie-tin bottom up, and put the crust on the outside; prick with a fork. They bake nicely and in good form, and if handled carefully will not break.

**REMOVES MATCH-SCRATCHES**

*By Mrs. F. H. Van Doestin, Hillsdale, Mich.*

Marks made by scratching matches on the wall can be removed by rubbing lightly with a piece of cut lemon, then with a cloth dipped in whiting, and finally with warm water and soap.

## THE BAKING OF CAKE

By Annie Ayer, Montville, Me.

In baking cake, divide the time required into quarters. During the first quarter, the mixture should begin to rise; second quarter, continue rising and begin to color slightly; third quarter, continue browning until the desired color; fourth quarter, finish baking and shrink from the sides of the pan. If necessary, cover with a sheet of asbestos arched well over the cake. Cake may be looked after often if oven door is opened and shut carefully. Do not move cake about the oven until it has risen its full height and begins to brown slightly. When cake is done it shrinks slightly from the sides of the pan, and in many cases this is sufficient test. Loaf cake, pound and fruit, are tested by pressing the surface with the tip of finger; if cake feels firm to the touch, and follows finger back into place, it is safe to remove it from the oven. Have nothing else in the oven while baking cake; keep the oven heat as uniform as possible. Small layer cakes require a hotter oven than loaf cakes.

## KEEP YOUR EYES BRIGHT

By Sadie E. Van Tyne, Chelsea, Mich.

Eyes red from over-use are not pretty to look at. Preventive measures are always more easy than corrective ones, and in this respect there are many "don'ts" which may be observed with satisfactory results. Here are a few: Don't read facing the light. Don't read with the head lowered. Don't read on a moving train. Don't read while you rock. Don't tax the eyes when you are tired. Don't use the eyes if they smart. Don't face the wind on dusty days without glasses. Don't squint; it weakens the eyelids. Always hold a book on a level with the eyes, and with the light coming over the left shoulder.

## KEEPS MEAT WITHOUT SMOKING

By Mrs. A. J. Jones, Prairie City, Iowa

One pint of salt, three tablespoonsfuls of brown sugar, two tablespoonsfuls of black pepper, one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, for one joint of meat weighing eighteen pounds. Mix well and rub into the meat after the anima heat is out. Wrap in brown paper, sew up in muslin sacks, and hang joint-end down.

## TO REMOVE WRINKLES FROM GARMENTS

By Mrs. M. A. B., Ohio

To take the wrinkles from skirts or other garments, after being packed, or from any cause, hang over a register or near a stove, on a form, or as you would hang in your closet. The garment will look like new.

## SWEEPING HARDWOOD FLOORS

By Mrs. Charles F. Magee, Kenton, Ohio

In sweeping a hardwood floor or matting, place a flannel bag over the broom, and it can be done easily and without dust arising.

## KEEPS WORMS FROM RADISHES

By Genevieve Moss, Laramie, Wyo.

If salt is sprinkled over the ground where radish seeds are planted, the radishes will not be worm-eaten.

## ZIGURA OIL

By Mrs. H. L. Lawler, Spokane, Wash.

One-half ounce of pulverized saltpetre put in half-pint sweet oil. This will cure inflammatory rheumatism.

## CURE FOR EXTERNAL CANCER

By Mary E. Armstrong, Prairie-du-Chien, Wis.

Equal parts of chloride of zinc and bloodroot; mix with wheat flour to the consistency of paste. Spread on a thin piece of muslin size of the sore; apply, and leave on twenty-four hours. Remove for twelve hours, and replace with a new plaster, leaving on twenty-four hours. Then apply a healing salve on a thin piece of muslin. After applying the salve for a few days, should there be any itching or shooting pains, apply the burning plaster again for twenty-four hours, then use healing salve until cured.

**Healing Salve:**—Three parts mutton tallow to one part resin, melted and thoroughly mixed.

## WINNOWING COFFEE

By William P. Marshall, Punta Gorda, Fla.

The irritant element of coffee, which lies largely in the chaff, may be easily eliminated by a little pains. Put through a mill, grinding, or rather cracking just sufficiently to free the chaff from the berry. Different coffees require different degrees of fineness to accomplish this. This chaff is light, and by taking the coffee little by little on a saucer and gently blowing it, shaking it at the same time, the chaff may be almost entirely winnowed out. Then set the mill to grind as fine as desired, and re-grind. Any grade of coffee is much improved both in health and quality by this simple process.

## SYRUP FOR ICE-CREAM

By Theron Crowningshield, Colorado Springs, Colo.

A delicious syrup to add to the goodness of ice-cream is made thus:—To every two dishes of cream, beat up one egg together with a spoonful of cocoa or ground chocolate. Sweeten to taste, flavor the same as the cream. To make it still better, add the same amount of fresh cream, and beat until very light. This is to be served from a little pitcher, being poured over the ice-cream. It is very much like a "Chocolate Sundae."

## A QUESTION

By Mrs. S. B. W., N. Y.

Will one of our readers please tell me how to wash wool blankets (white) so that the colors in the borders will not "run." Have used two kinds of soap and also borax without good results.

## FOR THE CANARY

Dry plenty of plantain seed stalks for the canary—they are very fond of them. Try giving your bird sultines; they supply the needed bit of salt.

## FOR WATER-SOAKED SHOES

By C. D. Leiter, Ashland, Ohio

Shoes may be kept in good condition, after becoming wet or even water-soaked, by rubbing vaseline well into the leather and along all seams. Do this before the shoe becomes dry, and the leather will not harden. This is also the best polish for patent leather obtainable.

## TO REMOVE WATER STAINS

By Mrs. Guy O. Forbes, Flandreau, So. Dak.

Those annoying stains or rings that remain in water-pitchers after water has been left standing in them, can be easily removed by the use of potato peelings and a little vinegar.

## THE HARVEST OF THE HAPPY HABIT

By the Editor

ONLY in the glorious, golden days of October comes perfect comprehension of the full meaning of harvest. The blaze of forest foliage seems the triumphant oriflamme of Nature's bounty — "An army with banners," returning from conquest. In early youth those autumn days were somewhat fraught with melancholy, as we stepped among the fallen glories of summer: the rain-sodden leaves and the fern-tangled banks; surroundings that recalled spring-time's sweet promise and the burning heat of summer, when Nature was bringing every leaf and bud to maturity—to meet with final decay—a promise of life to come.

A walk through the woods brings with it retrospective reflections; and what a glorious privilege it is that one can go, for a five-cent fare, from the very heart of the dusty, noisy city into the cool depths of the forest, and there, alone or with a few friends, enjoy absolute peace while resting from care and roaming "loose and free" through the woods! It seems to me that the rich sunny days of October mellow friendships and reveal new beauties of character even to intimate associates.

\* \* \* \* \*

How well I remember the organization of the "M. T's," a juvenile "secret society". There were just three; and we called ourselves the "M T's," and obeyed the impulse of boyhood to get out into the woods, with imaginations fired by literature not usually found in Sunday school libraries. We all desired a place of seclusion, where we three could enjoy absolute solitude and be wholly untrammelled.

In a snug, solitary spot surrounded by ancient hickory trees, we decided to build our subterranean retreat. It was in Bishop's Grove, near the old lime kiln. Philosopher "Bob" drove a stake, and Sherman "Tecumseh", the doughty little warrior, grabbed a shovel, and very soon the leaves were cleared away, and we dug and dug; for there are times when even boys will dig with hearty good-will. Then we emerged and set forth to cut boughs with which to roof our retreat. Next we constructed a long "secret passage," which must have looked singularly like a new-laid sewer. This was also covered over with boughs, so that we could just crawl in. The cave was duly supplied with candles, pictures, blankets, hammocks and sundry other modern "ornaments," smuggled from our homes, and which were scarcely suggestive of the cave-dwelling age. How we ever got the stuff in through that small passage was later a mystery that was never quite cleared up in the minds of some of the curious; but "we three" knew the secret.

\* \* \* \* \*

WHEN the subterranean home was complete—there were apples and melons there, as well as high-class literature. How deliciously food tasted in that somewhat airless chamber! How eagerly we would rush down to the cave when

school was out, choosing circuitous routes, to avoid observation, crawling in, one at a time, to make our obeisances to the "M. T." signs, the skull and cross bones and the various other insignia of the order. After we had refreshed ourselves with a visit to headquarters, perhaps we would spend an hour on the banks of the pond, or around the lime kiln; or we would get out the old boat, and imagine it a ship of war; for there is no repressing the fighting instincts and imaginations of youth. What happy and mysterious hours were those we spent in that old leaky flat-bottomed punt, stopping at the various little "harbors" along the edge of the pond, as we followed the indentures of the shore! It matters not that at times the boat was a pirate ship, and at others a government gunboat; or that the occupants were sometimes pirates of the Spanish main, and sometimes gallant officers; it mattered not that one of the officers had to keep up a steady bailing to avoid the sinking of the ship; we uttered "great swelling words of vanity," and were supremely happy. "The world was all before us where to choose." When autumn had glided into winter, heavy snows came and covered our cave with drifts; but even in those chilly days, there was a positive delight in crawling under the snow, shoveling our way, to realize that we were again threading the secret precincts of the "Mysterious Three," and there we shivered like warriors bold.

\* \* \* \* \*

When tales of the "M. T." permeated the school, and the letters were placed upon the blackboard—heroes we felt sure we were; and how we reveled in the almost hysterical curiosity of the girls! We felt like the chief characters in a story-book when all begged to know the arcana of our mystery; the while we stalked about shrouded in grimmest silence. Then little groups gathered to talk at the noon hour, and one particular group of girls would stand chatting in low tones while they munched their apples. They were especially fond of hearing tales of mystery, and they listened with flattering interest to records of the doings of the "M. T.'s," which were sometimes richly "embroidered." We were often late, and were "kept" after school; but in this we regarded ourselves as singled out for valor's sake, and bore up bravely and with an air of mystery that awakened the interest of Elaine of shaking curls—black-eyed gypsy-queen—and blue-eyed Guinevere, whose Lancelot was "fast runner" on the hose team. The witchery of the moonlight undid our best-laid plans. The other boys were dead against us. Tales began to creep out of how we were practicing a species of brigandage; how we armed ourselves with revolvers; — the father's musket carried in real war was in that arsenal, and cold shivers of dread crept up and down our spine every time we put on "a cap" to shoot, and felt the protesting "kick" of the gun.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a moment of weakness on one moonlight night, returning from the Lyceum, the questionings of "next friends" were irresistible—and the "secret place" was

disclosed. It was not many hours before the haunt was discovered, and the treasure-chamber was caved in and wrecked by the hand of the vandal. The "other boys" had simply "been there."

The Mysterious Three met at midnight on the banks of the pond, and decided that, although the cave was no more, and the secret haunt of the "M. T.'s" was discovered, there still remained a friendship which no vicissitudes of life or lapse of time could wreck, and 'twas written in red ink—emblematic of "heart's blud."

\* \* \* \* \*

THEN came the dreadful day of exposure at school! Not even the promise of "immunity baths" extorted any information of a damaging character. Those little girls, on the verge of tears, as they shook their pretty heads from which the long hair floated, confined only by a simple ornament known as "a round comb"—no pompadours then—one after another replied: "I don't know, sir," as Judge Bishop questioned anent our evil doings. I must confess, alas! that there were other girls who had been "sisters" of the M. T.'s, but who were from that dread day forever disowned, who seemed to enjoy enlarging on every whisper they had heard concerning the secret order.

Now let me divulge the secrets of that cave, and of the deeds of the boys who were thus branded as malfactors. We did in that cave consume Asa Camp's melons and Knowles' apples from across the creek and read such books as Thackeray's novels and Macaulay's Essays; though it is true we did at times discuss the existence of the soul and talk over the knotty question of immortality. Yes, when you look into the faces of your boys—for boys today are just what they were yesterday—remember that their thoughts are more profound than you think. The boy's life is the age of desire and imagination; the young man's the age of passion and purpose, and later comes the age of reason—as Marcus Aurelius has classified.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, when I wander through the woods, the desire does not come to me to build a cave; for the whole aspect of nature is changed. Autumn days are now garnished with sweet dreams of the Past and happy anticipations for the Future.

I walk through the shuffling leaves in the quiet wood on a bright October day with the reverential feeling of one entering a cathedral to worship. I look upon the trees, the stacks of grain and the fields that have finished their work and given up their fruitage, and it is pleasing to think of how much real happiness is being garnered in by the clan of Happy Habiter, to be kept safely in Memory's "Treasure-Trove," lasting on through all the days of life. With all the wealth of field, forest, mine and stream, what harvest compares with the sheaves of happiness garnered by habits of cheery confidence that welcome each recurring dream.

# FAMOUS AMERICAN CONCERT ARTISTS

By Bennett Chapple

UP to a very recent period, we were accustomed to turn a cold shoulder to the concert artist who lacked a foreign name and a foreign manner. The more remote his birthplace, the more outlandish his name, the wilder his mane and mien, the more American dollars were poured into his pockets. For our native-born artists, we had only a good-natured tolerance. We hired them to play and sing for us, only when we couldn't get the foreigners, or when we couldn't pay the foreigners' price.

As we began to outgrow the swaddling clothes of our musical culture, the knowledge dawned upon us that the American artists whom we were neglecting at home were being made much of abroad. We first learned from Europe how to appreciate our great opera singers. Then Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, a Chicago woman, created a furore from one end of Europe to the other by her pianistic genius. It was European appreciation that first brought us a realising sense of the greatness of our foremost composer, Edward MacDowell. A constant repetition of such instances has begun to have its effect, and today, in the wide spread of musical culture throughout the country, the old unpatriotic prejudice against the native artist is fast disappearing.

Musical art, throughout all its manifestations, is becoming more and more a domestic industry. Time was when Americans re-

ceived their musical instruction exclusively from men and women of foreign birth. Today the native-born teacher is in the majority. We are at the dawning of the day when those ambitious of a career either as singers or virtuosi are content to make their advanced studies here at home. The change has already gone far enough to check the annual exodus of American music students to Europe, and millions of dollars that would otherwise have gone into the pockets of European teachers are now being spent for musical instruction here at home. Once we learn to accept the American virtuoso at his true worth, we will be forced to accept him as an instructor. Those we esteem as artists, we must deem capable of producing artists. The converse of that proposition explains why all our talented and ambitious young musicians have been going abroad.

The vital interest of a well-planned movement to force proper recognition for the American artist is therefore apparent.

It must be recognized as the final step—the crowning movement in behalf of native art.

Such a movement is under way, and it has been inaugurated by Steinway & Sons. There is a logical significance in this leadership by a house which was the first to produce an American musical instrument which forced an acknowledgement of absolute superiority throughout the world.

The fact remains, however, that to a large



FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER.

## FAMOUS AMERICAN CONCERT ARTISTS

extent, in the less highly cultivated communities throughout our country, and to some extent in all communities, the tendency to underrate the native-born artist still exists.

This sentiment will meet a direct challenge during the coming season, under the leadership of a firm which has always occupied the foremost place in the country's musical activities, commercially and otherwise, and which in over half a century of experience in the concert field has never been convicted of an error of artistic judgment nor a lack of business acumen.

That there may be no struggle between the patriotic sentiments and the artistic conscience of the American musical public, the house of Steinway has enlisted and marshalled for its campaign four American pianists who have achieved genuine and enthusiastic endorsement from the critics and the public of Europe. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, who heads the list, although a lifelong resident of Chicago, is a pianist of international fame. She is the dean of our American virtuosi, and universally acknowledged to be our greatest living artist. In Europe she is held to have few living equals as a pianist in either sex. She has toured Europe repeatedly, and a few years ago created a world-wide sensation when, with her American grit she conquered a Parisian mob that tried to break up the concert at which she made her Parisian debut because the impresario had the "effrontery" to present an American pianist who insisted on playing an American piano. Incidentally, she insisted on playing a concerto by Saint Saens, who was just then under a boycott by the Musicians Union of Paris. The gend'armes had to be called to quell

the rioters, but the plucky American played right on throughout the tumult, and in the end those who had come to insult and jeer her, recognized that she had the stuff that heroines are made of, and gave her an ovation.

In Richard Buhlig, a pianist who, though little known here, has made the greatest sensation of the decade abroad, we are promised the most interesting personality in the piano world since Paderewski's debut here eighteen years ago. Buhlig is a Chicagoan by birth,

was educated in the public schools, and studied music in that city until his seventeenth year. He finished his studies under Leschetizky, and began concertizing in Berlin in 1902. He has a faculty for doing unusual things. He opened his public career, for example, by making the Berlin critics listen to his playing of Schubert's greatest but most neglected pianoforte work, the Sonata in B flat, Schumann's Fantasia, and Chopin's twenty-four preludes. Any music student can realize the daring of that in a young man with his entire future at stake. But he won the Berlin critics. Then he went on to London,

and dared more by performing the unparalleled feat of giving both of Brahms' piano concertos in one evening, and sending his audience away enthusiastic.

A recent interviewer discovered Buhlig reading an Italian copy of Dante, and drew from him confession that one of his ambitions was to study Greek, so that he could read Plato in the original. He is conversant with all the continental languages and literatures, and he admits that he is as fond of literature as he is of music. Buhlig is described as a strikingly handsome young man



RICHARD BUHLIG

## FAMOUS AMERICAN CONCERT ARTISTS

with a most magnetic personality, two attributes which ought to go a long way toward helping him to mount the top rung of the ladder of fame.

In 1905, one of the most interesting figures in the piano world here was Ernest Schelling, introduced as Paderewski's only pupil. His romantic career was much discussed in the press, particularly when he wound up his visit by marrying into a wealthy and prominent Knickerbocker family. Schelling's life has been the opposite of the disappointments and struggles that are commonly believed to be a concomitant of artistic success. He was born of wealthy parents, near Philadelphia, where his family still resides, his brother being professor of literature in the University of Pennsylvania. Schelling was a concert pianist when he was in knickerbockers. After his prodigy days he was sent abroad to study. Paderewski heard him, and was so taken with him that he invited him to his home, made him a member of his family, and taught him for years. Then Schelling was taken up by the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg, and installed as court pianist at their Castle Willegrad. He composed and studied here for several years, and then began to concertize. He has played in every country in Europe and across South America. While here two years ago, he appeared with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and all the other great orchestras and musical organizations. After his marriage he went abroad, and for two years past has been appearing with all the great orchestras of Europe, principally in the production of his own compositions.

Ernest Hutcheson is the fourth of the Steinway pianists. He is at the head of the piano

department of the Peabody Institute of Baltimore. Although an Australian by birth, Hutcheson is an American citizen and unlike a great many of our musicians of native and foreign birth, he does not run off to Europe annually for his vacations. He works, studies, composes, teaches and plays entirely in the land of his adoption. And America ought to be proud of him as it should be of every artist who, after achieving high position and great honor in the artistic life of the old world, voluntarily chooses to cast his lot among us and be one of us.

In a recent issue of the Steinway Bulletin, Mr. Hutcheson discussed from the standpoint of a virtuoso and teacher, some of the identical points that have been under consideration here. He says for instance: "There is no good reason against our turning out concert pianists in this country. I may mention Harold Randolph as a conspicuous illustration of the possibilities of American musical education. Best known as a concert pianist, he is also a good organist and singer, conducts a splendid mixed chorus (the Bach Choir of Baltimore)

and is director of one of our finest conservatories, yet he has never had any tuition outside of America.

The question is one into which three elements enter: teaching, opportunity of hearing good music (especially orchestral music) and 'atmosphere'."

"It seems to me that piano instruction stands very high in the United States. On the whole, we have fully as good teachers as can be found anywhere in Europe. Many of them, too, are of American birth. This applies both to the conservatories and private teaching.



ERNEST SCHELLING

## OUR FAMOUS CONCERT ARTISTS

"The opportunities for hearing music are fully sufficient in the large cities. In Germany many small towns support permanent orchestras, and this cannot be found here, though good choral societies are numerous. It is more or less an artistic disgrace to us that we have so few first-class orchestras, but it must be remembered that those of Germany commonly receive pecuniary aid from the state, the town or reigning princes.

"In this connection it should be said that most students who go abroad hear far more music than they can possibly assimilate, and, consequently, suffer from serious mental indigestion.

"The much talked of 'atmosphere,' too, is often breathed too freely. Still, it is in this matter that we are most deficient. The young American musician usually lacks the discipline, the lifelong patience, the veneration for his work, irrespective of its result and the poetic imagination of the great artist; and the surroundings of continental study certainly tend to supply these deficiencies.

"To the young pianist who has completed his studies and is willing to begin his career in a small way (as, for instance, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler did) instead of regarding the top rung of fame's ladder as his first step, America offers perhaps better openings than any other country. Nor is even the top rung unattainable to real merit,—witness the great and immediate success of Olga Samaroff in the United States when practically unknown elsewhere."

The campaign that the house of Steinway has inaugurated in the piano field is going on in other lines of musical endeavor. American-born prima donnas are filling the opera houses of Germany, France and Italy, and eventually they will catch the attention of our American impresarios.

Among our leading concert singers American women predominate. Before the approaching season is ended it is most likely that the prejudice against our native-born pianists will be

forever swept away, and they will no longer be forced to go abroad for financial support and artistic appreciation.



ERNEST HUTCHESON





VIEW OF A PORTION OF RUMSEY & CO.'S PUMP WORKS, TAKEN FROM SENECA STREET BRIDGE

## SENECA FALLS, NEW YORK

By E. T. Hartman

NESTLED in the midst of the lake region of Central New York, and midway between the twin lakes, Cayuga and Seneca; on both banks of the fair and winding Seneca River, whose pleasant reaches of clear water are broken at this site by a series of falls and rapids, is situated the village of Seneca Falls. It is an overgrown village, too large really to be called such, and not quite large enough for a city. The location of this place is an ideal one, and nature has been lavish in showering her gifts upon it. It is only the hand of man that has marred and stayed its development.

The water powers on both sides of the river, and the land surrounding the same were acquired by a large land company, who failed to develop her rich natural resources themselves, to lease or to sell. Consequently, for many years Seneca Falls stood still, while many villages that materially lacked in location and resources became places of considerable importance before these lands passed from the possession of the Bayard Land Company.

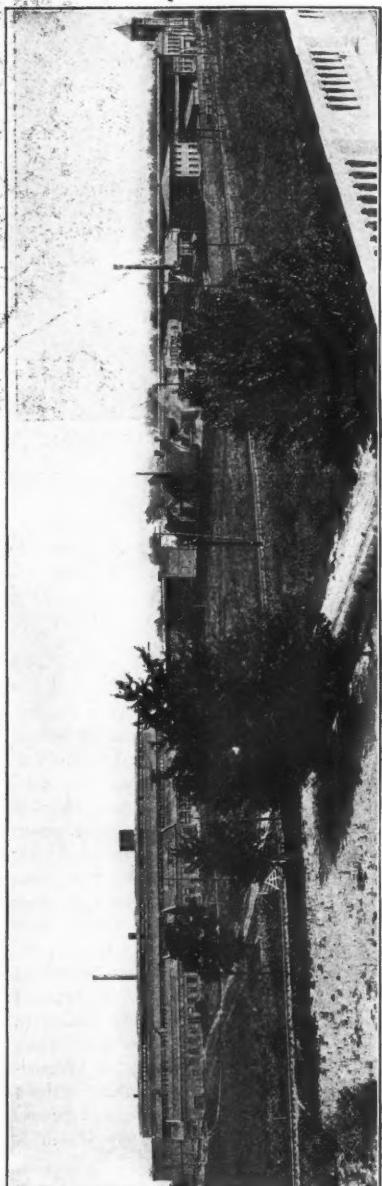
Seneca Falls lies midway between Rochester and Syracuse, on the Auburn branch of the New York Central. The Lehigh Valley also enters Seneca Falls, and has purchased and is preparing to extend the line to Auburn, fourteen miles to the east. Seneca Falls also has a finely equipped electric line making connections every thirty minutes with points to the east and west. Another trolley connects the northern and southern towns of the county.

The Seneca Falls and Cayuga branch of the Erie Canal passes through the heart of the manufacturing and business industries, giving ample dockage and low-rate water shipment from the coal regions of Pennsylvania to tide-water. Along the northern bounds of the village runs Niagara power, which is to be used to run the new Ithaca & Seneca Falls Electric Railroad.

Seneca Falls is the largest municipality in Seneca County, and her industries have made her name a household word in all corners of our own country, in the Orient, and beyond.

She has been dubbed "pump town," and

## SENECA FALLS, NEW YORK



PUMP WORKS  
GOULD'S TRIPLEX POWER

and development of water. The Gould pumps and Rumsey hydraulic engines are exported to all countries of the civilized world, and are utilized in something like a thousand different patterns, allied to all known powers of steam, electricity, etc.

Seneca Falls is the birthplace and home of the Silsby Steam Fire Engine, the Seneca Woolen Mills, the extensive manufactures of the National Advertising Company, and the Westcott-Jewell Manufacturing Company; the iron and wood-work machinery factories of the Seneca Falls Manufacturing Company; the Iroquois Motor Car Company; the Cast Thread and Fitting Company; the Ingersoll Paper Mills; the Seneca Falls Milling Company, and the Roberts & Briggs Milling Company; the Seneca Pattern Works; the Ontario Jobbing Company; the Climax (plumbers) Specialty Company; the metal letter foundries of Knight & Sons and A. W. Brim, and a number of other industries.

The Goulds works have been making their specialty for fifty-nine years, or until the "Goulds Pumps" are known the world over. They employ over 900 hands and occupy 375,000 square feet of floor space, producing over 1500 kinds of pumps, from the small "bucket pump" to the large pump for water works with a capacity of 5,000,000 gallons daily.

In 1901 the power pump business had assumed such large proportions that the Triplex Power Pump Works were built, and this plant was believed at the time to be amply large to handle the increase of business for a long time to come, but already two extensive additions have been made to the machine shop, which is now over 500 feet long. A new foundry, 500 by 144 feet, is under construction, and other large additions are planned, to keep pace with the constantly increasing demand for Goulds Efficient Triplex Power Pumps.

These works have a central power station generating electricity which drives the machines in various sections of the plant which is equipped throughout with labor-saving machinery, electric cranes, pneumatic hoists and tools. The works are carefully kept up to the best modern practice in every particular.

The Westcott-Jewell Company's output of rules runs into many millions every year, and are sold in nearly every civilized part of the world. Special machinery was invented to

her leading industries that take water power from the falls of the Seneca River have been largely devoted to the regulation, utilization

## SENECA FALLS, NEW YORK

do away with the slow process of engraving each line of the scales and to cheapen the cost, until now no child in school but can afford at least a "penny rule," and no offices so finely equipped that their fine desk rules do not fully match in quality and finish. Millions of rules are now made for schools and office use, while other millions are used by large advertisers as the best medium for effective advertising. Not only were the Westcott-Jewel Company pioneers in cheapening rule manufacture, but equally so in producing beautifully polished rules in natural wood, and many lovely colors, and they are now the largest exclusive rule manufacturers in the world.

Another prominent feature of Seneca Falls is the immense factory of Rumsey & Co., Limited, manufacturers of pumps and hydraulic engines.

The business was founded in 1840, and is the oldest factory in its line in the world. Over a thousand varieties and sizes of hand and power pumps are manufactured, including house and well pumps, ship pumps, deep well working heads for hand and power, triplex power pumps for water works and factory

Besides their factory in Seneca Falls, the company have large branch houses and distributing agencies in the principal cities of the United States, in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco, Pittsburgh and in Mexico.

The Seneca Falls Manufacturing Com-



OFFICE OF THE GOULD MANUFACTURING COMPANY

pany, established in 1879, is located on the Seneca River, which furnishes fine water power. They employ over 150 men and manufacture engine, speed, wood and foot-power lathes, also foot, hand and light-power wood-working machines, which are shipped to all parts of the world.

Each church denomination of Seneca Falls has a handsome and commodious church building. The church aid and auxiliary societies are active and efficient aids in the well-being of the community. The village has recently, through the liberality of Wilhemus Mynderse, become the recipient of a handsome public library building. Through the bequest of the late Albert Cook, an imposing soldiers' monument adorns the park, and through the endowment left by the late Justin B. Johnson, The Johnson Home for Indigent Women gives home comfort to aged women.

Mynderse Academy ranks among the leading academic schools of the state. The several ward schools give abundant educational facilities to the different wards.

Seneca Falls has a well-equipped, paid fire



SENECA FALLS MANUFACTURING COMPANY

use, electric triplex and centrifugal pumps, and electric underwriters' rotary fire pumps.

The factory contains floor space of nearly 400,000 square feet, and is equipped with every improved modern facility for the manufacture of the highest grade goods. The company market their product in every country in the world.

## SENECA FALLS, NEW YORK

department, and an efficient police force; three banks, two newspapers, three large and several smaller hotels, and good public buildings. It has substantial society and club buildings, and a large number of secret society organizations. Its residence streets



CAYUGA LAKE PARK, SENECA FALLS

have many elegant and costly homes. Its business streets are broad, well laid out and lined with substantial business blocks. A comprehensive sanitary sewer system is now nearing completion. The village is also about to build its own water works system. Since its incorporation under the general village law, it has jointly built with lot owners eighteen and three-quarter miles of stone and cement sidewalks.

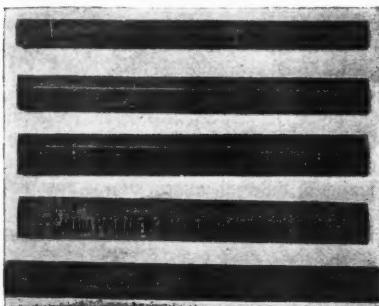
During the last decade the place has shaken off its lethargy and shown a spirit of enterprise. There is a pushing, promoting pub-

in growing Seneca Falls, made up as it largely is, of the homes of its wage-earners.

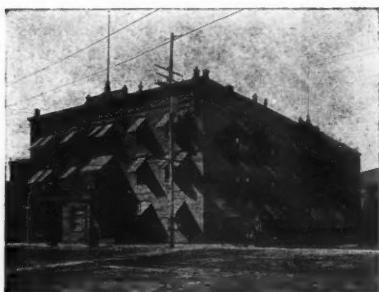
All that goes to make up a happy contented community, favored by nature and supplemented by man's efforts, centers here. The Board of Trade of Seneca Falls would be glad to supplement this brief sketch by supplying additional information.

\* \* \*

No reference to Seneca Falls is complete without speaking of that beautiful sheet of water lying at her eastern threshold and reached every few minutes during the summer season by the trolley—"the fair Cayuga Lake." Along its shore for forty miles on either hand stretch the summer homes of its inhabitants and those who come here each year from all parts of the country to spend the summer. The center of lake life is that



ADVERTISING SPECIALTIES MANUFACTURED BY THE  
WESCOTT-JEWELL COMPANY



HOAG HOTEL, SENECA FALLS

lic spirit which animates the resident of Seneca Falls, who has awakened to a spirit of civic pride and home loyalty and realizes that there is no better condition elsewhere than

well-known lakeside resort, the Cayuga Lake Park. This fine summer resort is located three miles east of Seneca Falls, directly on the shores of Cayuga Lake. It contains fifty acres of wooded land and is the most popular resort in this region.

The park, besides its natural beauty, has many artificial attractions, such as are found at resorts of this kind. During the summer season a fine orchestra is in attendance. It is owned and operated by the Geneva, Waterloo, Seneca Falls and Cayuga Lake Traction Company, and is the summer terminal of that road. Connections at the park are made with Cayuga Lake Transportation Company's steamers for Ithaca and other points on the lake.



WOOD'S SQUARE. TRANSFER AND TERMINAL OF STREET RAILWAYS, HUDSON, MASS.

## HUDSON, MASSACHUSETTS

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

HUDSON lies in the valley of one of the many beautiful streams of Massachusetts, surrounded by the varied foliage of water-loving elms and more distant copses of oak, chestnut and cedar. Rich in pastoral tradition and natural beauty, it is only during recent years that the good town has taken her rightful place among the enterprising, enthusiastic and prosperous manufacturing districts of the old Bay State.

Incorporated as a municipality March 16, 1866, the growth of Hudson was slow at first, but today there exists an unusually active co-operation among those business men who, by untiring energy, have established her varied industries, and have placed the prosperity of Hudson on a solid basis, not only enduring but creative, and promising even greater things.

Closely identified with the history of the town for some years past, is the Honorable L. D. Apsley, who, in 1852, at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, began his struggle with the world for recognition and success.

He is the founder of the great company bearing his name, which has become so powerful a factor in the prosperity and steady growth of Hudson.

Mr. Apsley, early in his career, became a traveling salesman for what was then the largest rubber manufacturing concern in America, and represented it in the best territory covered by its agents, the Middle and

Western States. Not content merely to sell big bills, regardless of future business and reputation, he helped greatly in building up a demand for tasteful, comfortable and durable rubber clothing and footwear, which vastly benefitted his employers and ultimately his own business.

In 1885, his connection with the Pioneer Rubber Company ceased, and he determined to manufacture and put upon the American market improved styles of rubber clothing and footwear. Having made a careful study of rubber he saw many chances to improve the class of goods then being manufactured. He, therefore, went to Hud-



HUDSON TOWN HOUSE

## HUDSON, MASSACHUSETTS

son and after satisfying himself that conditions were favorable for the establishment of his proposed industry, he secured the building, formerly occupied by the Hudson Fabric Company, and there organized the Goodyear Gossamer Company, and went to work. The business policy of the new



HOME OF HON. L. D. APSLEY

manufacturer was terse and admirable in spirit, his motto being: "The production of goods of high quality, and honorable dealing in all business relations;" a sentiment which underlies and sustains the business career of many a successful American manufacturer.

Mr. Apsley's old customers in the jobbing centers and large retail concerns favored the new enterprise, and the Goodyear Gossamer Company soon found it necessary to enlarge its plant, the business having increased so greatly. In 1888, when one of the buildings of the company was destroyed by fire, it was not only decided to rebuild, but the demand increased so rapidly that two large six-story buildings have since been added, with a capacity of 20,000 pairs of boots and rubbers daily. The goods manufactured by the Apsley Rubber Company average in value over \$3,000,000 per annum, in marked contrast to the comparatively small output of the little, old factory of 1885.

It was an intensely warm day in July (and who can forget a really hot day?) that I visited and surveyed these great brick-walled factories, surrounded by well-kept avenues and expanses of emerald lawn, which have replaced desolate wastes and the ragged cedar-growth which so often covers the foothills and sandy plateaus of Central Massachusetts.

It was high noon, and I stood for some time on the great stretch of inviting green-sward, while the workmen were having their mid-day rest, but when the whistle blew for work to begin again, I set out to go through the factory with Mr. Bailey.

We saw the hot dried sheets of rubber taken from the "baking pans"—so to speak—in the vacuum ovens, which accomplish the work formerly done in tedious and cumbersome drying lofts more perfectly and in much less time than by the old process. The dried rubber comes from the driers in many shapes, and almost every color, from yellowish white to nearly jet black, and some that looked like cinders. The better class rubber is known by its yellow tinge, purity and resiliency, the distinguishing marks of high-grade, crude rubber. It comes in lace-like sheets, balls and lumps like hams. The cheaper rubber comes in hands like figs, rolls, and even in links like sausages.

The rubber is milled or run between rollers and mixed with various compositions previous to manufacturing the goods. There are many formulas, according to the work to be done, but all are subjected to the vulcanizing process—Goodyear's great discovery, when he accidentally dropped a piece of sulphur on the stove and found out that rubber



THE R. B. LEWIS BLOCK

could be almost deodorized and deprived of its stickiness without losing its resiliency and other good qualities.

For certain uses, pure rubber is reduced to almost a liquid, and run over the back of cloth, which is spread in rolls. From these rolls it goes on an embossing machine and is run out in sheets about twelve feet long and a yard wide. These are put on stretchers,

HUDSON, MASSACHUSETTS



HON. L. D. APSLEY OF HUDSON, MASSACHUSETTS, FOUNDER  
OF THE APSLEY RUBBER COMPANY

HUDSON, MASSACHUSETTS



THE ABOVE SHOWS THE APSLEY RUBBER COMPANY'S FIRST  
and it will require four more trains of the same size to complete delivery

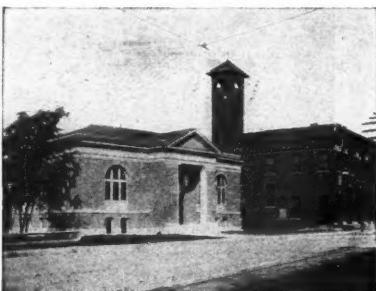
and each one is called a "book." Later we went up stairs and found a veritable Carnegie library of "rubber books," ready for active use.

The Apsley Rubber Company makes its own lasts, over which the materials are stretched and molded. The style of the Apsley lasts has long since distinguished the work of the company among discriminating buyers, so that an "Apsley rubber" is a standard for all purchasers.

\* \* \*

It was a busy scene, and paradoxical as it may seem, on this hot day preparations were being almost wholly made for the cold rain storms and snows and sleet of winter. How many colds and illnesses are saved by this vast output of waterproof garments and footwear, no one can estimate. Even as I stood among the busy workers, I seemed to hear the familiar admonition, "Now Johnnie, be

rubbers are very seldom worn out—they are "left." In my own collection I think there are about sixteen kinds of rubbers of various kinds, but no two are mates, rights and lefts, for one is lost and the other is of no service. This common carelessness accounts, perhaps, for the tremendous increase in the consump-



NEW HUDSON LIBRARY AND FIRE STATION



THE LAPointe MACHINE TOOL COMPANY

sure to put on your rubbers," and the later call that comes from railway brakemen, "Don't leave any rubbers or articles in the car," for at all ages it is recognized as advisable to have the rubbers in safe keeping.

As I travel about the country, I find that

tion of rubbers in late years, since the people began to go about so much more than formerly by means of electric and steam cars. It was recently estimated that in every rain-storm a doctor's bill is saved by the timely investment of seventy-five cents for rubbers, but for which a much heavier expense would have been incurred by the household.

\* \* \*

In the shipping room was a glimpse of a device showing a minor detail of Mr. Apsley's salesmanship and genius. On the end of all the boxes a checker-board was depicted. Anyone who remembers the old-time country store, or is familiar with its lineal descendant of modern times, will recall the great popularity of the game of checkers—I venture to say that Mr. Apsley knows all about it—and these boxes are designed to gratify a long-felt want. The folks who

## HUDSON, MASSACHUSETTS



SHIPMENT THIS YEAR TO THEIR AGENTS, M. D. WELLS COMPANY  
of their first detailed order of 1907 for Apsley Rubber Boots and Shoes

gather about the stove of the little store in the long winter evenings, and desire to play a game of checkers, merely tilt up the end of the box that holds the rubbers, and there is a checker-board! There, too, is the name of Apsley, and so throughout the ages and across this great country the name of Apsley

of the old-time cordial relationship between manufacturer and employees. When the chronicles of these times are adjusted, the men who have created that greatest blessing of men—work—will be given their just meed of praise; for the waste and desert places that have been converted by them into the homes and factories of industrious and prosperous men and women, and the great achievements of the age.

The homes that may be seen in and about the works are not owned by the Apsley Rubber Company, but by individual workers, who have paid for them out of their earnings, and are still making a prosperous and comfortable livelihood under the direction of that indefatigable salesman who knew how to manufacture and distribute a product throughout the world, directly from the charming town of Hudson, in Central Massachusetts, not far from that historic Wayside Inn, in Sudbury, Massachusetts, made famous by Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn."



HUDSON HIGH SCHOOL

and the box that held the rubber goods of his make shall keep alive innocent recreations and the pleasant associations dear to all ardent checker players who indulge in that good old enticing game.

In the private office of Mr. Apsley were many evidences of a busy life. A portrait given a very prominent position is that of the man to whom he sold his first bill of goods. Another photograph shows a train-load of Apsley goods on its way to the markets of the world.

"Here," I said, "is the evidence of 'doing things.'"

Mr. Apsley enjoyed the intimate friendship of the late Senator Mark Hanna, President McKinley and other prominent public men; but what impressed me most was the supreme affection in which he is held by his employees. A big-hearted, generous, just man, it is no wonder that on every side I found these pronounced and refreshing evidences



HOME OF THE HUDSON NATIONAL BANK

It would seem that Mr. Apsley's energies must all be absorbed by this immense business, but such is not the case. In 1892, the same year in which the Apsley Rubber Company was incorporated, his election to Congress occurred, and he was returned again in 1894. His activity and excellent

## HUDSON, MASSACHUSETTS



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF HUDSON, MASSACHUSETTS, FROM MT. BELLEVUE

judgment inspired his appointment as vice-chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee in the campaigns of 1894 and 1896, but his increasing business cares forbade his further essays in the domain of politics.

Since those days Mr. Apsley has become the president of the Rubber Manufacturing & Distributing Company of Seattle, Washington, and has assumed other important duties in connection with industrial and financial corporations.

Mr. Apsley is a man of broad and refined tastes, and has made his home in Hudson, in not only a beautiful and costly mansion, but one embodying personal and artistic features, which add the charm of the owner's individuality to the work of the architect and decorator. In general design the home is dominated by the heavy porticos, with the fluted Corinthian columns, so largely used in Colonial mansions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The grounds and approaches, viewed from any point, make a charming picture, and the electric lighting system, both in and outside the house, brings forth the beauty of many stained glass windows and the contrasts of tree and pillar, wall and foliage.

The great hall, with its handsome furniture, splendid Colonial clock, Japanese vases and trophies of the chase; the treasures of rare glass and china, exquisite statuary and rare volumes in salon and library; the luxurious billiard room and bowling alleys, and the comfort and perfect equipment of boudoir and chamber, make the Apsley home a place long to be remembered by all who visit it and enjoy its princely hospitality.

Mr. Apsley's greatest success, the success that has most benefitted mankind, is his rubber industry. He has built up new methods in rubber manufacture, has utilized new ideas, until now this trade is one of the most im-

portant in the United States. His industry has meant more for the town of Hudson than anything else, for it has given employment to hundreds of well paid wage earners, and has made the name of the town almost a household word throughout the length and breadth of our land. L. D. Apsley, the man, stands high among his fellowmen; L. D. Apsley, the politician, is a splendid example of the sterling worth of a business man to the State; but L. D. Apsley, the builder of an enduring industry, has won perpetual fame, not only for himself, but for the fortunate town in which his business is located.

\* \* \*

The list of manufacturing industries also include several large and prosperous corporations engaged in the manufacture of leather shoes of all grades, shoe machinery, tool factories, elastic goring and suspender works, foundry and special machine works, wool scouring and blanket mills, wood and box factories, printing and book binding establishments, and a variety of smaller and kindred industries.

Modern retail establishments are everywhere in evidence, also a splendid electric light system, furnished by a municipal plant.

Excellent water and sewerage systems all add to the facilities for convenience, comfort and business.

It may be truly said that the banking facilities of Hudson are unequalled, and offer the business man every accommodation needed in business and finance.

With an active Board of Trade always alert for business enterprises, seeking new locations, and a citizenship always speaking words of praise for the community, Hudson is steadily gaining in prestige, and offers excellent advantages to the progressive man or corporation.

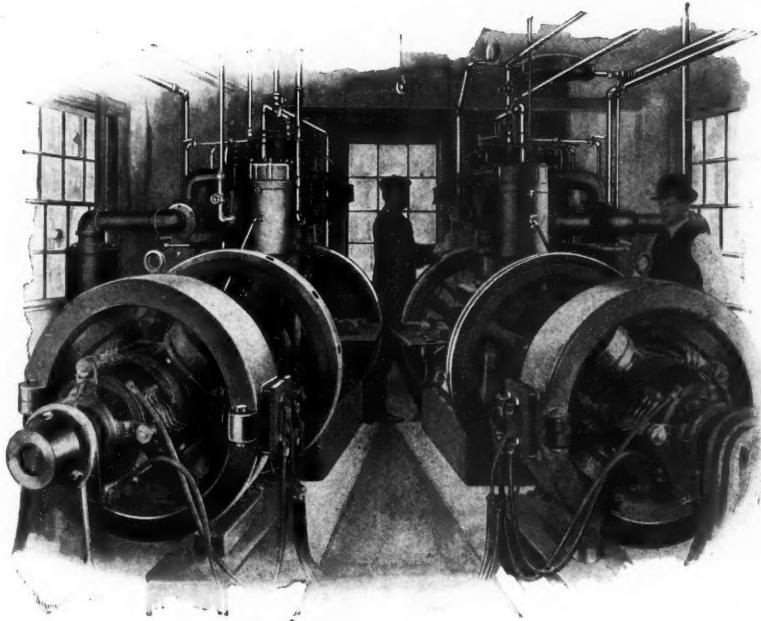
# THE POWER THAT PUSHES

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WITH the enthusiasm of new possessions, we must rise to tell about our power plant, just installed. The growth of the business necessitated either a large increase in presses, or operating those in service night

army of individual motors allotted to each separate machine in the plant of the National.

In Boston there lives a man named J. P. Eustis. He is experienced in the gas engine proposition, because he has tried the method



HERE ARE THE TWO BRUCE-MERIAM-ABBOTT GAS ENGINES "JACK AND JILL" AND THE HOLTZER-CABOT MOTORS

and day, which made it essential to possess a power plant of our own. The subject was gravely discussed and thoroughly investigated. Every sort of power, from electricity and gas down to windmills and horse power for the old corn sheller, was thoroughly canvassed. It was finally concluded that the National should have its own power plant, and operate gas engines.

There is an irresistible potency and charm in that word "power," especially when it means a concrete force to run all the small

in his own plant. He enlisted as a representative for a manufacturer of gas engines. Mr. Eustis is at the head of an establishment known as "Brass-crafters," and when he takes up a project he manages to obtain results. He made up his mind to sell Jack and Jill, two gas engines, to the National, because he felt that they were just fitted to "pull the load up the hill." He came to our office armed with a contract, and in less time than I can tell it, he had it prepared for the signature.

## THE POWER THAT PUSHES

"There it is," he said, "all ready when you make up your mind—I have made up mine."

During the evening, we called by telephone a representative of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company, who appeared in the person of the secretary, Mr. Wrightington. He joined the consultation in earnest; for if the first thing to be considered was gas engines, the important point was the cost of gas with which to run them. It did not take long to discover that the Boston Consolidated Gas Company thoroughly understands the question of economic power. It became apparent that, as surely as two and two make four,

tured which had the fundamentals of efficiency, economy and durability—the three cardinal points desired. Mr. Bruce is a veteran steam engine and foundry man, and has succeeded in putting into iron castings his idea of what is needed for good factory equipment. When I saw some great castings simply pushed aside into the scrap-heap, because they were not absolutely perfect—as his exactions demanded—I thought: "The kind of machinery we need is certainly made here."

\* \* \*

In the drafting room was a thoughtful young man, who has devoted his life to the study of gas engines. He began his work when a student of Oberlin College, in connection with an equipment for blowing a pipe-organ, and there are few details about gas engineering that have not been thoroughly wrought out by Mr. Meriam, to whose genius the perfection of the Bruce, Meriam & Abbott engines as a mechanism is due.

Then there was Mr. Schowé, the financial man, and Mr. Abbott in the sales department—all enthusiastic over the splendid success attained in producing and selling perfectly-operating gas engines. The enthusiasm was contagious, and when I returned home the conviction that we had found just what was required was firmly rooted.

It was decided to put in two units, that is two engines of twenty-seven horse power, each directly connected with generators, which, of course, meant Holtzer-Cabot generators, long recognized in the National Magazine, as well as in the United States navy, and by discriminating purchasers everywhere, as the highest standard of electric efficiency. There is something interesting in the way in which business relationships are begun, and how one becomes attached to an equipment when it operates just right and fulfills to the letter every requirement just as promised by the men behind the product—you can pardon the enthusiasm that possesses the owner of a good horse or automobile.

After all this, there was the new building for the power house to be thought out. No matter whether it is a ten-story skyscraper or a modest National Magazine power house, there is always just so much to go through—the building permits, the specifications for foundations, the water, gas and other connections—those who have done any build-



IT LOOKS LIKE A BANK SAFE—IT'S ONLY A HARMLESS BOSTON GAS COMPANY'S GAS METER

with the gas down to eighty cents by July first, we could not do better than take this means of generating power for our plant. After we had finished the conference, there was no longer any question. Gas was the most economic fuel possible for our purpose.

\* \* \*

A trip to Cleveland was made, to visit the plant of the Bruce-Meriam-Abbott Company, who manufacture gas engines that are attracting wide attention because of their simplicity and efficiency.

The large establishment at the foot of the hill, in Cleveland, was inspected in company with Mr. Bruce. At the outset it was evident that here gas engines were manufac-

## THE POWER THAT PUSHES

ing in Boston know all about the yards of red tape that have to be unwound; but the building took on form before many days.

\* \* \*

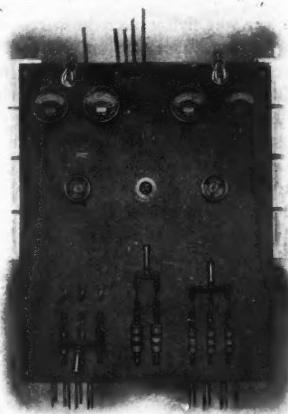
The day of "starting up" or christening arrived. We gazed on our beautiful twain of gas engines with the same unabated enthusiasm that we view the Miehle presses, Monotype equipment, Dexter folders, Holtzer-Cabot motors, and all the other machinery of our plant. Now, no visitor to the National Magazine office leaves without a peep at the power plant, where, like the waves of the sea, "endless motion never ceases."

There were the early, trying moments of adjustment, when the initial explosion of the gas in the cylinders, giving evidence of its latent strength by starting the ponderous wheels on their rapid but peaceful flight, brought us to feel that we too, perhaps, had liberated the genii from the bottle, who might be the master untamed, whose will could not be easily broken and bent to subservience as

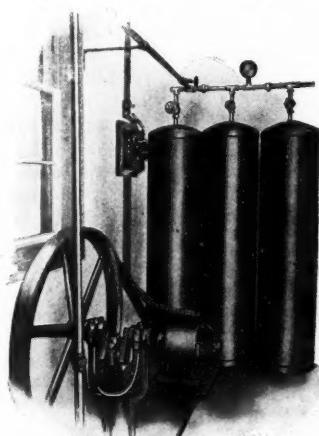
each component part losing its individuality in a harmonious unison of effect. The drive-wheels speed at a pace of almost a mile a minute — faster than the Twentieth Century Limited.

\* \* \*

The most remarkable attribute of our power plant is its simplicity. One day ill-



WITH AN EYE ON THE DOUBLE SWITCH BOARD THE ENGINES CARRY THE LOAD



WHEN IT COMES TO STORING UP COMPRESSED AIR  
—THESE THREE TANKS HAVE IT

his foster brothers, fire and water, had been. But in an incredibly short time, adjustments were complete, the generators were humming their minor rhythm of industry, electric currents darting to the switches, ready like Puck to circle the globe in less time than it takes to write it, giving out light and power,

ness prevented the engineer from reporting for work, and the simplicity of the engines is exemplified by the fact that one of our boys who had never before operated a gas engine went down and started the power in good season, to the whistled accompaniment of "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning"—for the electric light burns steadily when the engines start. If anything is wrong, the engines have sense enough to stop automatically and wait for it to be fixed.

We have begun to feel as though the Bruce-Merriam-Abbott engines were human beings and had a place on the weekly pay-roll. It is true, they don't come to the desk on Saturday nights for an envelope, but when the gas bills come in once a month, it seems as though the engines took pride in having lowered the expenses and increased the efficiency of the plant, as they "sing their song of sixpence, with belts full of power."

When the massive fly-wheels first started, it was difficult to fully understand the story

## THE POWER THAT PUSHES

of economy told by the great iron safe in one corner, where stands the 150-light gas meter of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company. Here the gigantic drive-wheels roll away as if in an eternal race with Old Father Time himself, heedless of his sharp-edged scythe. The electric current for power and light is generated in these racing revolutions of the wheels, which move along as noiseless as the tread of the Indian hunter. Not a tremor in the building; and yet fifty-four horse power was flying over the wires—sufficient to run ten street cars on an air line to Worcester, or furnish electric light for a town of two thousand people. The air compressor has already harnessed the east wind. We must have compressed air—even in a magazine office—and our woman readers will like to hear that these compressors can be used for sweeping and dusting and blowing the whistles. Westinghouse, with his air brakes, is not the only inventor who has used compressed air in industrial activities.

The power plant is visited by manufacturers from all over New England, and by

many others who are looking into the question of economic and efficient power. Visitors are always welcome; for the little power house shines like the engines that were the pride of Kipling's engineer, McAndrews, who was wont to exclaim, as he looked at them:

"Eh, mon, they're grand, they're grand."

Those engines seem so human—in the twinkling of an eye, with the movement of a few levers, fifty motors are loaded with power. The individuality of the engines suggested the names of "Jack" and "Jill." One sometimes scolds a little—so I leave it to the reader to decide which is Jack and which is Jill—but both are always ready to pull their load "up the hill." Of course, compared with the mammoth equipment of some great factories, our power plant may be diminutive, but it is so arranged that it is the foundation for all the power that may be required for future magazine production—for as more power is needed, another unit or engine can be added as the Bruce-Merriam-Abbott engines push the growth of the National Magazine—by power economy.



'TIS A MODEST LITTLE BUILDING—THAT POWER HOUSE  
—BUT HERE IS WHERE THE GAS FLOWS TO GENERATE  
FIFTY-FOUR HORSE POWER IN THE TWO ENGINES JACK  
AND JILL—BOTH FULL UP THE HILL

## CONCERNING THE MODERN FUEL

WHEN the subject of "power—more power" was presented for the consideration of the National Magazine, in connection with its increasing equipment, nearly everything burnable was investigated.

Then there appeared upon the scene Mr. Wrightington, a young man, secretary of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company, who came to call one evening. In a few minutes, it was evident that he knew his business. In the next half-hour it was conclusively shown that he knew much more about the power needed for our work than we did ourselves. By making tests, considering conditions of our plant, and giving personal attention to all details, he showed where we could economize by using gas engines, and economy and efficiency in power is the one thing which is bound to appeal to every manufacturer. We talked far into the night, not only on the matter of gas as a power producer, but on general subjects that did not specially concern, apparently, the question of producing gas—but all matters growing in and out of the production and use of gas were familiar to him. He clearly regarded it as part of his business that the public should be correctly informed.

Mr. Wrightington's square, candid statement of the fact that he considered his corporation as being in partnership with the public, showed that he lived up to his ideals, and had the courage of his convictions. A year ago the sliding scale was put to the test, the principle being to provide a maximum of service at a minimum of cost, allowing the company to increase its dividends, because of the increased consumption, which also meant the reduction of prices. This arrangement was of financial benefit for both partners—the company and the public—and has already proved successful. The first proposition was to have all the partners, or consumers of gas, increase the consumption, and proportionately as it was increased the price of gas was reduced on a sliding scale.

Preparations for the increased use of gas were made forthwith, and the advantages of

gas as a fuel and for lighting appealed to the people, so that the sales have become much larger than in former years. Last year's reduction, bringing the price down to eighty-five cents, has been followed this year by another reduction, and now gas can be obtained all over Boston on an eighty-cent basis. During the coming year this price will be a saving of \$800,000 to the consumers of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company's product, as compared with a few years ago, but the financial benefits of this act also accrue to the company itself, by earning the public good-will and making it possible for them to realize a larger dividend because of increased production. The many favorable comments which I have heard from consumers of this gas are certainly interesting, and Boston today is noted as having gas at a lower rate than any other city equally far removed from coal and oil fields.

All over the city of Boston courteous and energetic representatives are ready to demonstrate, in about fifteen minutes, just what economy can be effected by the use of gas as a fuel, even for a single day. Once demonstrated, the busy housewife realizes that a great consolidated gas company may prove a blessing in the home. The expressions of confidence which its personal contact with customers has brought forth are scarcely paralleled in the annals of any gas company in the country.

One of the peculiar features of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company is that they consider it a favor for a customer to notify them if there is any defect in the gas, or in the service rendered by employes. All complaints receive prompt attention, for there is a constant and earnest endeavor to rectify any shortcomings.

The success of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company is not merely the success of a great corporation in one city. What they have done has outlined definitely the policy by which the public utility corporations may reap a brilliant success and also become public benefactors, while, at the same time, they

## CONCERNING THE MODERN FUEL

insure for their own investments a larger profit in the way of dividends.

The public, as a rule, are disposed to be fair, and nothing less can be said of the management of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company. The consumer of gas now feels that every just claim or complaint receives all possible consideration from the company. In fact, they have a little force of forty expert, alert representatives who are constantly going about the city, looking after the needs and interests of old customers, as well as getting in new ones. The slogan which they cry to the Boston people is, "Use the modern fuel!"

They are always ready to demonstrate their claims, and the increase in consumption in the past year is only an indication of the tremendous increase of the years that are to follow. If all public services and corporations were managed and pushed with the same aggressive force, and with the spirit of justice which animates the Boston Consolidated Gas Company, there would be little attention paid to the cry for municipal ownership. In fact, the people who deal with this company do actually control its business and participate in all benefits accruing to the

company, by means of the sliding scale and reduction of rates.

The power and purpose of the management, in the exercise of their commission, is to have every representative as courteous and alert to the interests of the company's customers as possible, because one satisfied customer brings another, and it is their ambition to make the consumption of gas in Boston outclass that of any other city in this country. Certainly, if the campaign inaugurated is carried to its logical conclusion, the merits of Boston gas will be as well known to the world as the charms of Boston culture are at the present time—without any suggestion of irony, gas is recognized in Boston as *the* modern propulsive power.

\* \* \*

Whoever has looked upon our snug little power house, beneath the office windows, realizes the comfort of using gas. There is only one thing to watch—the little electric light glimmer, which shows that "all's well." The machinery never costs us a thought, and we have no worry on fuel supply or power. It just "goes itself," with the steady flow of Boston gas, that flows in as naturally as Topsy "growed."

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## THE WIRE WALKER

By Edward Wilbur Mason

HIGH balanced in the air above the crowd,  
His calm face with the sunlight all on fire,  
Behold with princely grace and movement proud  
He walks upon the wire.

What daring twinkles in his winged feet!  
The gazing thousands spellbound hold their breath,  
The while, like Hermes, confident and fleet,  
He spans the gulf of death.

So confident of thy immortal goal,  
With dauntless bearing and with courage brave,  
Walk the thin wire of life, O thou my soul,  
Above the yawning grave!

# A DUEL WITH A MOOSE DOWN IN MAINE

By A. A. Hunter

WE were coming down from the Allagash country in three canoes, bringing four deer and one moose head, when a chance meeting with several old friends at Chesuncook Lake Camps caused us to stay over for a few days and try for another shot at a monster moose we had seen on our way in. He had been seen near the camps by a "tote team" driver only a few hours be-

A supper of lake trout, crisp bacon, hot biscuit and coffee put renewed force into my veins; so, slipping down to the lakeshore with my rifle, I sat for a few moments contemplating the spreading circles where a fish had just broken water near-by, and watching another wake which a muskrat or otter was making as he swam swiftly across the cove.



STRINGING UP BIG MOOSE

fore, leisurely riding down the young poplar trees as he browsed their twigs and foliage.

Night was already coming on, and all was animation and expectancy as we unrolled our blankets and prepared to "camp" in such spaces as the members of those already established in the old lumber shanty were not occupying.

It was a crisp evening air, and as the sunlight faded from the distant sky-line of dark evergreen forest, the evening star appeared as a companion to the waxing crescent moon in the low southwest. It was just such a night as one feels a longing to keep astir, and the awesomé heavens seem to hold animation in suspense.

Without going back to camp to tell my plans, I stepped into a canoe on the beach, and, laying my rifle at full cock before me, pushed out and paddled noiselessly down the lake.

There is a strange feeling of the imminence of life if you are all alone on dark water at night. While there is nothing tangible, still one instinctively feels the presence of the mysterious in air and water. An occasional phosphorescent flash is seen as some fish is frightened away by your paddle coming down beside him; and one cannot help picturing the uncanny things that are swimming beneath the waters or crawling stealthily along the banks. Above my head a bat

## A DUEL WITH A MOOSE DOWN IN MAINE



CHESUNCOOK LAKE CAMPS



CALLING THE MOOSE

was zig-zagging in yanky movements, in quest of the smaller insect life.

After paddling for fifteen or twenty minutes, I was getting somewhat more attuned to the isolation of my surroundings, when a low but gradually increasing, plaintive call came from the point of land toward which I had been heading. In a moment it sounded again—that langorous, lovelorn call of the cow moose that sounds so weird to those who chance to hear it in the deep forests when the frosts are falling.

The moon was casting a mellow ray across the lake, and my eye caught a flash of light as some big animal entered the water with a jump some quarter of a mile or more across on the other shore. Whatever it was, it was coming on at a rapid rate, and I felt both fear and courage at the prospect of a possible shot at the monster. I brought my paddle back with a swift, strong pull, and, with a sweep of its broad blade, headed the canoe on a course to intercept the animal before it reached the landing toward which it was swimming so fast. I could hear the snort of the creature blowing the water from its nostrils, and I needed no better sign to understand that here was a big bull moose—perhaps the very one I had set my heart on shooting; but I confess I had built my plans on doing

so from some safe vantage point on dry land. Although almost lifting the canoe out of the water at every stroke, yet I could see that the moose was already aware of my object, and was swimming with powerful efforts. He passed some hundred feet ahead of me; so, with a swift turn of the paddle, I brought my canoe into his wake and, exchanging paddle for rifle, brought it to bear on his huge head just below where the broad antlers emerge. Zip—but I didn't hit him. In my excitement, my aim had been bad, and the ball had gone over his head. Another shot, and I heard the thud as my bullet struck the bones. The man who invented repeating rifles was gratefully thanked, and with a calmer deliberation born of confidence in success, I sent another shot that also gave back a good report of itself as it struck the huge fellow in the brain.

I exchanged the rifle for the paddle again, for the moose was not going so fast now, and if I could bring myself a hundred feet nearer, I could certainly place a few shots where they would perhaps count him out.

So I was paddling ahead with might and main when my head seemed to chill with frost as the blood was driven back to the heart. The brute was emerging from the shadows; coming back at me with a sweeping of the huge armed head and a break of

## A DUEL WITH A MOOSE DOWN IN MAIN

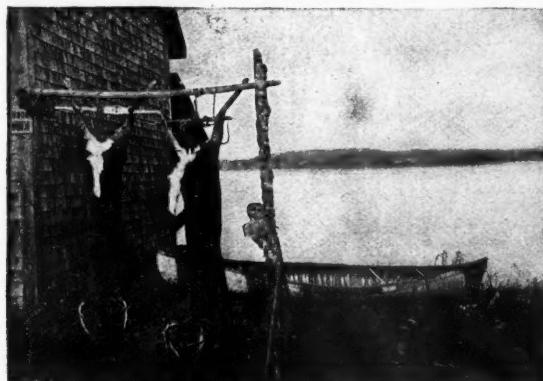
his fore feet above the water that boded trouble for me and my frail craft.

Again I blessed the man who invented the modern repeating rifles, and planned to give the moose a great broad "turn out" in shooting my canoe by him and at the same time try and place a ball at a vital point behind his shoulder. But the moose turned almost as quickly as my canoe, thus keeping head toward me, but his momentum carried him past at a considerable distance.

How that distance did cheer me, for now

In the meantime the moon was getting low, and I was completely turned around as to the way to camp; but after a few moments there came a shot and a shout from my "rescue party," who, missing me and the canoe, were out looking for me with a lantern.

Reproofs for my rashness in attacking a belligerent moose under such dangerous conditions were mixed with hearty congratulations for luckily having killed the monarch of the region came thick and fast. I



A SUCCESSFUL TRIP

I was in the position where it was sink or win—it was he or I—shoot straight or—well, I shot again, aiming for his wicked old left eye. His nose sank for a moment, and when it rose again it was to blow a spray of water over me that was warm from his lungs.

I was just wondering whether the old bull would sink or come to life enough to come at me again, when I noticed that he was raising himself out of the water more and more, and with his feet on the bottom, was wading ashore. Now was my time to hit the vital spot, if ever I expected to; so, with suspended breath, I peeped over my rifle again, and aimed at a place below his backbone that seemed to be where his heart should be located. The shot brought him down again in a mortal struggle that made the water fly. Blood and foam and sand from the bottom of the lake covered him for a moment, but he grew fainter and quieter until only an antler and a black hump on his back remained visible.

think the latter were more acceptable, though not so practical.

After dragging my quarry ashore and bleeding him, we left a blazing fire to keep away the wildcats, and returned to the camp.

It was bright and early next morning that our whole concourse of canoes were in line going up to finish the work of decapitating the finest antlered head that was secured by any hunter that season in the Maine woods. That experience stimulated my love for the hunting of big game, and I am only awaiting the Ides of October to repair again to the greatest big game country and withal the best sanitarium for gaining health and strength that is known to the Brotherhood of American Sportsmen—the happy hunting ground of the north border—where the ticket over the Boston & Maine, the Maine Central and Bangor & Aroostock routes carries one for the fall moose hunt in the woods of the Old Pine Tree State.



THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION



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VERANDA OF THE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS

# SUGGESTIONS *on the* RAILROAD PROBLEM

By C. H. McDermott

THE importance of railroads in promoting modern industrial development is so obvious, that any questions affecting railroad regulation or management must demand serious attention from all, because all are more or less directly interested in the results. Is there danger from the power in the hands of the railroad managers? Can regulations be enforced to prevent misuse of such powers, or should the government assume full control or ownership of the railroads? It is easy to advocate partisan views on one side or the other, but what are the economic principles involved, and how do they work out?

The argument for government ownership holds that misuse of the great powers cannot be prevented by regulation, and hence the conclusion that the only safety for the interests of the public lies in the direction of full government control. In detail, the usual argument would be something as follows:

1—One of the obvious functions of organized government is to provide for highways for public travel and traffic. Farther than this, the full power of the government must be exercised to afford protection for the travelers and the traffic.

2—Railways are essentially public highways, with certain features of improvement, and are as necessary as the highways for the public welfare.

It is therefore, only a question as to when or how the government should proceed to fulfill its duty of owning and operating the railways, as public highways for the benefit of all the people.

While this seems plausible enough, yet there is an element of confusion of ideas or false logic which cannot be overlooked. The first statement refers to public highways as highways, with no consideration of service on the highways. The roads are open to all for walking, riding, or driving, as well as for push-carts, wagons, vans, carriages or stage-coaches. The public have a choice of conveyances for traveling or merchandise, and such service was always left for individuals to

furnish at their own terms, subject only to the common carrier restrictions.

The essential difference, when it comes to railroads, is that the service is entirely transportation to be paid for, and there is nothing in the nature of a public highway, free to all. The railroads do not even use the public highways, but buy and pay for their own routes, as well as for the equipment of rolling stock, stations, terminals, and all that is necessary for the railroad service. The only suggestion of a public feature lies in the fact that the government lends its authority for condemnation proceedings, where property-owners along the line would not otherwise make reasonable terms of sale. Aside from a sort of obligation for this government aid, the ownership of the railroads and the equipment is as absolute and positive as the ownership of the vehicles that use the public highways. The railroads supply improved transportation service, and not improved highways. A more logical and reasonable proposition therefore would be that as an abstract principle of right or justice, there is no reason why government should discriminate against railroads by undertaking to fix the rates for service, while the owners of vehicles furnishing like service of transportation on the public highways, are allowed to make their own terms without restrictions. It would follow logically, also, that, if government undertakes to own and operate the railroad transportation, it should equally find it necessary to own and operate all vehicles that serve the people on the public highways.

There is, of course, the common carrier principle which applies to railroads and vehicles, and means government control to the extent of enforcing equal terms for service to the public, without unfair discrimination. There can be no question as to the wisdom and benefit of such regulations, and a pretty wide extension of this power would be admitted as reasonable for legislation concerning railroads. But at present we are considering ownership, rather than regulation

## SUGGESTIONS ON THE RAILROAD PROBLEM

by the government, because the power of regulation is conceded up to the limit of fixing rates, which is on the edge of confiscating the property without compensation. Now we are told that all such regulation is useless, and does not relieve the people from the horrible oppression of the railroads, and that nothing but full government ownership and control will be satisfactory.

A discussion of the economic principles involved in the question of government ownership and control, as against individual ownership, would necessarily open up the whole controversy of socialism vs. individualism, with the familiar ranting about wage-slavery, the robbery of capital, predatory wealth, and all the other reverberating vituperation which so often passes for reasoning wisdom. It is enough to say, at this point, that, when the sound and fury dies, the facts remain in mountainous evidence, showing that all the progress of the world from primitive savagery can be traced directly to the work of individuals seeking for profit or personal gain. In all the world's history, not one step of progress ever came spontaneously from the masses, but on the contrary, at every step the inertia, indifference or open hostility of the masses had to be overcome. The whole socialistic theory aims to suppress, or rather prevent individual initiative. Both in theory and from what examples we have had in history, it is almost self-evident that public ownership at any stage of industrial development must mean an absolute bar to all future progress.

The apparent success of some government work is due to the fact that methods were adopted that were previously devised and developed by individuals. But then other individuals go on to further improvements, while the government equipment becomes antiquated, and the results drop hopelessly behind. When little improvement is possible, as water works, for example, or work for water ways, government management gives fairly good results; but this is the exception which proves the rule that government control is wasteful, extravagant, and opposed to progress. Imagine government ownership of transportation in the stage-coach era; what chance would there have been for railroads? If government owned horse-car lines, how could inventors get a hearing for experiments with an electric service? Who will dare to

say that there will be no future radical changes in transportation service; and why should not the people have the full benefit of all such possible improvements?

Waiving this phase of the question for the present, however, the philosophic inquirer or a visitor from the planet Mars would ask, "What is this railroad problem, and what is it all about? What are railroads; how did they come; what have they done, and why should they be taken from their present owners or managers?"

The answer, in fairness, would be, that railroads at first were individual experiments, undertaken in the face of almost universal ridicule and contempt. Under any system of socialism or initiative and referendum, deciding off-hand by popular vote, the men who, hardly more than fifty years ago, proposed to make an exaggerated tea-kettle pull wagons along a track would have been sent forthwith to the padded cells of insane asylums. Horses and oxen had been the safe and reliable means for transportation through all the centuries of human history; the tea kettle suggestion could come only direct from the devil. But the tea-kettle men persisted, and proved their theories by the results. Then other men were attracted by the chances for profit. "If we can give such astonishing reductions in cost," they said, "we will have an enormous volume of business, and make big gains." There was no suggestion then of government ownership, but rather a sort of good-natured toleration, which said: "Let the idiots blow their money, and see what they can do." The horse-owners at first laughed, and later became panic-stricken, but were wrong both ways. The railroads developed. They opened markets and also created business opportunities that did not exist before, because of the prohibitive cost of transportation. And who profited most, the railroads with their freight charges, or the producers of the products for which the markets were opened? If there was no inducement for the producers to ship the products, how would the railroads get business or profits?

When the visitor from Mars would suggest: "With such splendid results, you must have given the highest honors and rewards to the men who made them possible."

The answer again must be: "Well, that is a little different way of looking at the mat-

## SUGGESTIONS ON THE RAILROAD PROBLEM

ter, and, come to think of it, there are some curious features in this railroad question. Fifty years ago, when railroad lines proved their value, there was a popular craze for railroads. All the cities and towns of the country wanted them at once. Land grants and cash bounties were freely given, and towns ambitious to become great commercial centers voted bond issues as an inducement for railroads to come. The national government subsidized transcontinental lines by lavish land grants along the routes, and everywhere railroads were favored and railroad men exalted. But the railroads could not come anywhere near meeting the extravagant expectations. Industries were developed, it is true, but the growth had to be gradual. Ambitious towns saw little prospect of quick returns for indebtedness assumed, and it took time to build and equip the lines. Railroading being an entirely new form of industry, there were, necessarily, mistakes, blunders and disasters, and there came a reaction in public sentiment from the first wild enthusiasm.

"But the development in railroading was going on. The service attracted the brightest men, who studied out the problems of better service at lower cost, and improvements in all the details, always with an eye to the big rewards from profits if the ideas were valuable. Then there was fierce competition, and railroad wars, with destructive results. There were high-handed proceedings of the Jim Fiske, Jay Gould order, for wrecking roads in order to get control. Old laws did not seem to fit the new conditions, and railroad officials and employes took on airs of authority that were offensive to the public. Later on, real leaders came to the front, with broader views, better methods and better systems. Short lines were united, through routes established, and rates reduced, with better service in every detail. But the public sentiment had changed, and the more the railroads developed, the more bitter became the hostility. Demagogue politicians were quick to see the chance for ranting attacks on the growing monster of railroad monopoly, whose aim was to rob and enslave the people."

"But," says the Visitor from Mars, "what have been the net results? Has the service improved, and has it been a benefit to the people, or not?"

The answer must be: "Well, in that view, the benefit to the country from the railroad service is so stupendous that it would stagger human imagination to attempt to put it in figures. Why, if, from any cause, the entire railroad service was suspended for one week, the ruin and disaster would be too appalling to think of. Then, as to the service, the improvements up to the present in every detail, from road-bed to car equipment, car furnishing, running time and lower cost, have been far beyond the wildest imaginings of fifty years ago. But much always wants more; the improvements are accepted as a matter of course, and at each step is more carping criticism from those who have so soon forgotten the previous conditions of travel and transportation, as well as the cost of the same. Instead of the honors and rewards for the railroad men whose brains and money have given such magnificent results, there is no limit to the abuse and vituperation. These men, if results are accepted as evidence, have proved an ability far beyond any equal number of men ever engaged in any branch of industry in the world's history. And yet, such is the curiously abnormal and perverted public sentiment that it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that no railroad official and no attorney employed by a railroad could today be elected to any prominent public position, either national, state or municipal, in all the country. The animosity against railroads and the bugaboo of railroad domination, have been worked to such an extent, that it is almost political death for any public man to be suspected of anything like a friendly feeling for railroads or railroad interests.

"It is assumed, also, that the railroads have some mysterious way of getting unlimited capital for any outlay that may be demanded. Legislators have a way of ordering expenditures that are ostensibly for public benefit, but really more for the purpose of soaking the railroads. Grade crossings must be changed, safety appliances furnished, block-signal systems established, better cars furnished, more men employed with more pay and shorter hours, more trains run, and at the same time reductions are ordered in rates for freight and passenger service. Is it any wonder that when railroads thus singled out from all other industries for condemnation as quasi-criminal in their management, that

## SUGGESTIONS ON THE RAILROAD PROBLEM

investors hesitate about putting their capital into the business? Finally, to crown the absurdities of the public hostility to railroads, it is proposed to punish the roads for not giving better service. The roads have not been able to get money needed for increasing their equipment to take care of the larger volume of business. But if a thousand shippers along the line call for a thousand cars, when the road has only five hundred available, penalties are to be enforced for the failure to supply the cars that are not on hand, and which the road has no money to buy!"

Says the visitor from Mars: "What must be the result of all this? If you drive capital from railroad investments, how are you going to keep up your transportation service, and what will become of your industries?"

The answer must be: "That is what we are up against, right now. Farmers in the West have grain to market, and want coal and other merchandise. Manufacturers in the East want food products, and have merchandise to sell. Railroads see their opportunity, and are trying, by every expedient, to get the money for the needed equipment. If they undertake to increase the capitalization and sell stocks, there is a howling all along the line about stock-watering, and then investors have no use for stocks that do not give adequate returns. If they sell bonds; it means an increase in the expenses to meet the higher interest rates that must be paid. It is self-evident, as the leading railroad managers of the country have pointed out, that if the products cannot be transported to markets, the production must be limited. The fact of the recent railroad congestion, and the inability of the roads to handle the business offered, is a rather forcible object lesson as to the importance of the railroad service."

The visitor from Mars will finally ask: "What reason can anyone give for changing from the present management of the railroads, which has given such wonderful results, to an unknown and untried management of government officials?"

The answer would be, that the demands for a change come mostly from those who have the least knowledge of railroad business. They see large consolidations and a few leaders looming up as powerful magnates, and they tremble (in a professional way) for the liberties of their country. These

magnates can levy unlimited tribute, and can build up or ruin as they see fit, any individuals, corporations, cities or sections. Why not add, also, that they have power to run train-loads of dynamite to destroy everything along the lines, and to mount long-range guns on the cars, for wider destruction? If these alleged greedy magnates have a modicum of business sense, they cannot be destructionists. Contrarywise, if they have destructionist ideas, they never could have worked up to the position of greedy magnates. Would any congressional committees or government officials—taking them as they run—that have control of rates and rate-making, be any more free from the sordid influences that would discriminate against individuals or localities? The magnates want profits that come from the best service. The committees would have nothing to lose if personal or political bias influenced rate-making discriminations. There is a chance for protest and appeals with the magnates, but what could be done with congressional committees or government officials?

When Abraham Lincoln was president, he had an object to accomplish, in ending the war. He had a lot of generals, and for three years generals were working in what was equivalent to open competition. Finally, one general named Grant showed some good results in the successful campaign at Vicksburg. President Lincoln decided that Grant was making better use of the men and materials than the other generals, so he called General Grant to the command of all the armies. That is, he suppressed competition, and made General Grant a monopolist, in the military business, with the results as known. In the meantime, it will also be remembered, that there was no lack of protests from the other generals whose opportunities for glory were thus cut off. In fact, there were patriots who demanded more power for the congressional committees, and foresaw a military dictator in General Grant, with the usual destruction of the liberties of the people.

In the industrial world, whether railroad or other lines, there are some men who naturally develop leadership. They have the same means in capital and labor as the others, but they get better results. The investing public, in place of President Lincoln, recognize the ability for management which

## SUGGESTIONS ON THE RAILROAD PROBLEM

brings the results, and the successful ones are given control of more capital and labor, which is withdrawn by failure or otherwise from those who could not make the profitable showing. President Lincoln wanted the war to end. The public in industrial enterprises, want the best service and best products at lowest cost. President Lincoln rewarded General Grant by promotion to larger commands. The public rewards the successful industrial leaders by the larger patronage, which means the larger volume of business and the larger profits. General Grant, with his monopoly of military command, had power to destroy the Capitol at Washington, or wipe out cities at his will. Industrial leaders have power for destruction and injury, but is it reasonable to argue, or even to fear, that they will use their powers in this way? When General Grant, after his successes in the West, was given command of

the Army of the Potomac, President Lincoln was not worried by any fear that he would proceed to surrender the armies to the enemy.

Is it any more likely that industrial leaders, who have won larger control because of their ability to give better service to the public, would turn round and attack the public by extortionate methods?

In short, with all allowance for all the evils that have been proved or suspected against a few individuals in control of large capital or corporate interests, is there not, in the broader view, an immense amount of humbug in the professed fears of the professional fearers for the danger to the liberties of the country from the great majority of the industrial leaders who have won their commanding positions by their ability to give best results in serving the public in their respective lines?

## THE FUTURE

THE blue-domed day dawns fresh and fair,  
By beach with pearl and pebble set;  
The south wind softly whispers where  
I spoke the words. And yet — and yet?

The blue, blue sea with restless waves,  
With sigh and surge and crooning fret,  
A requiem chants above the graves,  
Of sweet dead hopes. And yet — and yet?

One glance, and all the past returns:  
The golden dreams, the vain regret;  
The future veiled from eyes that yearn  
To read Fate's scroll. And yet — and yet?

In days to come, some sun may rise  
To glad the paths where first we met;  
And ere the hope within us dies,  
Change dross to gold. And yet — and yet?

*Willis George Emerson.*



I WAS a fascinated spectator at a complete demonstration of the telegraphone, a new invention by the Danish Edison, Paulsen, in New York, recently. A group of keen-eyed business men were already seated about the room when I entered. Before us was the little invention, with its two little spools of wire, winding and unwinding from one to the other in obedience to the operator's touch. As I spoke into the receiver, the wire, magnetized with the sounds, spun, and when I had finished the operator pressed a button and reversed the running of the spools. Giving me one of the ear pieces, he said:

"Have you ever heard your own language backward?"

I confessed that I never had, nor ever expected to hear such a thing, but now, with the receiver at my ear, I listened to the most peculiar speech I had ever heard, and could hardly believe that it was English, even though I knew that I was hearing my own remarks "hind side afore." In a few seconds, the wire had reversed to the beginning, and then the pressing of a button sent it spinning along "right side up," and I heard every word with astonishing clearness.

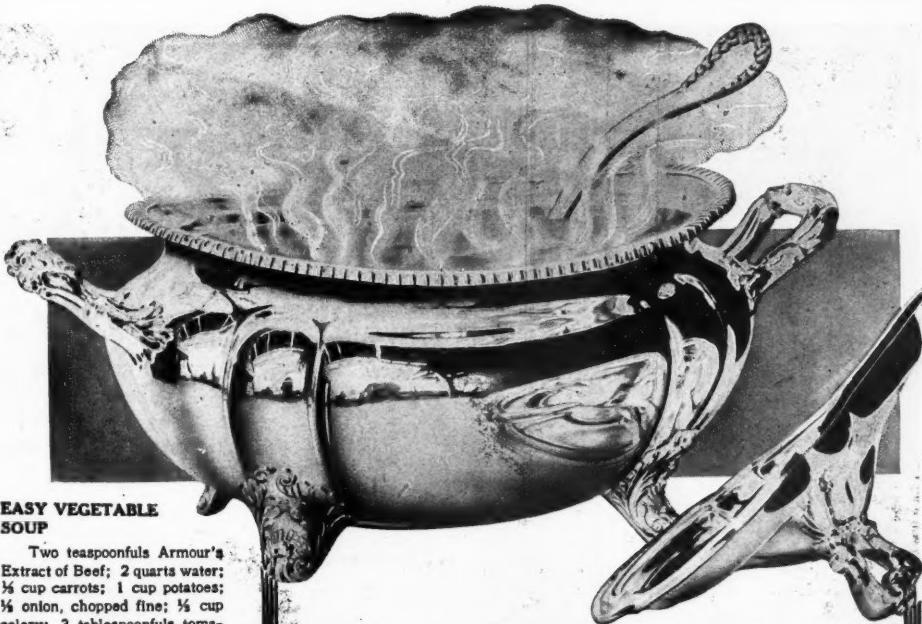
The operator then slipped a harmonicon out of his pocket, that we might hear music as rendered by the telegraphone. The selection played was "Yankee Doodle," and that patriotic and soulful melody performed backward, produced sounds hitherto undreamed of.

"It's about as good backwards as frontwards," said one of the listeners, "only it isn't 'Yankee Doodle.'"

For a peculiar fact is revealed by this won-

derful little machine; music rendered backwards sounds almost as well as "right side up;" the marking of the time is as perfect, and harmony is harmony irrespective of how it may be reversed. I have no doubt some startling melodies will be the result of the telegraphone revelations, for the themes of the old masters, when reversed, ought to have a significance all their own, though they may have a meaning, when thus rendered, never thought of by their composers. Probably the next thing we shall see will be "reversed melodies for the organ and piano, by the telegraphone," and quite possibly the next fashionable fad among the "upper ten thousand," will be the performance of music backward. To say the truth, I cannot help wondering how "Lohengrin" or some of the other well-known operas would sound if given upside down.

The practical uses of the telegraphone are said to be many. Men who run small offices, or have telephones in their own apartments in "Bachelor's Hall," will be charmed to have a reliable friend who will stay all day anchored to the telephone while they are out, and on their return deliver up an automatically correct record of every call that has come during the absence of the owner of the telephone. We shall no more have to worry because our good old friend, Opportunity, has no "back hair," because our faithful servant, the telegraphone, will have grasped the old gentleman's forelock ere he has time to pass us by. We shall miss no more important business appointments because there was a mistake in, or we did not receive, the telephone



**EASY VEGETABLE SOUP**

Two teaspoonfuls Armour's Extract of Beef; 2 quarts water;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup carrots; 1 cup potatoes;  $\frac{1}{2}$  onion, chopped fine;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup celery; 3 tablespoonfuls tomatoes;  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoonful parsley; 2 tablespoonfuls butter;  $\frac{1}{2}$  bay leaf;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup rice; salt and pepper.

**Directions for Preparing**  
Chop vegetables and add with rice to water with salt; cook until tender (about 30 minutes); then add Extract of Beef, parsley, bay leaf, and seasonings. Armour's Tomato Bouillon may be used in place of tomatoes—1 or 2 tablespoonfuls Tomato Bouillon to each quart of soup.

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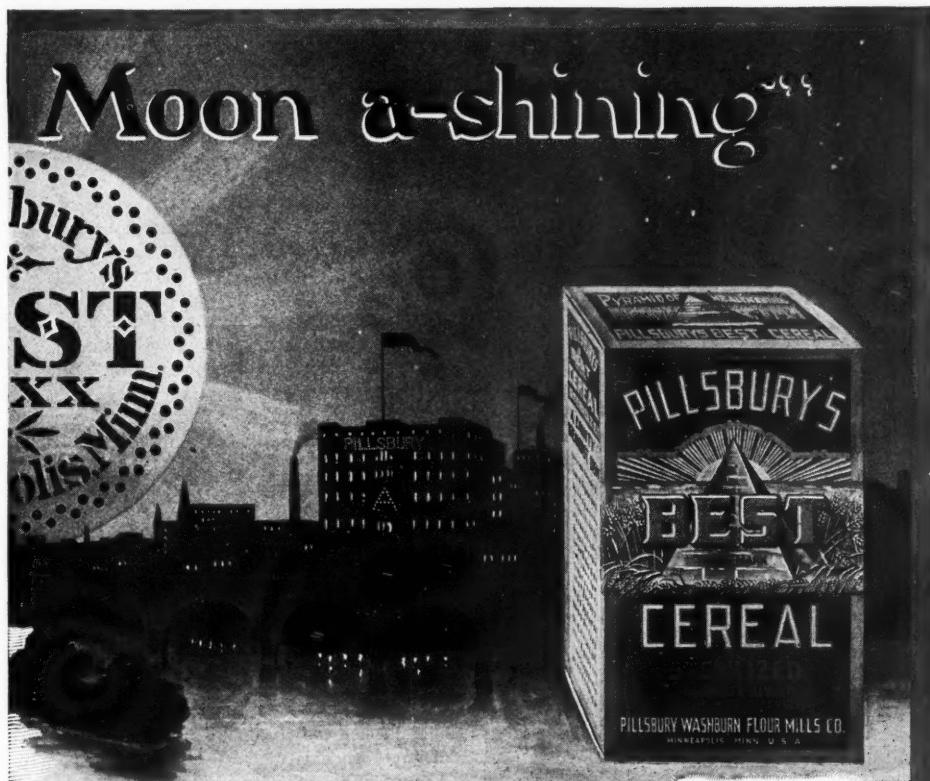
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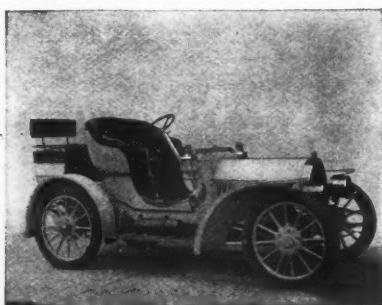
## LET'S TALK IT OVER

message; and the ladies of our household will mourn no more spoiled dinners because we did not receive the message stating that the hour for dining had been changed. My! what an age this is!

\* \* \*

THE yacht regatta on Lake Winnebago, near Oshkosh, is one of the notable events of the Middle West. On the shores of this beautiful inland lake, the handsome buildings of the yacht club and many private piers and boat houses are features of a charming landscape, and indicate a lively interest in water sports. Here, too, motor boat manufacture has become a prominent, if not the chief industry of the city.

On the day that I was there, a test was made of a boat only twenty-four feet long, whose engines indicated twenty horse power.



THE NOISELESS NEVILLE

She was daintily designed and decorated, and made a charming picture as she shot like an arrow across the lake, cutting the crystalline water before her, and churning the wake behind her into foam. The incessant discharges of her exhaust were like the quick spatter of a Gatling gun, and spoke volumes amenable the demand for speed in these modern days, and the wonderful degree to which this demand has been satisfied.

A drive about Oshkosh, with my good friends, the Hollisters, was a great treat. It certainly seems as though the people of Oshkosh know how to enjoy life to its full limit, and civic pride and loving loyalty to their home city is plainly displayed in many ways.

An automobile ride was suggested by Colonel Hollister, who was eager to show me what his white-winged Neville runabout could do.

It seemed to me that it pranced up and down the roads, as gaily as a young colt, and with no suggestion of weariness. With the reputation enjoyed for years past by Wisconsin's great carriage manufacturer, there seems to be good reason to anticipate that the "Neville Noiseless" will soon become one of the most popular autos in the country, and bring added distinction to its well-known maker. Colonel Hollister told me that Mr. Neville was given a commission to make this machine absolutely without restriction as to cash or methods, and now, when the white car goes about the city it is proudly pointed out as the latest triumph of Oshkosh skill and enterprise.

\* \* \*

"DA SWEETA SOIL," a poem published in the National for July, by permission of the Catholic Standard and Times, of Philadelphia, carries a moral with its tuneful dialect; and the gifted author, Mr. Daly, has certainly struck a new key-note in this artistic production. The National regrets that, through inadvertence, the credit to the Catholic Standard and Times was omitted.

Nothing could be more poetical than the "Dagoman's" ingenious philosophy on environment. It excites the sympathy at once. Then the cry of joy as the drudgery of street work is exchanged for life in the country rings in the ears long after the reading:

"But yesterday! O! yesterday,  
I leave, I breathe again!  
Da boss ees sand me far away  
For work een countra lane."

There is in the interpretation of the song of the bird a flood of feeling which has never found more forceful expression—the soul of the "Dagoman" fairly bursting with his mingled joy and reverie:

"Ees com' a pritta bird an seeng  
Hees music een my ears.  
\*

"Ees spreng, ees spreng een Italy  
So sweeta, sweeta, sweet!"

\* \* \*

THE American violinist, Francis Macmillen, who had such a sensational tour last season, in which he played over ninety concerts, is returning to America again this autumn for a tour of one hundred and fifty concerts. He promises to carry away the lion's share of glory in the violinistic world in this country next season. He will be assisted

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## LET'S TALK IT OVER

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\* \* \*

THE Prudential Insurance Company of America has just announced an important change in its plan of doing business, and it is issuing a new life insurance policy, which the company states is unexcelled in its attractive features. The Prudential will issue policies on a non-participating basis exclusively hereafter.

Former United States Senator John F. Dryden, president of the Prudential, in discussing the subject, said:

"During the last two years the insurance business as transacted in this country has been subjected to thorough and searching investigation, and has been made the object of considerable legislation in the various states.

"The Prudential emerged from the investigation with unsullied record and unblemished reputation, and has continued on the successful career which has made it a leader among life insurance companies throughout the world.

"The company has watched the trend of events, and after most thoughtful consideration, the directors of the company decided all ordinary business written on and after August 1, 1907, be issued on the non-participating plan. This will give the best life insurance protection at the lowest cost consistent with safety.

"The new ordinary non-participating policy of the Prudential eliminates all question as to dividends; nothing is estimated. The policy contract is one of absolute certainty, and its payment is

guaranteed by the great resources of the company.

"The public is today looking for life insurance at lowest cost, and for a policy in which the dividends are anticipated, and The Prudential is issuing a policy which meets this demand. The new policy has been put in such plain English that it can be understood by anyone, and every rate, value and



FRANCIS MACMILLEN

feature is absolutely guaranteed. The policy, furthermore, is sold at a reduced rate, which will make it popular.

"An entirely new feature, which we believe will command itself, is that the loan value of the policy may be used automatically to keep the insurance in force should the policyholder be unable to meet the payment of premiums, the length of time, of course, depending upon the number of years during which the premi-

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It is absolutely harmless.

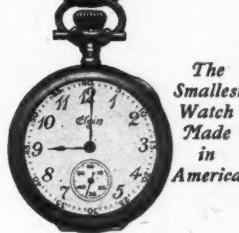
For sixty years it has proved the best remedy for children teething. Be sure you ask for

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

and take no other.

Don't fall to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

# The Lady Elgin



*The  
Smallest  
Watch  
Made  
in  
America*

A new Elgin Watch perfectly adapted to the watch needs of womankind yet meeting the same rigid requirements that have made the Elgin the standard watch for mankind.

Illustration actual size of watch.

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed, all jewelers have them—Send for "The Watch" a story of the time of day.

**Elgin National Watch Co.**

**Elgin, Ill.**

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

ums have been paid by the insured. When the policyholder is ready to take up the policy again he will not have to pay up back premiums, but may, if he wishes, have them charged as a loan against the policy. This is one of the most marked advancements in life insurance.

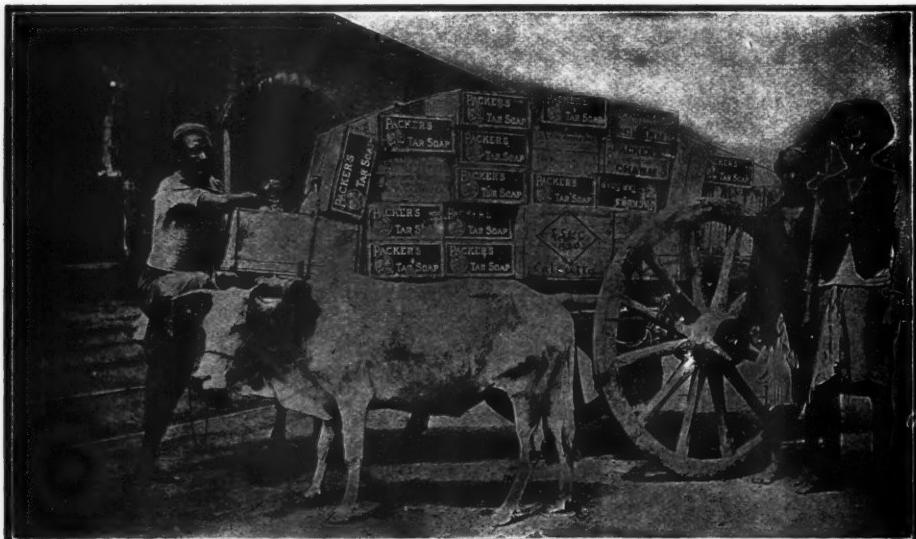
"One month's grace, without interest, is allowed for the payment of premiums. There will be no restrictions after the policy is once issued, as to where a policyholder may reside, or where he may travel, or what occupation he may follow.

"Should the insured at any time desire to

plan, will be carried out the same as if the company had continued to issue participating policies. All Industrial policies issued since the beginning of the present year have been on the non-participating plan, and there will be no change in these policies at the present time.

"The company will be pleased to send a specimen of this new policy to persons who will write to the Home Office, Newark, New Jersey, stating age and the amount of money they would like to invest in life insurance each year.

"We look upon this new policy of The



PACKER'S TAR SOAP IN INDIA

accept a paid-up policy, or one on which he will have to pay no further premiums, this paid up policy will contain one of the newest provisions in life insurance—a definite cash value. The new policy also contains the entire contract, which means, in a broad sense, that everything in it is absolutely guaranteed. It is non-forfeitable after one year's premium has been paid, and has liberal cash loan, cash surrender and extended insurance values.

"It is always the aim of The Prudential to deal liberally with its policyholders, and while this company will not issue dividend policies in the future, all dividend policies now in force, both on the Ordinary and the Industrial

Prudential as one that will become popular because of its unusual and attractive features."

\* \* \*

**N**EXT to the joy of meeting a friend, or greeting the old flag in some unexpected quarter of a far and distant country, comes the pleasure of seeing and recognizing some well-advertised American goods. Americans who travel extensively have often remarked at the extent to which our export business has grown. We reproduce here a picture snapped by an enthusiastic American tourist while journeying in the depths of India.

DEPARTMENT OF PROGRESSIVE ADVERTISERS



The Necco Seal  
on a box of confectionery is full  
assurance that the contents are good, whole-  
some, fresh and clean. These qualities are embodied  
to the highest degree in the five hundred and more  
different kinds of confectionery made and sold under  
the Necco Sweets Seal. That you may know how  
good Necco Sweets really are, try a box of

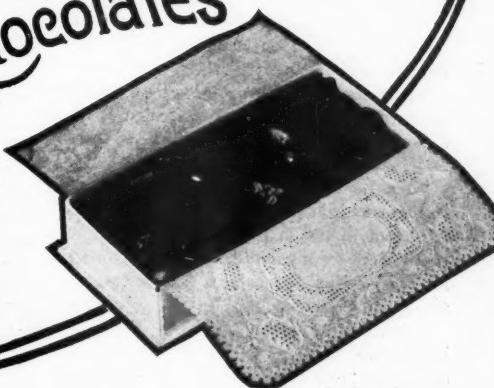
## Lenox Chocolates

Their many charming flavors will delight  
you. Every piece, daintily covered with rich  
chocolate, is a sweet surprise.

Necco Sweets are sold by all dealers who sell high  
grade goods. If your dealer does not have them, send us  
25 cents for an attractive package of Lenox Chocolates;  
or, better still, order one of our special \$1.00 packages  
in a handsome art box. Either package sent postpaid.

The best assurance of the goodness and whole-  
someness of all Necco Sweets is that they more  
than meet every requirement of the Pure Food  
Law. Your attention is called also to Peerless  
Wafers and Necco Tablets. Try them.

**NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY COMPANY.**  
Summer and Melcher Sts.  
Boston, Mass.



The Greatest of Musical Inventions—the Two-Horn

# DUPLEX

PHONOGRAPH

## FREE TRIAL

NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

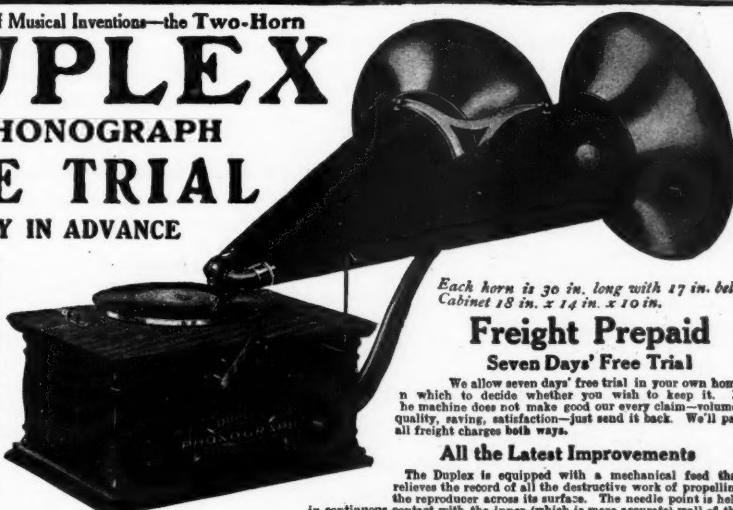
It is the phonograph  
that gives you all the  
sound vibrations. It  
has not only two  
horns, but two vibrating  
diaphragms in sound  
box. Other phonographs  
have one diaphragm and  
one horn. The Duplex  
gets all the volume of  
music; other phonographs  
get the half. The Duplex  
gives you a better tone — clearer,  
wetter, more like the  
original. Our

### FREE Catalogue

will explain fully the su-  
periority of The Duplex.  
Don't allow any one to persuade you to buy any other make without  
first sending for our catalogue.

#### Save all the Dealers' 70% Profits

The Duplex is not sold by dealers or in stores. We are Actual Man-  
ufacturers, not jobbers, and sell only direct from our factory to the user,  
eliminating all middlemen's profits. That is why we are able to man-  
ufacture and deliver the best phonograph made for less than one-third what  
dealers ask for others makes not as good.



Each horn is 30 in. long with 17 in. bell.  
Cabinet 18 in. x 14 in. x 10 in.

### Freight Prepaid Seven Days' Free Trial

We allow seven days' free trial in your own home  
in which to decide whether you wish to keep it. If  
the machine does not make good our every claim—volume,  
quality, saving, satisfaction—just send it back. We'll pay  
all freight charges both ways.

#### All the Latest Improvements

The Duplex is equipped with a mechanical feed that  
relieves the record of all the destructive work of propelling  
the reproducer across the surface. The needle point is held  
in continuous contact with the inner (which is more accurate) wall of the  
sound wave groove, thus reproducing more perfectly whatever music was  
put into the record when it was made.

The Duplex has a device by which the weight of the reproducer upon  
the record may be regulated to suit the needs of the occasion, thus greatly  
preserving the life and durability of the records. These are exclusive  
features of the Duplex and can not be had on any other make of phonog-  
raph. Plays all sizes and makes of disc records.

*Our Free Catalogue explains everything*

**DUPLEX PHONOGRAPH CO., 187 Patterson St., Kalamazoo, Mich.**

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

It was as a letter from home to see these boxes of Packer's Tar Soap, for, like the traveler himself, they came from "little old New York." There is a close relation between soap and the 400,000,000 natives of India, for it is part of the Hindoo religion to wash each day, although it is not permitted to use a soap made of anything but vegetable oils, as animal fats comes under the ban of the religion. It is seen that the manner of transportation by bullock carts is crude, and shippers to foreign points give extra care in the boxing, that the goods may reach their destination without damage.

The consular and trade report to the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington last February makes a very good caption for this picture. It is as follows:

"The demand for soap in India is on the increase, as it is also reported to be in China. An agent of tar soap made in America recently went through India and placed orders for tons of this soap, which I understand is giving good satisfaction."

For thirty-two years Packer's Tar Soap has been known for its great healing and antiseptic properties.

\* \* \*

A WAY back in the days of 1866, when the Advertising Agency was largely a theoretical institution, and an experiment, Mr. J. W. Barber entered the field and has been a prominent factor in the advertising agency business ever since, remaining within a stone's throw of his first location, never once severing his connection in forty-one years.

Such a life has, of necessity, been full, not only of the romance of modern business, but also replete with varied and interesting experiences, which have stood him in good stead to the better guidance of those firms who have come to consider Mr. Barber as much a business adviser, as a factor in advertising.

The modern advertising agent comes into close touch with an infinite variety of business and must be constantly alert and comprehensively broad-minded. Such names as

the L. & G. Agate Nickel-Steel Ware, "No Poison;" Baird-North Co., Mail Order Jewelry, "Direct from Workshop;" Goff's Braid, "Best Made;" Tower Oiled Clothing Slickers; Parker Bros. Games; Le Page's Liquid Glue, are household words, and the J. W. Barber Advertising Agency have handled the advertising for these firms for years.

When Chocolat Menier, "thirty-three million pounds annually," came over from France, and went into the American market, several agencies were tried in quick succession, until Mr. Barber took the account which he held continuously, up to the time when the McKinley Tariff made it impracticable to import chocolate for this market.

Associated with him in the business is his son, H. F. Barber, who has been brought up in the advertising atmosphere, and who had considerable experience in placing advertising, before entering the agency field; also Mr. H. W. Curtis, formerly secretary of the American Advertising Agents Association, in New York.

I can never forget the kindly way in which Mr. Barber interested himself in the National Magazine, and in my plans for its future. On a recent visit to the agency, it was interesting to find a large list being made up including papers and magazines in New Zealand, every country in Australia, South Africa, and Canada, besides a host in the United States. The enormous number of rates which the up-to-date advertising agency must carry, together with the varied knowledge and experience which is necessary for the best conduct of an advertising campaign, is little understood by the lay-reader. The more one knows of it, the more he realizes that while advertising is not an exact science, it is certainly an art, and constant study and experience will go very far toward making an advertising appropriation a profitable investment.

The agency is installed in very comfortable offices, in the Penn Mutual Building, Boston, and a visitor is always given courteous and gentlemanly attention.